

EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

MIDDLE GREYNESS
MERE SENTIMENT
LEEWAY (By "HOWARD KERR")
GOD'S FOUNDLING
THE STORY OF RONALD KESTREL

THINGS SEEN IN MOROCCO
IN THE BIGHT OF BENIN
BISMILLAH
JOSEPH KHASSAN: HALF-CASTE
HIDDEN MANNA
AFRICAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT
THE FORTUNES OF FARTHING

DANIEL WHYTE
THE RECORD OF NICHOLAS FREYDON

THE MESSAGE
THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS
ACROSS CANADA

FINN, THE WOLFHOUND
JAN, SON OF FINN

HOW TO HELP LORD KITCHENER
SOMME BATTLE STORIES
BACK TO BLIGHTY
FOR FRANCE! (C'est Pour la France)



EVERYBODY'S DOG BOOK

by

MAJOR A. J. DAWSON

Author of 'Finn the Wolfhound,' 'Jan, Son of Finn,' etc.

Illustrated

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TO ETHEL GAMBRILL

IN dedicating this book to you, the most consistent and least sentimental of dog-lovers, I know you will share my hope that it may help those who read it to the best kind of love for dogs: the kind which, being based upon understanding of them, is beneficial to the race of dogs, and to its possessors most enriching.

A. J. DAWSON.

March, 1922.

CONTENTS

CHAP.	PAGE
I. INTRODUCTION	I
II. ON ADOPTING A DOG	8
III. TRACE AND TRAIL: THE RECORD OF A LEADER OF DOGS	36
IV. ON THE CARE AND CULTIVATION OF DOGS	51
V. ON THE FEEDING OF DOGS	76
VI. ON THE BREEDING OF DOGS	101
VII. 'MIXER': THE RECORD OF A DOG, SOME HUSKIES, AND TWO HUMANS	137
VIII. ON THE SHOWING OF DOGS	157
IX. ON THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF ILLNESS IN DOGS	175
X. ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF DOGS	192
XI. THE ETERNAL FEMININE: A PLAIN DOG'S RECORD	208
XII. ON THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES AND BREEDS OF DOGS	225
APPENDIX A. DOG SOCIETIES	255
APPENDIX B. A GUIDE TO THE SELECTION OF PUPPIES	283

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
An Esteemed Collaborator	7
Winki—Another Esteemed Collaborator	22
A Bloodhound Study: Champion Babbo	39
Chess Players from Peking	54
Their Sussex Home	59
A mother of Irish Wolfhound heroes, twenty years ago	66
Tynagh: Champion O'Leary's beautiful daughter, and the mother of 'Finn, the Wolfhound,' Champion Gareth, and other notable hounds	66
A celebrated Mastiff: the late Champion Beaufort	71
Smooth-coated Belgian Sheep-dog	86
The Bedlington Terrier, Champion Deansfield Piper	86
Almost 9 lbs. of Pekingese	91
'When the pie was opened . . .'	91
Mrs Edmunds's Champion Ledburn Binnacle	98
Mr H. Hylden's Champion Dark of Brighton	98
The Smooth-coated Fox-terrier, Champion Avon Oxendale	103
Mr Edwin Brough's Burgundy	103
Gravity, with litter by Nicholas	118
The Rough-coated Collie Dog, Champion Southport Sample	118

x LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	<small>FACING PAGE</small>
The over-tasked brain	135
The Prick-eared Skye Terrier, Champion Wolverley Chummy	135
The Black Pomeranian Dog, Shelton Imp (weight 3½ lbs.)	150
The Griffon Bruxellois Dog, Champion Glenartney Sport	150
The Irish Setter, Champion Charleville Phil	155
The Borzois Vassilka	155
Behind the Lines in France	162
A convinced and frequently skittish optimist in his 15th year : equivalent to, say, the 75th year of of human life	167
The Dandie Dinmont Terrier, Champion Milverton King	182
The Black Field Spaniel, Champion Bridford Boy	182
The Otterhound, Statesman of Craigweil	187
The Old English Sheep-dog, Champion Victor Cavendish	187
The War Dogs of France	194
Post !	194
Belgian Draught Dogs	199
The Master Philosopher among Dogs	214
A Mandarin's daughter who shines as a hostess	214
Mr Croxton Smith's Champion Panther	231
Mr A. S. Hall's Irish Wolfhound : Champion Gareth	231
A Famous Pekingese Sire	246
The Rough Basset-hound, Champion Tambour	246

I

INTRODUCTION

‘ARE you fond of dogs?’

This naïve inquiry is a less common one to-day than it once was, partly because, during the last generation or so, the great majority of people have come to recognise that it is rather on a par with asking if one is fond of Europeans, or of brunettes, or of tall men.

The position occupied by the dog in our highly civilised modern world is unique, and extremely interesting. Appreciation of it becomes easier, perhaps, if one regards it in this way: Apart from ourselves, from the human family, that is, the animal kingdom includes a large variety of domesticated creatures, such as horses, cattle, and cats. But, apart from ourselves, it includes only one *domestic* animal, and that domestic animal is the dog. The differentiation between a domesticated and a domestic animal is possibly not in the least scientific; but the writer believes it to be perfectly justifiable, none the less, and helpful, perhaps, in consideration of the unique position occupied by the dog.

Students and historians differ materially in their theories regarding the origins of the dog; some holding that he is descended from wolves or jackals, and others, again, that he has always been

of a separate species, akin to wolves and jackals only in the same sort of sense that tigers might be regarded as akin to lions. The fact is, his history as dog, as a domestic animal, that is, goes back so very far that we have no records whatever of a stage at which the world contained human beings and wild creatures, but no dogs; and, consequently, the genesis of the dog, as we know him to-day, is practically as obscure as our own genesis.

Without for one moment presuming to put forward theories where the foremost scientists frankly admit their complete inability to pronounce judgment, the writer has noted for his own guidance the indubitable fact that a wide gulf separates the wildest kind of true dog from the tamest sort of wild creature; including the tamest of wild creatures bred in confinement. He has noted, in the East, and in the Australian bush, cats, for example, that were neither truly domesticated nor truly wild creatures; cats that periodically went 'fantee,' as they say in West Africa, or 'went native,' as men say in certain parts of the world; and, subsequently, when the spirit moved them, returned for a season to the comparatively sheltered and humanised life of the bungalow, or the homestead. Even when they lapped milk from a saucer on the veranda, such cats were never truly domestic animals; never entirely domesticated, even. They were wild creatures, differing somewhat from the general run of wild creatures, in that, upon occasion, they were willing to make use of the habitations of men, and to take food from men's hands. They

undoubtedly had in their veins the blood of the jungle, of the wild, and, too, some of the blood of domesticated creatures, of animals that had shared the roofs of men. Never, in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, or Australia, has the writer discovered, or even heard of, the existence of one single specimen of an animal of whom it could be said that there was the smallest room for doubt as to whether it was truly a dog, or a wild beast.

Scientifically, such points may possibly be rated as of no particular value or importance; but the writer thinks that all friends and admirers of dogs will find genuine psychological interest in the fact that the wildest sort of a dog differs in essence, fundamentally and radically, from the tamest sort of jackal, wolf, dingo, or any other such wild creature even when the latter is the offspring of a number of generations reared most carefully in confinement, and in constant association with men. A wolf cub, or, for that matter, even a tiger cub, may be a most friendly and attractive little beast in domestic surroundings—while it remains a baby. But, no matter how carefully it may be reared, there comes a day when it displays the natural savagery of the wild beast, and an attitude toward mankind, for example, which can never in any sort of circumstances be developed in the wildest specimen of the true dog tribe.

With regard to the present-day position among us of the dog, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that it differs as radically from the position of any other kind of animal—domesticated or otherwise—almost as much as our own position differs

from that of the higher kinds of brutes. For many centuries the cat has been admitted to a degree of intimacy with humans which is equal to that accorded to the dog; and there is every need for the use of a most respectful discretion in the drawing of any comparisons. The domesticated cat can be fascinating, adorable, a most delightful creature as a sharer of the domestic hearth; but, at her most intimate, there is a certain detached aloofness, an independently self-centred quality about the cat, which must for ever differentiate her position among us from that occupied by the dog. No other animal has ever so fully and completely shared the whole round of man's life as the dog can and frequently does share it. Examined without the smallest hint of partiality, or even, if you will, with some prejudice against the canine race, the position occupied in civilisation by the dog must still be admitted to be unique.

Admitting freely the verdict of the students to the effect that it is not possible to adduce any clear evidence regarding the origin and genesis of the race of dogs, there remains no doubt at all of its great antiquity. Not only is the existence of the dog shown in the very remote and early records of mankind, but the records of those distant days—in ancient Egypt, for example—give evidence of the existence of at least one highly-bred special variety of true dog; to wit the Greyhound type; and in very much the same general form as that in which we know the type to-day. And, whilst the oldest of human records provide evidence of the evolution of highly finished types of dogs in such

countries as China and Egypt, many thousands of years ago, we know that, even here in Britain, dogs of carefully bred types were the friends and partners of our ancestors when first the Romans descended upon these shores. The earliest forbears of the English-speaking peoples interested themselves in the breeding of special varieties of dogs to help them in war, in sport, in the guarding of their property, and in the herding and care of animals. The process has continued without interruption down to the present day. Red Cross dogs succoured our wounded, and shared sentry and patrol and dispatch-bearing duties, in the European War. Long before the Conquest, our dogs competed with the dogs of other nations and peoples, achieving high repute for their courage, devotion, and tenacity. And now it is probable that no day ever passes without a dog show being held in some part of the English-speaking world. In Great Britain alone the number of them held during a single year reached just upon seven hundred a dozen years ago; and Great Britain alone has upwards of five hundred dog clubs and societies, whose members are devoted to the interests of close upon a hundred distinct varieties of dogs.

The study and companionship of dogs immensely enriches the lives of millions of people at the present day, and some among the millions have doubtless come near to realising to the full every pleasure and advantage that may be derived from the cultivation and society of dog friends. But it is borne in upon the present writer that the vast

majority have not progressed so far, and that for very many—not excluding those who number dogs among the members of their households, and even dog fanciers of long standing—there still remain worlds of interest as yet unexplored, in the potentialities of relationship between mankind and dogkind. It is such a pleasant world, this in which dogs and humans intermix upon terms of really intimate companionship; its traffics and discoveries are so truly edifying and enjoyable, so richly entertaining, as well as profitable, alike to dog and man, that travel and adventure in it must needs bring gain to all who undertake them. Most pleasurable additions to the scope of our modern daily life are costly, or for one reason or another difficult of attainment. But the pleasures and the abiding interest to be derived from intelligent cultivation of the society of dogs are freely open to the poorest among us; and even to princes and to multi-millionaires. (Perhaps that is why so many people still pass them by, and go through life never guessing what delights they have missed.)

The least discerning of mortals have, of course, noted the general friendliness of the race of dogs toward the race of men. But what so many have yet to discover and enjoy is the full breadth and variety, the remarkable richness and scope, of the gift of companionship that dogs have to offer us; which goes far and far beyond the casual, everyday relationship that is recognised by the uninitiated majority. The studiously supervised evolution of thousands of years of selective breeding—very greatly elaborated and improved during

AN ESTEEMED COLLABORATOR



The learned (but not offensively learned) Verity Cheng-Tu, son of Verity Tu-erh-chu, grandson of Champion Chu-erh-tu, of Alderbourne.

the past half-century—has produced wonderful results in the dog world; and the potentialities of the dog, as the friend, partner, and companion of the man, are far greater to-day than ever before.

The writer can in nowise claim that any new thing will be found in the pages that follow, or that he has succeeded in making any addition to our knowledge of the dog. Rather, he has been moved by a certain grateful sort of piety to make offer of a modest tribute to the excellences of a race to whose members he feels that he owes very much; this specially to certain individual collaborators who have helped him greatly: notable scions all of the families of the Bloodhound, the Irish Wolfhound, the Irish Red Setter, the Bulldog, the Pekingese, the Cocker, the Sheepdog, and the Dandie Dinmont. Greatly the gainer by his little knowledge of, and long companionship with dogs, he naturally would serve them if he could; whilst as for his service and duty to his own race, he would feel that he had done well indeed if anything that he has written here should help, however indirectly, to widen the plane upon which humans and dogs really share life, as intimates, enjoying each the jolly, generous and informing companionship that the other has to offer.

And so, if you please, to the subject of our study.

II

ON ADOPTING A DOG

WE should most of us regard as serious and a matter deserving of the closest consideration, the decision to adopt a child, or even to add to the household a visitor, a 'P.G.,' or a new housemaid. The decision to introduce a dog into the privileged inner circle of the home, rightly appreciated, is equally deserving of serious consideration, since, with ordinary good fortune, the new member should become part of the home for a period of something well over a decade; an epoch equivalent to that begun by the son and heir's departure to his preparatory school and ended with his last term at the University; a substantial era in the history of any home. And it is likely to be our own fault, rather than the dog's, if his presence among us does not become as much a matter of interest and importance to us as that of any human guest, not even excepting those who sway our destinies from the vantage ground of the kitchen.

Whether the dog be adopted as a birthday present to a child, or avowedly in the interests of the whole household, is not really a point of importance. In the interests of all concerned real care and thought should be given to the matter, partly because, approached in this spirit, the selection, adoption, and induction of the new

house-mate will be found a matter of the greatest interest and pleasure, and again because the reward of this care and consideration will make itself apparent in the daily life of the household for a long time to come. To be casual in the adoption of a dog is to exhibit a lack of discretion, discernment, and taste, and to invite and deserve disappointment. It is also to be guilty of a form of discourtesy to one's family, and to the kindly race of dogs.

Far be it from me to seek to inculcate a snobbish principle. One has known the best of good fellows, among dogs and men, who were definitely of lowly origin. But all the same, one does in fact prefer that one's intimate associates, those who share the pleasant privacy of one's fireside, should be well bred, in the broadest, truest sense of the phrase. Much may doubtless be said of the intelligence and adaptability, the shrewdness and the hardihood and resource of the mongrel—or of the roadside tramp; of the nondescript dog or the picturesque human vagabond. But when all that may fairly be said has been said, in adopting an addition to one's household the advantages are mostly on the side of choosing a pucca Sahib, an individual of sound good breeding and known antecedents. No need to insist on titles, of course; one does not necessarily want a dog suitable for the show bench; but one may and should at least be clear as to the family, origin, and race of one's new friend.

And that brings us to what should, perhaps, be the first point for consideration after the decision to obtain a dog: namely, the breed from which we should choose our friend. It is not wise or

satisfactory to set out to acquire a dog without first weighing carefully the relative suitability to our particular circumstances of at all events some of the principal breeds; seeing that the differences between St Bernards and Skyes, Bloodhounds and Poms, Pointers and Pekingese, are probably as radical and fundamental as the differences between Parsis and Presbyterians, diplomatists and deep-sea fishermen, Parisians and Patagonians; and to decide merely that one prefers a little dog or a big dog is almost as vague as it would be to decide that one preferred a tall or a short person as a companion. Dogs are infinitely various, not alone as to size and appearance and physical needs, but also as to racial and family characteristics, temperament, habit, nervous system, manner, natural inclinations, tastes and the like. They may in many ways be nearer to Dame Nature than ourselves, but for thousands of years the process of humanisation has been working its way with them, and to-day the differences between them are at once as subtle and as deep-seated as the differences between branches of the human family; and they are very much the product of human culture and civilisation.

Perhaps the first points to be weighed are one's personal preferences and predilections as between the different breeds of dogs, and the character of our home and environment, as these may be taken to affect the needs and natures of different kinds of dogs. It is a mistake to suppose that living in a town house, or even in a city flat, makes it impossible to give health and contentment to a dog.

But, as against that, it is not wise to select a working retriever, a sheep dog or a foxhound, to share such a home. There are dogs who can thrive in health and happiness whilst living a quite sedentary existence, and others for whom a largely indoor life with very little exercise is not much better than imprisonment. And it would be wrong to assume that all big dogs need the life of the countryside, or that all little dogs may suitably be housed in a town flat. 'Carriage exercise' is very poor fun for a Fox Terrier, but I have known Great Danes, Mastiffs, St Bernards, and Irish Wolfhounds who contrived to enjoy life in town very thoroughly. In the matter of outdoor exercise the requirements of an Irish Terrier differ extremely from those of a Pekingese, whose ancestors for many centuries have been bred in palaces in China.

In point of weight and strength and size the contrasts between Fox Terriers and Mastiffs, St Bernards and Wolfhounds are very marked; but, personally, I should expect to give more contentment to one of these big fellows in town, than to the sporting Fox Terrier. And, in addition to racial differences, there are individual and family differences to be considered. I should be sorry to take a mature dog bred by a gamekeeper, or on a farm, and introduce him into a London flat. If introduced to town life as a young puppy, he may take quite kindly to it, even though belonging by race to an active and sporting breed; but a fully grown or middle-aged dog, even of a non-sporting variety, may hardly without unkindness be translated from the life of the fields and the hedgerows to

that of the centre of a great city, unless in some quite special and peculiar circumstances.

Where suburban and country homes are concerned, it is safe to say that dogs of any breed may be made happy in them; and, beyond consideration of the obvious unsuitability of certain breeds for the more confined life of cities, it is hardly possible to offer guidance in the choice of a breed, any more than one could safely recommend men or women of given nationalities as companions. The point in this connection which I should like to make is that one really should choose, after thought and observation, and not leave the matter to chance. One may find delightful companions among Bull-dogs; but it is unwise and unkind to adopt a Bulldog and ask him to follow a carriage or bicycle. Retrievers and Newfoundlands may be most lovable friends, but the study and the drawing-room do not appeal to them as homes.

Another point calling for early decision is that of sex. Should one's new friend be a dog or a bitch? (I have been told that there are people *whose refinement is so delicate that they object to the use of that word 'bitch.'* One hates to give offence, even where an unreasonable prejudice is concerned. But with all deference I must decline to relinquish the use of so sound an English word as this; and I submit that 'female dog' has no

kind of dog.) This is a point which does demand careful consideration. Many people greatly prefer the typical character, disposition, and habits of bitches, believing them to be gentler and more affectionate than dogs. Even in point of physical appearance and facial expression (in which the sexes differ materially in most breeds of dogs) numbers of dog lovers like the feminine attributes. Again, supposing that one decides upon a female puppy, becomes greatly attached to it, and very much admires its character and physical qualities, withal, perhaps, seeing ways in which one or other of these might with real advantage be modified or accentuated; then there is very real pleasure and interest in the knowledge that one may hope to obtain offspring from such an admired friend, and, it may be, to see worthy great-grandchildren of hers added to the race, and able to fill her place in our lives and affections when the inevitable time of parting comes, and she herself is gathered to her fathers.

Much falls to be noted and considered under this head, and one will revert to the subject of breeding presently. Meanwhile, the point is one not to be overlooked when deciding to adopt a dog into one's household. *It is to be remembered* at the same time that, should one's choice be for a bitch, there will be two periods in every year, each of about one month, in which our friend will require special care and attention; partly with a view to her health—the avoidance of chills and of anything irritating or heating or over-stimulating in dietary—but chiefly, perhaps, with a view to

safeguarding her from any risk of a *mésalliance*. Her freedom must be rather strictly curtailed during these periods; but, whilst to those who have not tried it there may seem to be something rather formidable about this, in actual experience it involves but very little trouble or inconvenience, especially in a household which is not shared by any other dogs. But there is the point, and it is one not to be overlooked in making one's selection. Personally, where the quite small breeds are concerned, and in the case of a dog which was to be largely an indoor companion, my own vote would be for the bitch; especially in the case of little dogs of the kind which most generally acquire a sort of prescriptive right to sit on chairs and clamber on to one's knees. But there is much to be said on both sides, and, especially in the case of dogs who give one much outdoor companionship, many people prefer the masculine characteristics and attributes. The strong domesticity, and the gentle, loving nature which is characteristic of so many bitches appeal irresistibly to many people; but others again claim for the dog a greater charm of bluff sincerity, of good-humoured independence, and of freedom from the tendency to querulousness which they think marks the advancing age of many bitches.

Should the friend to be adopted be a puppy or a grown-up? Here again is a point calling for thought and decision before setting out upon the task of actual selection. 'We must have a grown dog, over distemper, and all that sort of thing,' is the kind of remark one frequently hears in this

connection; but the conclusion it indicates is not a particularly wise or reasonable one. It falls to be noted, for example, that a dog may at any age be infected by distemper; and what is more, his having suffered from it once is no sort of guarantee whatever against his suffering from it again, and yet again. By the same token, it no more follows that a puppy must have distemper because he is a puppy, than it does that a child must have scarlet fever. The plain fact is that, given a good home and intelligent and consistent care, there is no reason why a decently bred dog should not journey all the way from his mother's dugs to his grave without a single real illness of any kind whatever. The writer has many times proved the truth of this, and commends consideration of it to all and sundry who incline to fear the care of quite young dogs.

Do not be betrayed either into accepting at its face value the vulgar error that, whilst mongrels and nondescripts may fight their way through life without an illness, the finely bred aristocrats of the race are bound to be delicate and suffer from a variety of ills. That is not at all the case. The writer has known (and bred and reared) dogs of the purest champion pedigree on both sides, who have enjoyed life from start to finish without an illness. It is, of course, impossible to guard against all risks, for dogs or for humans. But, just as the health average of cleanly bred men and women may be maintained at a very high level, so it is with dogs; and, given intelligent care and reasonable attention, I would say that a puppy's chance of escaping all canine ills was considerably

greater when taken into home life as a youngster, than when reared to full growth in a big kennel among a number of other dogs.

Dogs are gifted with a quite wonderful quality of adaptability. But it is a fact that no fully matured dog can become as completely and harmoniously a part of your home as the youngster can who comes to you straight from his mother, with all his adolescence before him. You must have a dog who has been 'house-trained,' you say. But is the stipulation a wise one? Remember, the trainer's standards, tastes and ideas may differ radically from your own; and, in imposing those standards he has been shaping the dog's character for good or ill, and whether deliberately or without thought. If you seriously prefer that your future friend's character should be ready-made to your hand, uninfluenced by yourself, well and good; but your choice will involve the relinquishment of much pleasure and interest. The dog will never be quite so completely a member of your own family as he could and should be if the extraordinarily plastic first year of his life (or let us say the first year after weaning) were spent under your roof. Then, indeed, he is as clay to the hand of the potter. So kindly, docile and intelligent is *the nature of the well-bred dog* that he is capable of learning anything within his capacity, at almost any period of his life. But there is a vital difference between the lesson learned in maturity and the habits insensibly acquired in early puppyhood. The latter become part, aye, and a basic part of the individual's character; whilst the former

are, as it were, no more than ornaments or dress; something superimposed and added to the structure, and not reaching up from its foundations as an integral part of it, merged in and qualifying all the rest of it.

To take a little illustration: I happen to have an invincible antipathy against what are called 'tricks' for animals. 'Performing' animals fill me with sadness—and anger; and I would as soon teach a child to balance a cutlet on its nose before eating it, as I would train a dog to go through the same humiliating sort of prank with a lump of sugar. I receive a fully grown dog into my household, and, doubtless in a spirit of true courtesy and affability, he treats me to an exhibition of parlour tricks, which, while they may have delighted the person who originally worried him into learning them, affect me with the same sort of startled nausea that would be mine if some human member of the family suddenly developed a taste for dancing on the dinner table, sitting on the mantelpiece, or introducing strange obscenities into his or her conversation. And that is far from being the end of the matter. One might learn to tolerate a guest's penchant for dancing on the dining table, or a dog's trick of 'begging,' so far as these performances are in themselves concerned. What *really* troubles one is that one's friend should desire or be capable of such freaks. It is the attitude of mind, the mental revelation, the effect on character, that count; the discovery of something foreign, exotic, and in no way akin to the known and loved environment. My prejudices

and antipathies may be as unreasonable as you will, and in no sense shared by so wise a person as yourself. But be sure you also have some of your own, and will be susceptible to anything that jars upon them and strikes a discord where you look only for harmony. It is probably unnecessary to labour the point.

On the whole, then, and unless there are some quite special circumstances to be considered, the advantages attaching to the choice of a puppy rather than a fully-grown dog easily outweigh its disadvantages, even if there are any real disadvantages, which I doubt. The question of puppy training must be considered elsewhere; but it may be said at once that cleanliness and good manners are acquired with the greatest ease and naturalness by well-bred dogs, especially when their home life and training begin early; but it follows, of course, that kennel life and training during the first six or twelve months after weaning do not qualify a dog for direct admission into the domestic circle. On the contrary, they develop certain habits which must first be unlearned and set aside before the new code, the home life standard, can be acquired. Not that this is a very difficult process. The natural intelligence and docility of dogs make it quite a simple matter; but the results are never quite the same as those of the education which begins actually at the beginning.

It is also worth remembering, from the selfish standpoint, that for his human friends there is a charm and attraction about a dog's puppyhood which is peculiar to that period. Not only do his

experience and treatment during that period affect him in the whole of his after life, but they provide an unfailing fund of interest and enjoyment for those who watch over them. There are elements of attractiveness in the young of almost every species, but few living things can be more fascinating than a well-bred puppy, and none offers a more generous return to those who minister to its growth and well-being. And this I declare in all sincerity and deliberation, notwithstanding a lively recollection of Kipling's memorable poem: *The Power of the Dog*, the first stanzas of which I will not resist the temptation to quote here:—

‘ There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men and women who fill our day;
But when we are certain of sorrow in store,
Why do we always arrange for more ?

*Brothers and Sisters I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*

‘ Buy a pup and your money will buy
Love unflinching that cannot lie—
Perfect passion and worship fed
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.

*Nevertheless it is hardly fair
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.*

‘ When the fourteen years which Nature permits
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,
And the vet.'s unspoken prescription runs
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,

*Then you will find—it's your own affair—
But . . . you've given your heart to a dog to tear.*

‘ When the body that lived at your single will,
When the whimper of welcome is stilled (how
still!),
When the spirit that answered your every mood
Is gone—wherever it goes—for good,
*You will discover how much you care,
And will give your heart to a dog to tear !* ’

Kipling always rings true as steel; true as a good dog's heart; and, admitting that, I hereby affirm my set conviction that there is no individual and no family but that can be the jollier and the wiser for the interest and the entertainment to be derived from watching and participating in the daily development and education of a good puppy. There is no student or philosopher who is so wise that he can learn nothing from observation of a well-bred puppy's growth; no cynic so embittered as never to be moved to a smile or a chuckle of genuine enjoyment if privileged to witness by his own fireside the episodes and vagaries, the discoveries and revelations pertaining to a puppy's progress into doghood. One's mind may be harassed by business, politics, domestic cares, taxation, or any other human fetish which we allow to cloud our horizon, but it is physically impossible to feel acutely worried or depressed while you watch a puppy breathlessly track down, leap upon and worry, a feather dropped from the housemaid's brush. The elaborate furtiveness, the secret, conspiratorial air with which he will eventually remove that feather from the public eye, the extreme self-satisfaction with which he

will emerge after carefully banking the feather behind the rear leg of your arm-chair, and the startlingly sudden abandon that marks his decision to take a nap whilst still preening himself upon his masterly conduct of his latest adventure—these and their like are details quite certain to ease and divert the minds of all beholders. He will endue you with royal prerogatives in providing your household with its own jester; but he will do far more. He will teach you many invaluable lessons, without ever boring you for a single moment of his life; and, withal, I have heard of cases in which quite formidable matrimonial breaches have been bridged by the humorously mellowing influences all unconsciously exercised by the puppy on the hearth.

Assuming now that after studious weighing of the pros and cons, decision has been arrived at regarding the breed, sex, and age of the dog to be adopted, one further step is strongly to be recommended as a preliminary to the fateful task of actual selection. It is highly desirable to obtain some expert and technical information about the chosen breed. (There are not many among us so learned that we cannot add to our knowledge.) It is pretty safe to assume, no matter what particular breed your inclination fixes itself upon, that there are men and women in the country who have given years of careful study and systematic observation to that branch of the canine family; and it is most desirable that, before, not after selection, you should avail yourself of the lore acquired by some of these experts. The probabilities

are that the breed you have decided upon possesses its own club or association of experts, and that you will find the name and address of its secretary in the list printed elsewhere in this volume. Write to the secretary, explain your object, and ask to be furnished with a copy of the officially recognised schedule of points for this particular breed. Study these carefully, using them to check and amplify your own ideas of the physical characteristics of the particular breed in question. You will find the study interesting, and it will quite certainly help you when you come to choose your dog. The character and disposition that so often show themselves in a dog's face, even in earliest puppyhood, are admittedly factors of most moving import. I am all for recognition of this, and have no word to say against being influenced by it, being a convinced believer in natural affinities between ourselves and our dog friends. But a little knowledge of the weak and the strong points in a given breed need never in any way interfere with one's freedom of choice, and will, on the other hand, help to preserve one from little blunders that are likely to cause disappointment later on.

In almost all breeds there are certain typical weaknesses and blemishes which tend to crop up in each generation. So long as you have no special knowledge of the breed, these may seem quite unimportant to you. They are not really unimportant, nor will they appear so to you, once personal intimacy with an individual of the family has brought knowledge to you. Also, it will add greatly to the interest and pleasure of the whole

ANOTHER ESTEEMED COLLABORATOR



WINKI

Daughter of many queens, and of Verity Buti-Boi, direct descendant of the Pekin Palace dog, Glanbrane Boxer.

process of choosing and adopting your dog to prepare for it by acquiring this elementary knowledge of his race.

Having now arrived at the interesting stage of being clear in one's mind regarding the breed, sex, and age of the dog one wants to adopt, and having also made oneself familiar with the more important qualities, physical characteristics and points of the breed in question, we have now to consider the best means of choosing and obtaining our dog. In all such matters there are people who greatly prefer to deal as far as may be with friends, relatives, or acquaintances, and to such it is perhaps unnecessary to offer advice. But doubtless there are many who do not happen to number among their own circle any folk who are particularly knowledgeable about dogs; and others again who prefer to avoid dealing with friends where a purchase is concerned. Many people so situated might be inclined, as they would suppose, to save trouble by ascertaining the whereabouts of a dog dealer's shop, calling there, and purchasing a dog out of 'stock.' There may be many admirably worthy persons among such dealers for aught I know to the contrary. I have no desire to cast the smallest sort of reflection upon dealers as a fraternity; nor have I any reason to think particularly ill, or well, of them and their methods. I trust, therefore, that I may give no offence when I say quite plainly that I, personally, would never dream of adopting this method of obtaining a dog; neither would I recommend any one else to adopt it. To go no farther, I would say that this is at best an

uninteresting and not very intelligent method. One might easily suggest other reasons against it, but this one will perhaps suffice. You are on the look out for a friend, a new member of your household. It cannot be in keeping with the spirit of your quest to look for your friend among a row of cages and purchase him across a counter! No, no; there are many better ways than that; ways more kindly and intelligent; ways vastly more interesting in themselves, and more creditable and becoming to yourself and to your friend-to-be.

For example, the community of dogs and their breeders and friends and admirers has a Press of its own. There are dog newspapers not a few, such as *Our Dogs* and the *Illustrated Kennel News*. Consult these journals for the information they will give you regarding forthcoming and recent dog shows and exhibitions, and for their highly interesting advertising columns. Through the pages of such newspapers you will find that the amateurs of dog-breeding keep one another posted about their doings, interests, and affairs. The marriages, births, and deaths of canine society are here recorded, and news given of developments in connection with all the principal breeds of dogs. A few pence invested in the purchase of current issues of these newspapers will bring you quite a rich return in the shape of information.

Apart from scores of other exhibitions, some of them of first-rate importance, held in different parts of the country, two great annual dog shows are held in London: Cruft's, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and the Kennel Club Show, the

great doggy function of the year, at the Crystal Palace. By applying to the Kennel Club (84 Piccadilly, W.1) and to Mr Charles Cruft, at the Agricultural Hall, it is generally possible to obtain copies of the catalogues of these shows, from which may be gleaned the names and addresses of the leading exhibitors of dogs in every breed. Local Dog Clubs, associations and societies will furnish the names of leading local breeders. (A list of such associations is included in this book.)¹ Now the men and women who are amateurs of dogs; the community of breeders, fanciers, and enthusiasts, doubtless resemble other sections of the populace in a thousand ways; but I have found them uniformly kindly and hospitably disposed toward inquirers; toward all who seek for information about dogs. They are very generally ready to share with others the lore they have acquired and to give the benefit of their own knowledge and experience to any who seek it. Unexpected calls from strangers may not always be convenient; but if you write to the average breeder or exhibitor of dogs, explaining the object you have in view, and asking permission to visit his kennels and see his dogs, you will be pretty safe to find that every courteous facility will be given; and your visit will be tolerably certain to yield real interest and information.

Even when considering only dogs of high degree and those sired by champions, it is safe to assume that every litter of puppies brought into

¹ See Appendix A. See also Appendix B for Notes on points to be considered in selecting puppies of different varieties.

the world includes members who, for one reason or another, are not destined for the show bench. Such dogs belong to the aristocracy of their race just as surely as do any of their titled brothers and sisters who are ticketed as first prize winners at half the exhibitions in the country. They are as well-bred as the champions; they are generally just as healthy and sound; and—with every deference to the title-holders be it said—they may even be more happily endowed in the matter of character, temperament, lovable ways, and the like. Do not allow your judgment to be clouded by any sentimental prejudice, or dubious thought that a fancier cannot think very well of a puppy or be much attached to his dogs, if he is ready to part with this one or that. Remember that a healthy brood bitch may bring from a dozen to two dozen puppies into the world each year, and that a single breeder may have anything from two or three to a score of brood bitches in his kennels. Quite apart from any question of profit or loss, of meeting kennel expenses, the breeder simply must dispose each year of a considerable proportion of his young dogs; and it is this undeniable fact which constitutes your opportunity of obtaining, without extravagance, a thoroughly well-bred puppy, rich in the typical points and character of his particular race, as well as in the temperamental qualities which you desire to find in one who is to become a member of your household.

If perchance your inquiries should introduce you to a kennel which seemed to you neglected

and badly kept, you would naturally draw your own conclusions, and not seek to adopt your friend from that establishment. But as a general thing you will find that the breeder and fancier is scrupulous and uniformly kindly in all his relations with dogs. Nine-tenths of the world's cruelty and unkindness is based upon ignorance, and the fancier is not ignorant. So far as unkindness to dogs is concerned, or actual cruelty, or the kind of stupid neglect that amounts to cruelty, these things are associated in my mind, not at all with breeders and fanciers, with amateurs of dogs, but, rather, and exclusively, with slack, easy-going, frequently good-natured and sentimental folk, who, attaching no particular value to dogs, think of them very much as they think of the wild things of the hedgerows and copses; never in any way as of definite personalities.

I have seen a thoroughly 'good-natured' and reputedly honourable and worthy farmer (a kindly parent and a devoted husband) pick up a heavy sheep-dog by one ear, and, for a trifling fault, fling the poor beast over a five-barred gate to fall on its flank on a heap of road metal; an action admirably calculated to inflict years of suffering upon the dog from one of the most painful of dog diseases—ear canker—and one most difficult to cure. In a quarter of a century's observation of such matters, I have never seen a breeder or fancier guilty of any such brutal act.¹

¹ In the first month of this year of grace, 1922, a woman was fined a paltry sum (instead of being sentenced to a month's hard labour on bread and water) for going off on a jaunt, and leaving shut up in her home, slowly to starve to death, a retriever bitch,

Apart from other and more immediately practical considerations, the method I have indicated of finding the sort of dog one wants is, I think, more interesting than any other. It introduces one to interesting people and interesting dogs, and it puts one in the way of picking up all sorts of highly serviceable scraps of information. It has in it, too, a spice of the gambling element which appeals to so many of us. I have noted at least two or three authentic cases in which beginners having no practical experience whatever of the particular breed they had decided to adopt, actually selected puppies which subsequently carried off full championship honours at the leading dog shows; even as one has heard of rare and valuable first editions being picked up in the twopenny box at second-hand book shops by persons innocent of all book lore.

Such cases are rare, of course, but the possibility of them does lend a certain zest to what is, in any case, the most interesting method of finding and choosing a dog; though, if one's aim is to obtain a dog for exhibition purposes, rather than as a home friend and companion, one would naturally set out with a somewhat different plan, and apply somewhat different standards. One's aim being, not prize-winning, but securing the most desirable sort of dog

with a litter of puppies. A neighbour testified to having observed through a window, the retriever licking whitewash off a wall, in her effort to obtain the nutriment that would enable her to keep her pups alive. The woman's sole excuse (sic!) was that she had 'been drinking.' Why the neighbour did not break the window and feed the retriever, the writer cannot say; but, of course, house-breaking is legally serious, and not to be met by paying a small fine, as is the breaking of a retriever mother's heart, and the starving of her children.

friend in a given breed, one is safeguarded in the matter of type by accurate knowledge of the pedigree of the dogs one sees in a fancier's kennel, and for the rest, in the matter of selection, may confine one's observations mainly to health and physique, and to the important points of character and disposition, as shown in face, expression, and conduct.

It is, of course, impossible to lay down hard and fast rules for guidance in this connexion, since the detail that would usefully apply to one breed and set of conditions might easily be quite inapplicable and misleading where other breeds and conditions were concerned. Thus, there are breeds, such as Wolfhounds, Danes, and Mastiffs, in which great size and weight are very desirable; and others again, such as Yorkshire Terriers, Pekingese, Griffons, and the like, in which the smallest pup in a litter may well prove later on of more monetary value than all the rest put together. The task of selection is a good deal simpler for any one in quest of a home companion, than for one who is trying to pick out a future winner on the show bench, since health and strength are qualities which evidence themselves more plainly than the technical 'points' that weigh with exhibition judges. And, be it remembered, the companionable temperamental qualities of amiability and hearty good-nature are pretty generally to be found associated with physical robustness and assertive activity in a puppy.

Note the relations one to another of the puppies in a given litter, during the period before weaning,

when they are huddled together in the neighbourhood of the dam's sheltering flank. Especially if the weather be in the least chilly, you will probably find that one puppy obtains for himself, not only the most favoured position with reference to his mother's dugs,—the prime fount of warmth and nourishment—but also that he makes use of his brothers and sisters as covering and warming pans to give him further comfort. At critical moments, as when feeding, this assertive fellow may scramble over the backs of his brothers and sisters, but in the normal times of quiescence he will burrow under their bodies like a child burrowing into the blankets of a cold night. It is far more likely than not that six months, or six years later, that same puppy will still be the biggest, strongest dog of the litter. And in the case of breeds in which heavy weight and big growth are not desired, the breeder will part with that puppy as readily as with any other in the litter, albeit he may well prove the best possible choice for any one on the look out for a companion and home friend. Again, even in the case of those breeds in which great size and weight are specially desired, one of the littlings of a litter may possibly turn out exceedingly well, when taken separately in hand and reared alone, as soon as he may safely be taken from his mother. It is comparatively an easy task to stimulate growth and development in a single puppy.

This brings one to consideration of the question of the most desirable age for the puppy to be taken into your home. For the fancier or experienced amateur of dogs one would put this without much

hesitation at the weaning time, and say: take your puppy directly he is weaned. (This generally suits the breeder best, also.) For the novice, on the other hand, in quest of a companion and house dog, one would incline to say that a month or so later would be the ideal stage, when the puppy has passed the end of his third month. The dietary question will then have greatly simplified itself, and the puppy will be more fully prepared for running alone.

On the other hand, it would never be worth while to miss the chance of securing the puppy on which your heart is set, because its breeder decides that it must go as soon as possible after weaning. It means only the exercise of a little more care, the giving of a little more attention (always pleasantly rewarded); and, given that reasonably intelligent care and attention, there is nothing to be afraid of in taking over the rearing of a healthy puppy directly the weaning has been accomplished. In any case, and whatever the age of the puppy, it is important that you should ascertain precisely from the breeder what its dietary consists of at that time. Do not trust to memory for this, but make careful written note of the meals given, and their constituents.

A fully grown dog in normal health should in no case be fed more than twice daily; but half a dozen small meals in the twenty-four hours is none too many for a weaner; and at the age of three months one would still be giving three daily meals, though, after the sixth month, one may in nearly all cases adopt the grown-up scale of one light and one

fairly substantial meal per diem. But it is in any case highly desirable to avoid sudden and drastic dietary changes of any kind, particularly at the time of introducing a young dog into a new milieu, and for this reason one should never remove a youngster from its home without jotting down careful notes regarding its dietary and general treatment at that time. Immediate changes and modifications may or may not be desirable. That is for you to decide. But they should always be made gently and gradually. 'Nature abhors jerks more than a vacuum,' to quote the obiter dicta of one highly successful breeder.

One further word about obtaining the dog who appeals to you. Do not be over parsimonious. Do not haggle. Do not allow yourself to feel about the transaction as you might over the purchase of a cigar, or something to be enjoyed and finished with out of hand. Remember that this dog, this new friend to be admitted into your family, may well exercise a very real influence in the daily round of life for you and for your household, for a very considerable period; the larger part of two decades it may be. Natural affinities as between humans and dogs are very real indeed, and count for a great deal. Use your best judgment by all means; but do not hastily reject those instinctive promptings and predilections that we cannot always

yieldings; never once. As for the question of price, haggling is a distasteful business for most of us, and of small profit to any one, in my opinion. Make up your mind if you will that you are not prepared to go beyond a certain figure, and say so, without making any bones about it. But do not haggle. And if you will be advised by me, never try to effect some little saving by choosing a dog you do not feel strongly drawn toward, in place of one who somehow gets hold of your heart-strings from the moment in which his frank, innocent eyes first meet yours. To do so is to flout far wiser and surer counsel than I or any one else can give you.

Prepare your eye and judgment in advance by acquiring all the knowledge you can; and then leave the last word to the indefinable something within you which establishes rapport with the indefinable something that dwells within every other living thing; the something which gives a well-bred dog his personality, just as surely as it gives personality to prince or peasant or pauper of our own tribe.

Freely one admits to a high place among the delightful experiences of life the opening of a newly-arrived box of books, the amateur's installation in his collection of a sale-room find, or the bringing home of a new motor-car. (The fine, adventurous first rapture of the very early days of motoring may hardly be recaptured, perhaps, in these days.)

But I am not sure that any such pleasures can yield quite the richly satisfying savour that is to be extracted from the induction of the newly-

adopted dog friend. Particularly if the new-comer be quite young, remember Nature's abhorrence of jerks. Go slowly. Do nothing drastic. Tone down the strangeness as much as you can for your new friend. Remember that verbal explanations do not count for very much with him, until he has learned to know you and your outlandish language extremely well. He acquires knowledge chiefly through his nose and his eyes. Give him time and freedom for his methods of acquisition. By all means let there be water available for him to drink, and, in due course, food, in strict moderation, and as nearly as may be resembling that to which he has been accustomed. But remember that he is enormously fully occupied in absorbing new impressions, and has no great supply of energy to spare for the processes of digestion. Do not urge anything upon him, and if he appears to favour torpitude in a warm corner, by all means leave him to it. He will resume the pursuit of new impressions just as soon as he is fit for it.

The detail of care and treatment must be considered elsewhere. Meanwhile, we rejoice in the *full-bodied delight of having secured and installed*

subtle pleasure of his mere presence among you, give him peace and quietness for the process of acclimatisation, while you assure yourself, as I pledge you my honour you safely may, that you have done excellently wisely and well, more wisely and profitably it may be than you have ever done by the advice of your banker or stockbroker, now that—

‘. . . you’ve given your heart to a dog to
tear.’

III

TRACE AND TRAIL: THE RECORD OF A LEADER OF DOGS

FROM Bering Strait to Hudson Bay, and from the Arctic down to Canadian Northern steel, there was probably no more competent follower of trails in all the North-land than Jean, the French Canadian. But that was in the days before the second Deluge. The twentieth century was young then. The position may be the same to-day for aught I know to the contrary; but if so, Jean must be getting pretty gray, and certainly he cannot be driving any of the dogs I knew. It is more likely, I apprehend, that he sleeps now under the earth that his remoter forbears trod; at Vimy Ridge, it may be.

I never knew Jean's other name; but Phalert was the surname of his partner, and Phalert hailed from Grand Forks in North Dakota. He was

would bounce back in your hands; and in all the North-land there was no trail long enough to tire Jean.

He was hardly what would be called a very honourable or respectable person, in the South. Indeed, there are good folk in the States and in England, who would say there was not a redeeming feature in the man. But then, as most people are aware nowadays:—

‘ . . . the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts
of Khatmandhu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.’

In any case, Jean was liked, and even respected, by his partner; and on the trail you do get to know a man through and through. There are no withdrawing rooms, and mighty few dodges for masking mortal weaknesses, in the North-land.

As an upholder of the Law—the kind that is mentioned respectfully, with a capital ‘L’—it must be admitted that Jean would need a power of whitewashing to make him fit for publication; for he made a good deal of his money out of carrying the produce of illicit stills, and some other even

work that was at all likely to be offered him. For, to be strictly just, one should add that no knowledgeable North-land man would have thought of inviting Jean to do the sort of thing that he himself would have considered 'dirty.' But then his standard had nothing to do with the Law, and not much to do with honour or decency, as these are understood in the South. Cowardice, treachery to your trail-mate, and any form of 'quitting,' were, I apprehend, about the only things Jean would have judged beneath him. Of these I fancy he was physically incapable; and so, I suppose, there is not so very much credit due to him, even on this score. Withal, I never heard of any one really disliking Jean; and certainly nobody ever despised him—in the North-land. He was too able and competent for that; and the North-land is not particular about other things, so be it that you are able. If you are not that, it either kills you, or, if you are lucky, rejects you, as a dog's gorge rejects grass.

Jean knew more than most folk about dogs. In addition to buying, selling, training, breeding, and driving dogs, he had also eaten them, and fought hard to avoid being eaten by them. And that sort of thing does add to one's knowledge of dogs, more than judges and exhibitors at city dog shows might suppose.

At different times, Jean possessed some rather remarkable dogs, including a few with regard to *whom it might have been a little difficult for him* to have established his right to ownership, in a court of law. There was, for example, 'Jan, Son



Reproduced from the 'Kennel Encyclopædia.']

THE RECORD OF A LEADER OF DOGS 39

of Finn,'¹ known as the 'North-West Mounted Police Bloodhound,' whose character and doings became a legend in the North-land. Jean it was who introduced that phenomenal dog to trace and trail.

But of all the sled-dogs who ever felt the weight of Jean's whip-hand, he himself said that the most consummate craftsman, the master dog in a long line of master workers, was his famous team-leader, Skeena; bought as a yearling pup from an Indian down in the Cassiar country, and said to be more than seventy-five per cent. wolf. The tales told of this great gray dog are as of the sands of the sea. Some really belong to Skeena, and a few hundred do not. I can answer for this last of the Skeena tales, because it was what my own eyes saw.

Through the whole of the trip I made with Skeena the trail was bad as bad could be, for winter was melting into spring, and the limit of safety had been passed before we started. Skeena was then entering upon his eighth year; and it must be remembered that, in such a life as he had led, seven years is a very long time; equal to near seventy, I should suppose, in an average man's life. Twice during these years Skeena had pulled into Dawson City, the sole survivor of an ordinary-sized team. The big gray husky had faced death in pretty nearly every form known to North-land folk. On one memorable occasion he had his throat laid open by a raving mad dog. And on

¹ The story of this dog was published in England by Messrs Constable & Co.; in the United States by Messrs Harper & Brothers; and in Holland by Messrs Amersfoort-Volkhaafs Co.

another—when he and Jean pulled into town quite alone—it was said he had eaten man. But, for that matter, the same was said of Jean himself—when Jean was not about.

Skeena stood just thirty inches at the shoulder, and despite his great length and famous fleetness, he was very thickly built, broad of chest, deep in flank, ribbed like a ship, and long and springy in the thighs. No lone wolf in all the Arctic would have tackled Skeena. Twice he had been known to track a full-grown lynx and kill the formidable beast in the mouth of its own lair. His agility was extraordinary. Late in life he killed ptarmigan on the wing, and squirrels well above ground, on tree-trunks. And these are feats which do not admit of any very lengthy deliberation.

Every hair on Skeena's body was gray : hard, steel-gray. The pads of his feet were as hard as his claws. In his eighth year his fangs were ivory white, and anger would strike fire from his hard eyes as steel will from flint. I can well believe he had eaten man, for he clung to life with more than a wolf's ardour; so straitly indeed, that, if need had driven hard enough, I believe he might have eaten Jean himself; and if Skeena loved anything on earth, it was Jean. Skeena had his set of guiding and impelling instincts, and he followed them, with more of strength and cunning than it is given to most dogs to display, even in the Arctic. Chief among these were his will to live; pride in his *team leadership*, his *mastery of other dogs*, and devotion to his own man: Jean.

On the first and second days of that trip, the

spectacle presented by Skeena's mastery of the team he led was a very striking one. Jean said his leader was growing over severe. Certainly, the hardest of dog-mushers would have found it difficult to raise an excuse for carrying a whip where Skeena led. As a disciplinarian he would have made a Prussian drill-sergeant look maiden-aunt-like. Not only was he pitiless in meting out punishment, but he almost reached the point of making the punishment precede the crime. At least, his penalties were part and parcel of the offences they marked; with such desolating swiftness did they descend upon his team-mates.

A low, quiet bark or growl from Skeena undoubtedly meant more to the team than an explicit order from Jean. Jean, in a good humour, was not above repeating an order. Skeena never repeated anything, except punishment; and when he did that, it meant considerable bloodshed.

By long custom, he, as leader, was the last dog to be harnessed in the morning, and the first to be unharnessed at night. When he called his team-mates to attention in the morning—one short, sharp bark—they jumped to their respective positions, in single file, as though shot there from a giant's catapult. (The thing seems almost incredible, I know, but it is none the less a fact that, after the second day out, Skeena's team-mates would actually be waiting at hand for a minute or two before Skeena called them to attention in the morning, even as good soldiers will voluntarily muster some minutes before the bugle calls them to fall in for parade.) Skeena

stalked to and fro beside them, while the harnessing was done by Jean, and if a dog so much as moved a paw, Skeena's teeth were into him in the same instant.

The discipline of that team was super-human, super-canine, super-husky. Only Skeena could have enforced it. And Jean said at the beginning of the trip that Skeena was really overdoing it. It amounted to this: the leader demanded bloodshed if a dog so much as winked without his permission. But a fitter, prouder, more efficient team than his never tightened a trace.

On the second night out Skeena left a piece of his ration of dried fish uneaten, and that was a thing Jean had never before seen happen. The scrap lay on the snow untouched for more than an hour, an astonishing tribute to the team's discipline. Then it was furtively removed by Tough, the wheeler, when Skeena was seen to be asleep, at some distance.

Next morning the leader was obviously suffering from some internal pain. He walked with a curious writhing twist of his barrel, and snarled angrily if another dog so much as looked at him. Long Pete tried to examine the gray dog, and was snapped at for his pains; not bitten, but snarled and snapped at. So Jean set to work to feel his leader's big frame all over. Skeena would not precisely snarl at Jean, but he stood to the examination with stiff legs, hackles erect, and lips that writhed like snakes, in the promise of a snarl that never came.

With all his hard-bought knowledge, Jean

could learn nothing of Skeena's trouble, save that it made him specially sensitive to probings under the lower ribs. That night Skeena ate nothing, and next morning his slightest movements clearly brought him acute pain.

'That dog's not fit for the trace,' said Jean; 'he shall run loose to-day.'

Skeena hobbled forward at harnessing time, and, with shudderings of internal pain, snapped his charges up to the concert pitch of attention, before taking his own place at the head of the rank. When the order came to mush on, the dogs flung themselves into their breast-bands, and Skeena, too, automatically plunged forward, with a look of puzzled bewilderment on his face, as he realised that he was unattached.

Skeena limped back to Jean's place at the gee-pole, and laid hold of the skirt of the French-Canadian's deerskin coat with his teeth, jerking at it impatiently. Jean waved the dog off good-humouredly, bidding him run behind the sled. Skeena looked about him for a moment, as though inviting the Yukon to take note of this grotesque reversal of the recognised order of things. Then he snarled once very bitterly, and flung himself forward in the soft snow beside the trail till he drew level with the shoulder of Mick, the leading dog.

Mick swerved instinctively, and, with a most singular cry of mingled anger, pain, and mournfulness, Skeena leapt at his throat, pinning him fast to the trail. The next dog stumbled over Mick, and, by the time Jean and Pete had hauled Skeena

clear—kicking and striking him was mere waste of valuable time—Mick was finished. His throat was open, and he died within three or four minutes.

This effort left Skeena pretty much exhausted, and he lay still beside the trail, his eyes half-closed and his flank heaving painfully, while Mick's body was taken out of the traces. Then, with a little groaning cry as he rose, Skeena stood to attention on the trail in his old place, waiting for his leader's harness.

But it was perfectly obvious that he was not fit for the work, and Jean stood thoughtfully watching him for a minute. Finally, Jean took an old whip-lash and tethered Skeena to the back of the sled. But that had to be given up, because Skeena struggled round as far as he could towards the dogs in the deep, soft snow beside the trail, until at length he was being dragged there, half on his side, and in instant danger of strangulation.

After that, a sort of bed was made for Skeena on top of the load, and he was securely lashed down there and carried for the rest of the day; the sled being pulled by six dogs now, in place of the original eight.

That night Jean made a kind of broth for Skeena, and drenched him with it, since the big gray dog refused to take it of his own accord. After this, Skeena seemed to rest, and to be more comfortable than he had been for a couple of days. Towards daylight there was some bickering among the dogs, and Pete threw a pine knot or two in their direction, gruffly bidding them be still. The sled was loaded just as daylight came, the dogs

standing to their places, with Skeena in the lead: all save Gutty, the young husky who had pulled behind Mick till Mick was removed, and, after that, had been allowed to lead for the rest of the day.

A few minutes later Long Pete found Gutty a hundred yards away to the rear of the camp, watched closely by a wolverine and a weasel, one on either side. Gutty's jugular vein had been opened, and his life-blood had coloured the snow for quite a stretch around him. So now the team consisted of five working dogs only, and Skeena, their old leader, who it seemed was still a killing force to be reckoned with, whether or not he was able to tauten a trace.

Pete, not unnaturally, began to speak in his leisurely drawl of dogs he had been obliged to shoot, or otherwise kill, at one time or another. Jean checked him, after a while, with an abrupt,—

‘Ha! Dawgs—ye-es. But not thees Skeena. By gar, no; not Skeena.’

Then, after a pause,—

‘We’ll put heem back in hees place, I guess.’

So Skeena was harnessed ahead of his five mates, and he actually licked Jean’s hand in gratitude as his breast-band was buckled on, a thing Jean said he never had done before in all the years of his life. And, indeed, it is a thing which, as all the North-land knows, wolf-dogs never do. Well, Skeena had cost Jean three or four hundred dollars, at least, during the preceding twenty-four hours. The queer thing was that the favour Jean had granted, that won more gratitude from Skeena

than he had ever been known to show before to man or beast, was nothing less than a day's torture; a thing apparently almost intolerably cruel and inhuman. The whole day long, excepting only in a few intervals of the briefest possible duration, Skeena led the team over a wickedly bad stretch of soft trail, and kept his traces taut. Perhaps a dozen times in all he fell, and his pain drew cries from him. The first time, the dog behind him quite inadvertently stumbled forward upon Skeena's haunches. He would never repeat that blunder. Skeena wheeled round upon the penitent beast with a snarling roar of agonised fury, and ripped one side of its face clean open with his fangs. Then he plunged forward in the traces again, with a hoarse moan, his feet stabbing into the soft trail, his whole body quivering under the pain brought him with the shock of each jarring, inelastic step.

The pace was slow, but then it could not have been otherwise on that desperately heavy trail. Skeena did not make it slow. His traces were never loose. And yet, as Jean said that night, in Skeena's place nine hundred and ninety-nine dogs out of every thousand had surely died in the first hour of that day's work.

When camp was made, Skeena lay where he had fallen, on the trail, and absolutely refused to budge from there. His breast-band was left on him, because he whined and struggled to prevent Jean removing it. Again he was forcibly drenched with warm broth, made from moose-flesh; and that night there came no ominous bickering among

the dogs, nor was any one of them missing when morning brought harnessing time. Thinking to ease matters a little for the sick leader, Jean harnessed another dog before him to keep his traces taut for him. It cost the other dog some blood and fur, and he had to be rescued in haste or he would surely have gone the way of Mick and Guppy.

Day followed day for nearly a fortnight, and every morning Pete, in common humanity, showed Jean his gun, with a nod in Skeena's direction.

'Look, Jean,' he said one morning, 'I'll do it for you. I can guess it would come hard for you.'

Jean did not speak, and so Pete rose to his feet, revolver in hand, and took a step toward where Skeena crouched, painfully waiting on the trail for his traces. In that moment Skeena wheeled round on his haunches and looked at Pete. Instantly, his lips writhed back and up from his fangs, and he snarled with savage ferocity, his aching muscles gathered up for a spring—but, whether for a spring at Pete, or to avoid a bullet, who shall say? One thing was abundantly clear: Skeena knew the thing that was in Pete's mind, and if he was to die it would not be by any mere killing, but only at the end of a fight.

'Drop eet, Pete. We can't kill Skeena,' said Jean. And, with a shrug, Pete put up his gun.

Twice, as Skeena's disease, whatever it was, advanced, and he grew weaker, his pains increasing in severity, the two men strove hard to make a passenger of him by lashing him on the sled-load. Each time they fancied his increased sufferings and weakness would have made this feasible.

And each time Skeena made it very plain, until he was perforce released, that he would certainly break his heart, his backbone, or his lashings, in his violent struggles to be free.

Later, a third attempt was made, but this one did not go far, for, directly he saw the lashing, Skeena fought his way savagely out of Jean's grasp—a thing he never had done or thought of doing, in all his six years of work for Jean—and refused to allow either man to get near him, save in his old place at the head of the team.

'The frozen fact is,' said Pete, 'that blame dog is keener on his job than what he is on his life, an' you'll not shift him from lead in the traces till you put a bullet through his head.'

Jean nodded. There could be no disputing Pete's verdict, nor any doubt whatever about the truth of it.

'But what hez me beat,' said Jean, 'is how in the nation he makes out to hit the trail an' pull, when he's all but dead; an' any other dog would 'a bin dead a week back.'

An unexpected cold snap, the last of that season, set in on the thirteenth day, and the trail improved notably. As it improved, it appeared that Skeena's martyrdom was aggravated, for, incredible though it seems, this gaunt, gray framework of a dog increased his efforts now by setting a faster pace. The tug of the traces forced many a hoarse moan from him. But if the dogs behind him slowed or slackened but the least fraction in their pulling, Skeena's moaning cry would twist itself painfully into a threatening, snarling bark, his muzzle would jerk back towards his shoulder, and the delinquent

dog would know that just so surely as the sun sank that night he would be trounced for his fault, when the harness was laid aside.

That was one of the secrets of his amazing mastery as leader: Skeena had never been known to forget even the most trivial of debts, or to overlook the least of faults. And, so strong was the gray dog's prestige, so terrifying, still, the vitriol of his snarl that, feeble though he now was, each dog got his punishment when the time came; and none was bold enough to challenge the crippled leader's authority.

By noon of the sixteenth day the team sighted salt water. Skeena had scented it all that morning. His moans had a kind of a whining appeal in them. His gait was a series of painful jerks forward. It might be said that, in those last hours, Skeena flung himself and his followers on, yard by yard, from the up-country trail to the sea.

'For God's sake, loose 'em,' said Jean hoarsely, as he brought the team to a standstill at the head of the bleak little beach township. 'Tha' Skeena, hee's kinder crucified, eet seems to me.'

Pete flung the harness off the leader.

'Done finish, Skeena, for sure,' he said.

The gray dog seemed longer and taller than ever now by reason of his extreme emaciation. He looked at Pete. Then he looked along the backs of the team, and snarled sharply at the third dog, who had lain down on the snow. On the instant that dog sprang to his feet submissively. Then Skeena passed slowly, and at each trembling step more slowly, on past the wheeler to the

gee-pole, where Jean stood watching, with a queer kind of a twisted smile on his leathery face.

As he took these last, painful, jerking steps, Skeena's backbone seemed to curve downwards, till his belly skimmed the snow. Have you seen a dog creep in to his master in answer to a peremptory call, when he knew he had sinned and must be punished; lower at every step, till, at his master's feet, he is crouching on the ground?

That was precisely how Skeena approached Jean, not, as I understand it, from a consciousness of wrongdoing, or dread of punishment—no living creature, human or animal, ever clung more insistently to his duty—but merely because there still were a few feet of snow to be covered before he could reach the man who was his lord and master; and, the traces gone, Skeena's life was ebbing from him too fast to admit of any other sort of gait.

As he reached Jean's feet, crawling, he turned over on his side. It was his perfectly conscious and deliberate relinquishment of all the life left in him. His work was done. He had not failed. He had endured no usurpation of his leadership on his last journey. Well he knew he could never hit the trail again. Well he knew he desired no life outside the trail. And so he turned on his side, exposing his throat, a gesture which, in a wolf-dog, is as surely hara-kiri as anything known to the Samurai.

Jean stooped down over his leader, thereby hiding from human observation his own twitching, writhen smile. Two minutes later Skeena breathed his last.

IV

ON THE CARE AND CULTIVATION OF DOGS

ONE avoids the use of the word 'training' in the title of this chapter, because that word has a definite technical significance in this connexion, and the writer has no intention here of proffering technical advice to experts. 'Breaking and Training Dogs' is a subject that has been learnedly treated in a number of specialist publications, and notably in the work bearing that title which was written by 'Pathfinder' and Mr Hugh Dalziel, the author of *British Dogs*, *The Diseases of Dogs*, and other serviceable and valuable books. In *The Breaking and Training of Dogs* you will find the fullest sort of information regarding the professionally approved methods of schooling Retrievers, Setters, Pointers, Sheep-dogs, Greyhounds, and others, to the work of their lives; and even, if your interest tends that way, the methods of training dogs to 'beg,' perform card tricks, hold pipes in their mouths, dance on their hind feet, and do other things most foreign to their natures and inclinations. The present writer pretends to no sort of interest, other than that of sincere sympathy, real regret, and some sense of humiliation, in the matter of 'tricks' for dogs—or for humans either, for that matter—but, being deeply interested in the matter of friendship and

companionship between dogs and humans, he would be glad indeed if the cursory jottings based upon his own observations during a tolerably prolonged and varied intercourse with dogs (in most parts of the world and in conditions differing as widely as those of West London and Western Canada, the Home Counties and the Australian Bush, the English show bench and the Indian jungle) should prove in the smallest degree helpfully suggestive to the readers of these pages.

A dog well bred and intelligently reared has so much that is good and delightful in the shape of companionship to offer to his human associates that the matter of our relation to him should certainly be worth serious consideration. What is the precise relationship existing between yourself and the dog, or the dogs, who are members of your household and share your home with you? Upon the definition, upon the way in which you answer this question to yourself, your care and treatment of your dogs is likely largely to depend; and if you never have chanced to ask and answer the question, the writer would like to suggest to you the interest and desirability of doing so now.

Personally, I should find no satisfaction in the word 'pet' in this connexion. 'Humble dependent,' and 'faithful servant' may have classic usage to recommend them, but, somehow, they do not appeal to me. 'Friend'—yes, that comes much nearer the mark; but it calls for qualification, *because in certain senses our responsibility to our dog friend is rather greater and more intimate than the obligation to our human friend.* Our

human friend may safely be relied upon to ask for, take, or somehow to supply himself with the things that he needs. It is not for us to define or regulate his requirements. The dog, as we know and love him to-day, if not created by man, has been evolved by man through thousands of generations of his development. We, doubtless, have certain definite duties and obligations where all the living things of the earth are concerned, if only because we share the planet as our abiding place. But there can be no sort of question about it that our personal responsibility where dogs are concerned is a thing vastly more direct and intimate than it is where sparrows, hedgehogs, tigers and antelope are concerned. Consider as individuals the wolf, the dingo, the Bulldog, the Pekingese, and the Bloodhound, for example; remember that our records of dogs, more or less as we know them, go back for thousands of years, and the direct and personal nature of our responsibility towards the canine race will quite surely impress you as being secondary only to our responsibility toward our fellow humans.

The writer would suggest that the dog who shares our fireside deserves a higher rating in our esteem than is conveyed in the word 'pet.' Might not our mental attitude towards him be described as something of a blend of the fitting attitude toward our children, our trusted domestic servants, and our intimate men and women friends? The twentieth century dog, as evolved by our ancestors and ourselves for our own companionship, is no more qualified to fend and forage for himself in

the twentieth century world of civilisation, as mankind has developed it, than our children would be to fend and forage for themselves in a tropical jungle. That fact, with all that it connotes, establishes, I think, the parallel between our relationship toward dogs and children. In the nature of things, the dog as we have developed him, necessarily does our bidding in all the affairs of his daily life, and, rightly treated, does it with remarkable fidelity and docility. That gives us the parallel with the trusted domestic servant. Rightly treated, again, the dog who shares our home makes himself a very delightful companion, gladly adapts himself to our varying moods and circumstances, and, right up to the extreme limits of his capacity, gives us without stint of his sympathy and interest. That gives him his right to be regarded as our friend, always with due regard for the necessary differences between our obligations to canine and human friends.

There is nothing whatever in my relationship with children, domestic servants, or human friends which leads me, or permits me to contemplate teaching them to perform 'tricks,' or beating them with sticks for not adopting at my command certain gestures, attitudes or gaits. One is not likely to forget that one owes to all three a reasoned courtesy and consideration, and a perfectly definite recognition of the fact that, like oneself, they each and all possess a personality. The appropriate inferences and deductions are sufficiently obvious, and must be made by all who desire to enjoy to the full the companionship of dogs.

CHESS PLAYERS FROM PEKIN



Black (aged $6\frac{1}{2}$ months) to move, and white (aged $56\frac{1}{2}$ months)
to mate in two.

In very many of the affairs and relationships of life the first essential to success is thoroughly to know one's own mind. I have found this notably the case in the matter of the care and companionship of dogs. In addressing oneself to a child or a dog it is proper, I think, to use a greater particularity of speech and thought than in addressing one's contemporaries, since neither the child nor the dog possess the same capacity as the contemporary for the weighing and sifting of one's words and motives. They both take us more completely on trust, and, being more dependent upon our judgment and discretion, are entitled to the more consideration and particularity. To be forever issuing orders and instructions is to be a nuisance, and to make oneself ridiculous; to issue orders and permit them to be disregarded is to exercise a most mischievous influence and to injure others. Suggestions and invitations may come and go as you will and no harm done, but the commands we issue to our dog friends should be just as few and as simple as possible, *and they must never in any circumstances be neglected.* To issue a command is like cocking a pistol. By either act you incur a perfectly definite and serious responsibility. You simply must not leave either your cocked pistol or your command 'lying about.' The neglect of either exposes your associates to danger and possible injury. As a responsible human being you really have no right to order a dog to take up a certain position unless you have deliberately made up your mind that for some good and sufficient reason it is necessary, or, at the least of

it, desirable that this position and none other should forthwith be taken. If your mind is so made up, right and decency demand that you should, not merely issue an order, but make it your business, whether or not it be convenient to you, to see that the order is carried out and the position adopted. Investigation and decision must precede and not follow the order.

One is loath to labour so apparently small a point, but it is not truly small or insignificant. In effect it goes to the root of things. In all seriousness, it should be recognised as a wellnigh unpardonable and certainly a very mischievous breach of manners and discretion, definitely to order a dog to a certain bench or seat, and then, when instead of going to it he flops down upon the nearest rug, to mutter, 'Oh, well, the poor chap's tired,' or, 'All right then, stay there if you like.' Extremely 'good-natured' and highly sentimental persons are frequently guilty of these impertinences, but that does not make them the less mischievous, the less impertinent, or the less breaches of good taste and discretion.

A dog will often be entirely affable and even affectionate in his attitude toward a thoroughly foolish person, but he never respects a fool, and without respect on both sides the best and fullest sort of companionship is not to be attained. Be very careful never to forfeit your dog's respect. Be equally careful never to deny him the respect to which he is entitled. His mental range is limited, of course; smaller than, and, above all, different from your own. But in one respect

(among others) he is as shrewd and discerning as any man you know. He is quick to recognise weak indecision, the vacillating mind, injustice, inconsistency, faulty self-control, absence of backbone; and where he detects these qualities he is not wont to give his respect, however much he may show of amiable toleration and good-humoured indulgence. If you are content to receive amiable toleration and good-humoured indulgence from your dog friend, well and good, but one would like to suggest that you and the dog and the companionship between you will all three gain immensely by your earning, and holding without capitulation, your dog friend's respectful affection.

And, among other means to the attainment of that end, I commend to your attention the desirability of making your commands as few as may be, as clear as may be, and, invariably, based four square upon deliberate decision. With that recommendation in mind, I would add that it is incumbent upon you, a duty by no manner of means to be neglected, to see to it that no command is ever ignored. It must be obeyed, precisely, or it becomes a harmful thing.

I have heard of naturally vicious, 'wicked,' and 'uncontrollable' dogs, but I protest I never met one, though I can claim to have been intimate with representatives of most known breeds, not to mention many that are unknown, in most quarters of the globe. My Colonel in the European War used to say, 'When I hear of anything like flagrant insubordination in a battalion, my first thought is that it would probably be as well to

have the C.O. shot, as a first step toward putting matters right.'

'Do you believe in the use of the whip?' one is asked. My reply is that, whilst admitting that there may be in the world dogs, and circumstances, which seem to call for the use of a whip, I have never possessed or experienced the need of such a weapon. Perhaps a score of times, in the handling of many hundreds of dogs, I have used my hand, a twisted glove, or even so lethal a weapon as a folded newspaper, for purposes of flagellation; but in the vast majority of cases I have found that even one's voice, regarded as an engine of coercion or punishment, calls for strict moderation in its use, and is by no means to be applied over frequently or severely. Admitting that I have been fortunate, and have yet to meet the worst ruffians of the canine species, it is my profound conviction that the only sort of obedience worth valuing, in dog or human associate, is the obedience that is based upon confidence, respect, and, where your intimates are concerned, devotion and affection. Whilst not at the moment prepared to argue the question of a dog's power to reason, I do affirm with certainty that a human may establish in the mind of a well-bred and intelligently reared dog the most implicit faith and trust in *his* reason, in *his* justice, in *his* understanding and goodwill, and the one kind of obedience that I desire and value in a dog is the kind that arises, naturally and invariably, from that kind of faith and trust, lacking which the true companionship between dog and human cannot exist. If a dog refuses

THEIR SUSSEX HOME



to do as I tell him, I do not look for a stick, but I tell myself that I have not as yet established anything like friendship with him. If it happened in the case of a dog I had known for any length of time, my verdict would be, (*a*) that the dog was unwell; (*b*) that my instruction, whatever it was, must be examined carefully in order that I might make sure that it was not unreasonable or unconscionable in any way, or (*c*) that I must somehow have failed to establish the right and proper sort of relationship with that dog, and that, ten to one, the fault was on my side. Finally, I should certainly not be content to allow my relationship with that dog to go unimproved, and I should not expect to improve it very much by hitting him.

By way of concrete illustration, the homely triviality of the following may perhaps be excused. The writer has always regarded the cleaning and whitening of doorsteps as being probably among the least agreeable of domestic tasks, and has often been moved to sympathy with those who perform it when he has seen their handiwork disfigured by muddy footprints, possibly within a few minutes of its completion. Such tragedies are apt to be frequent where the household includes several dogs among its members, and in his own home the writer long since noted two separate entrances in which the dogs were much given to undoing the servants' work, both with regard to the outside step and to the polished floor covering within. So far as the first and more extensive of these entrances was concerned he decided that there was no real need for the

dogs to use it at all, and accordingly developed the habit of calling them sharply to heel whenever he approached it with them, and walking round to the second entrance. Here a good-sized mat lay in the midst of a white expanse of step, and here the writer adopted the practice of getting the dogs each to wait his turn outside while his companions had their feet rubbed on the mat before going indoors. Here was no question of any senseless or unnatural 'trick' or 'performance,' but a perfectly reasonable piece of discipline, with a rational motive behind it, and no irrational or unnatural gesture or action involved in it.

In the course of a very few weeks the dogs reached the stage at which, even when running and playing well in advance of the writer, they would invariably pass the one entrance (though previously accustomed to use either at will) and halt outside the other to await the foot-rubbing. In this form of righteousness they naturally were given every sort of encouragement of speech and gesture, and the ritual was scrupulously carried out, even on the brightest and sunniest of days, so that it became an invariable prelude to entering the house. Special care was used and specially effusive encouragement given when the entry happened to synchronise with some indoor event of real moment and interest, such as the dog's dinner. But the point submitted for consideration is that, inside of a week or so, the dogs had learned to understand and appreciate the whole business, and to act accordingly, even when no warning was given them. No stick or whip, no blow of

the hand even, had played any part whatever in the educational process. The dogs were asked and helped to perform a certain little task, to observe a little regular courtesy to their friend and guardian. My own firm belief is that in a few days they perfectly comprehended the reason of it. It is quite certain, at all events, that they comprehended the fact that their friend desired this thing; and I know that, after the first week or so, they would regularly skip from the path without to the mat itself, to avoid touching the intervening space of whitened step, though they were never asked to do that, having in the first place been lifted in turn from path to mat. After that first week or so, the only varying or doubtful element in the transaction came to be the question of which dog would be first established on the mat, and it often happens that the winner lands there by means of a flying leap over the back of one of his chums, in which case the losers show their sportsmanship and appreciation of the rite by coming to 'all standing,' like barbs in a Moorish powder play who are jerked to their haunches by a jaw-breaking bit.

The little observance itself has practical value, but far beyond that the writer esteems it (and for this reason seeks consideration here for an incident so trivial) as an item of dog education; as a typical episode in what he regards as the more vital and significant part of dog rearing. It is submitted for your consideration that a well-bred, well-reared dog means something a good deal more than a pedigree dog in sound physical condition. The pedigree and the sound physique

represent very desirable foundations, but far more is needed for the evolution of the true companionship, and such trifles as the ritual of the doorstep all play their part in the evolutionary process, by creating valuable additional links between ourselves and the dogs. There is little or no psychological value to be attached to that action on the dog's part which is due to his fear of a stick or whip, or which arises out of a threat from you. But as I see it, it would not be easy to overrate the value of the freely offered little sacrifice, the gladly exercised little piece of self-restraint which, natural and rational in itself and in its object, is due to deference to your wishes and desire to please you. Rightly understood, I am quite sure that every such act constitutes a step forward in the ideal companionship between man and dog, bringing the minds and hearts of both into closer communion, and throwing another bridge across the gap between the planes upon which each moves and has his being.

A little while ago I noticed that a certain dog whose age draws very near now to the dog's equivalent to the human three score and ten, experienced some difficulty, and even a little pain, in the process of descending from and climbing into the chair which for many years has been regarded as his private property. The cause was rheumatism, and descent in particular clearly meant something rather more than a mere twinge of discomfort. A less courtly and courageous little sportsman would assuredly have made whimpering remarks. A little thought and

contrivance was given to this matter, and next day when Roger came along to his chair after dinner he found that a step arrangement had been provided which enabled him to get into and down from his chair without any straining or jarring of his elderly joints. Two of his human friends were interestedly watching his first inspection of the homely contrivance, and it may be they will never quite forget the old dog's expression of gratitude and appreciation. Heaven preserve us from mawkishness! We belong to the most incorrigibly sentimental race in all the human family, and our sentimentality leads us into many sins and not a little cruelty, the suffering caused by which is no whit lessened by its freedom from any cruel motive. But I will record, because it is true, that real tears filled the old dog's eyes, and that his face was as eloquent of affection and devotion when he insisted upon descending from the chair in conveying his thanks to the two onlookers as any human face could possibly be. Speech might be denied him, but so far from leaving one conscious of the deprivation Roger rather inspired the feeling that words would have been unwelcome; possibly an impertinence; certainly no real addition to or improvement upon the heartfelt courtesy of his acknowledgement.

The step to the chair and the step into the house, between them they represent both sides of the shield; the two main aspects of the factors most vital and significant in the rearing and education of dogs; in the evolution of the true companionship between dogs and humans. Exceedingly trivial and homely incidents both, perhaps, and yet withal

I am more than half inclined to fancy that so long as one remained conscious only of their triviality and saw no real import in them, one would have to remain outside the portals by which is entered the jolly world of friendship between dogs and humans. Admitted that the dog's nature is to begin with a pleasant and wholesome one, as it most assuredly is; if you would make the most of it, if you would establish real and mutually enjoyable intimacy between it and your own nature, if you would enable the individual to live the fullest, happiest life of which he is capable, then you will devote many a pleasant hour and much profitable—mutually profitable—thought to the development of the sort of influences which I have tried to illustrate by reference to the doorstep and the chair step. The more these influences are developed the more pleasure you will find in them, and the more fully you will find that they illumine for you such phrases as 'good breeding'; the greater will become your respect and admiration for the truly wonderful capacity of the dog in the direction of chivalry, courtesy, self-sacrifice, loyalty, generous large-heartedness, and other root qualities of companionship and friendship.

It is when one has come fully to enjoy and to realise the wonderful potentialities of the dog in these directions that one realises fully also the pitiful impertinence of wasting a good dog's time and one's own—to say nothing of the discourteous unfairness of the whole miserable paraphernalia of sticks and whips, checkstrings, head-rappings, chin-jerkings, and petty rewards and penalties—

over educational efforts the objective of which is 'tricks.' The writer remembers always one veritable *grande dame* of the dog world, a mother of Irish Wolfhound champions, and one of the noblest dams of all that noble race. There came a day when her chief friend among mortals was due to return to his home after a somewhat prolonged absence oversea. It was, perhaps, impossible that the Wolfhound could have known of his coming, though she certainly was told of it, but it is a fact that she showed throughout the day a measure of restlessness and suppressed excitement very unlike her normal state, and difficult to explain. The actual meeting occurred at the head of a short flight of steps, which the great hound took in one bound in the crucial instant of recognition. With a strange whimpering cry which none of those who heard it will ever forget the beautiful creature reached the outstretched arms of the master of the house, where he stood bent to receive her. And in that instant the Wolfhound died. In that moment of overwhelming love her soul passed from her beautiful body, leaving her great, dark, tear-filled eyes radiant; more eloquent of the emotion that killed her than any speech could have been. Next day, after his examination, the veterinary surgeon said,—

'I have known three cases of dogs who clearly died from broken hearts, the cause in each case being unhappiness. This Wolfhound undoubtedly died of a broken heart, the cause being happiness and love.'

That was physically and literally the truth of

what, as I see it, was a beautiful and inspiring tragedy. Here is a tiny, but in its way hardly less instructive comedy. The other day, in a friend's house, one went into what is called the dog's room. Its occupants at the moment were to be taken out for a constitutional before their dinner. They were a middle-aged bitch and a six months old puppy, not related to her, who had been first introduced into the home only a few days before from a large kennel in another county. The youngster's education as a house dog had hardly begun, and he was accordingly still liable to lapses from the desired standards of cleanliness and good manners. Directly the door was opened, the pup came galumphing out, full of eager and enthusiastic anticipations of the promised scamper and dinner. Much to one's surprise the bitch remained in a far corner of the room, wriggling her body, wagging her tail, metaphorically washing her hands and bowing like a particularly effusive shopwalker, but declining to come out even when called. To the writer and his friend, familiar as they are with the habits of the bitch, this seemed unaccountable. But a little investigation made all clear. In that far corner of the room was found dire evidence of the pup's lapse from the desired standard of cleanliness and good manners. Perhaps the fault was ours. Occupied in other directions, we had left the youngster too long confined. At all events, the 'accident' had occurred, and the delinquent had pretty clearly forgotten all about it. The bitch had known him only some three or four days, but had already developed a marked

BEFORE HER FIRST LITTER



A mother of Irish Wolfhound heroes, twenty years ago.

AFTER HER FIRST LITTER



Tynagh : Champion O'Leary's beautiful daughter, and the mother of 'Finn' the

and almost maternal sort of affection for his indubitably engaging personality. And now, by means of methods the aim and intention of which were crystal clear and unmistakable to the beholder, she was concentrating all her energies upon the endeavour to hide the damning evidence of the youngster's lapse, maugre all thought of her own dinner and the preliminary scamper on the lawn about which she is normally so keen.

The element of absurdity may freely be acknowledged as in other and greater comedies; but I submit that it in no way lessens the psychological interest and value of the episode, as illustrating the fascinating potentialities of dog nature and character. Surely the bitch showed the best of good breeding, the truest sort of capacity for friendship, the very stuff of which loyalty and magnanimity are made. The race that produces such personalities as those of this bitch, the Irish Wolfhound, the dogs who so readily learn to respect clean doorsteps, the old dog who was so grateful for the addition to his chair, and hundreds of others one has known and respected for their distinguished qualities: such a race is assuredly worthy of education and upbringing conceived upon lines quite other than those of the teacher of 'tricks.'

It is with considerable diffidence that the author passes the foregoing jottings of his reflections upon a subject near to his own heart, and to the hearts of a good many other people. There will doubtless be many critics by whom they will be dismissed curtly enough as unpractical, vague,

inadequate. And yet, if only their form should permit of the intention and real meaning behind them being made clear to any considerable proportion of readers, it is within the bounds of possibility that they might prove of as much service as the contents of much longer chapters in far more imposing and authoritative volumes. And so, by reason of their possibly helpful suggestiveness, they are allowed to stand, in the hope that some readers, at all events, may find in them fingerposts directing them toward that pleasant and delectable plane of life—open alike to rich and poor, and happily known now, be it said, to some members of every section of the community—upon which men and women and children know the real and full companionship of dogs, and find their lives the fuller and better and jollier for it. To possess dogs, as so many thousands of people do, without ever enjoying even the beginnings of real companionship with them, seems deplorably wasteful; a futile sacrifice. Initiation into the real things costs nothing. You cannot buy or sell the right of entry. It is as freely open to the cottager and farm labourer as to the bank clerk, the busy professional man, or the lonely woman. Even the much abused millionaire is in no sense debarred from its enjoyment. And, really, life can never be so full and complete without knowledge and experience of this intimate companionship as with it. It adds a dimension to life, like the ability to read and write, or the senses that give us appreciation of colour and melody. The mere purchase of dogs will not give

it, of course; but the study of them, with patience and goodwill, with modesty and good-humour, will assuredly give it, not merely to this or that kind of person in one or the other special sets of circumstances, but to every human being of average intelligence.

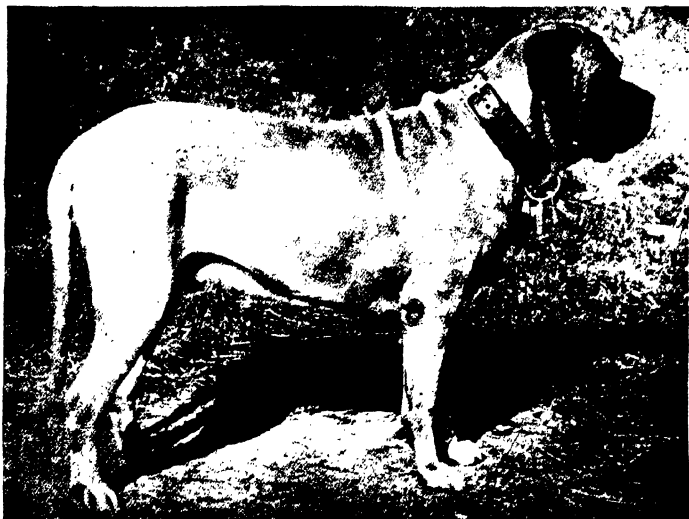
With a view, it may be, to the conciliation of the critical reader who shall have found these notes unpractical, I can hardly do better, I think, than add to them the reproduction of a letter received from a very successful breeder and friend of dogs, in answer to an inquiry on the subject of dog education:—

‘ Except for the training of gun dogs, hunting dogs, war and police dogs and the like, with which I understand you are not at present concerned, there is nothing technical about the education of the dog. It is a matter of common sense and goodwill. You cannot lay down detailed rules and regulations and methods; not only because these must needs differ so widely with the different breeds and differing conditions in which dogs live, but because there are no such things as detailed rules and regulations in this connection that are worth having. Whether you are dealing with the education of a boy or a girl, a puppy or a colt, the main objective really should be the development of the individual’s character; the shaping of it; and, if you can follow the distinction, not only the development of the individual’s character, but the development of *character* in the individual. There is a real distinction there, you

know. And in that job what are the things chiefly to be remembered? Well, it's very like driving a car, or sailing a boat, or negotiating the settlement of a strike, or commanding a battalion in the firing line. It's a case of sticking it and never getting flurried. If you have learned to control yourself you can control others, whether they are dogs or men. And, come to think of it you know, I don't know of anything more helpful in educating yourself than the consistent effort to educate dogs. You must be a pretty poor learner if that teaches you nothing.

' For one thing, you see, you must be on your best behaviour when you are trying to educate dogs. Self-respect will prevent your letting them see anything discreditable in you, like inability to control your own temper, or to make up and stick to your own mind. They are "onaccountable" quick—as the folk hereabouts say—to detect anything of that kind; and as they are also very amenable and imitative, mere decency demands good behaviour from the man who sets out to educate them. Also, if you let them see you fail in the essentials—self-control, decision, and the like—you very soon lose their respect; and, make no mistake about it, you cannot do anything worth doing with a dog if you cannot hold his respect. You cannot make a really intimate friend of him without that, and by the same token that there's no real education without friendship and intimacy, where would be the sense or good of your education if it didn't give and strengthen friendship?

No, you must have the dog's confidence and



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.'

[Photo.: Schröber.]

A celebrated Mastiff: the late Champion Beaufort.

respect, and you can't have them if you allow him to see injustice, inconsistency, indecision, flurry or absence of self-control in you; and therefore the education of dogs is a jolly good way of educating yourself.

' If you want a dog to learn to stand on his head at the word of command—which I very well know *you* do not, any more than I do myself; I don't ask any of my friends for that sort of entertainment—well, you must concentrate on that particular kind of thing, because, being in itself highly unnatural and irrational, it calls for special and concentrated instruction. Not that it is very difficult, dogs being the most obliging and accommodating of creatures. I am afraid I have no help to offer with regard to that sort of education. For the rest, if you succeed in making a dog a good dog—and ninety-nine and a half per cent. of dogs incline naturally towards goodness—he will do good things. For example, in the case of a puppy, you want to educate him to be "clean" in the house, and to refrain from picking up and eating anything unfit to eat. Don't think of it as though these were tricks you had to teach him. Fortunately, they are not. There is nothing unnatural or irrational about them. Consequently, they do not call for any unnatural or irrational stunts in the way of instruction, penalties, rewards, or the like. Nothing of the kind. The nasty-minded fellow who tells you there's nothing better than rubbing a dog's nose in filth and flogging him well, etc., is—well, he is a nasty-minded fellow, or a misguided fool, and that's all there is to that. His methods may or

may not be called for in the training of performing dogs, but they certainly play no part in real and rational education.

‘A decently bred puppy is naturally a gentleman, and, if you treat him accordingly, it is easier far to teach him to be “clean” in the house than it would be to teach him any kind of unpleasantness. All you have to do in this connection is to be sure that his dietary is wholesome, that he is given every facility for the adoption of what you regard as cleanly habits, and that, if and when he is detected in a mistake or misdeed, he is sharply and severely spoken to, on the scene of the crime, and immediately put outside and left there for awhile. But don’t forget the facilities. He must be taken outside, and allowed to dawdle outside, really frequently in the early stages, and without fail, of course, last thing at night and first thing in the morning. And, as a matter of kindness and courtesy, you should observe his habits. He may have certain inborn prejudices or antipathies. In this connection, pavement, or asphalt, concrete, or the like, may be tabooed ground for him, as though it were carpet. Grass, or earth, or the roadway may be necessary for him, and the ignoring of his inborn prejudices may involve him in real suffering, and make the acquisition of good manners exceedingly difficult for him. I have never found any kind of punishment or penalty in the least called for in this connection (beyond verbal warning or rebuke), and among the dozens of pups who have passed their adolescence under my roof I do not recall one who inflicted more than three

“accidents” upon us before becoming, like his elders, absolutely “safe.”

‘In precisely the same way with the matter of picking up and eating things unfit to eat, give thought to your dog’s dietary, make quite sure that it is what it should be, that it lacks nothing which his system needs, and includes nothing harmful to him. Then, if he is ever detected in picking up anything that he should not pick up, speak sharply and severely to him, making your disapproval and disgust very clear in what you say; and be quick and careful to get away from him whatever it is he has picked up. (The unpleasant puppy trick of picking up horse-dung is almost invariably evidence of a deficiency of flesh food in the dog’s dietary. The proportion of actual animal food in this form of offal is surprisingly large.) No paraphernalia, no penalties and rewards are in the least necessary. Make your wishes and the desired course indubitably plain and clear; provide all facilities, seeing that none is lacking; steer your charge clear of unnecessary temptations, and you will find that all will be well. Educate and encourage a dog to be an all-round good dog, and he will do good things and avoid bad things. As I see it, one has no right to ask dogs to do unreasonable or unnatural things; and, with regard to reasonable and natural things, my experience is that one has but to ask and have. Make clear what is wanted, and you will get it without trouble, without paraphernalia, without ritual, without stunts of any kind. Make a dog your friend; show him only the ways of decency

and good sense; treat him always with scrupulous fairness, reason, courtesy, and consideration; observe him intelligently, and give him every opportunity intelligently to observe you and yours; these are the only secrets known to me in the matter of dog education; and, so far as my own experience goes, through more years of doggy intercourse than I should care to reckon, if these points be borne in mind and acted upon consistently, they give your dog all the education he needs to make him the best of good companions—unless, of course, he has been sadly mishandled before ever he comes your way. Here and there, to be sure, you will come upon ill-conditioned curs—whose faults in nine cases out of ten have been grafted upon them by human influence—but there is no need to introduce ill-conditioned curs into your home. The natural bias of decently-bred dogs is toward goodness and decency; aye, and towards generosity, loyalty, kindness, and a sort of jolly Christianity, which is not so odd as you might suppose when one remembers how entirely the dog as we mostly know him is an evolved product of Christian civilisation. Give that natural bias free scope. Show your dog no form of meanness. Give him of your best, and, as I have found, he will invariably give you of his best; which is very, very good.

‘The education of dogs is a natural, unconscious sort of business; a spontaneous process, hardly to be defined in a verbal code of any sort. Yet, God knows, it is real enough, and the rewards it brings to the successful educator are also very real and

delightful. The measure of the educated dog's wisdom and decency is the measure of the wisdom and decency of the particular humans among whom he lives. Be consistently good to your dog and he will be consistently good in his life. If you mistake foolish indulgence for goodness, you and your dog—particularly your dog—will pay the customary and inevitable penalties of indulgence in the form of deterioration, mental, moral, and physical. But be consistently good and just and courteous to your dog, and you will find his education a process as interesting as it is wholesome, and as richly satisfying in its results as any task to which you can give your mind; for there is really no more delightful person in the world than the well-bred, well-educated dog.'

V

ON THE FEEDING OF DOGS

LET no superior or precious-minded person, no 'ethereal cuss' (*vide* Artemus Ward) presume to scoff or to sniff at the subject of food and feeding. Rather, let us recognise that it becomes us to approach this theme in a spirit of appreciative gravity, not to say piety, for if the language contains more weighty words than that to which we give the four letters of 'food,' I have yet to learn what they are. Whatever the aesthete may say or think about it, those most directly concerned, whether as cooks or doctors, school-masters, teachers, padres, or breeders of dogs (or of any other creatures) are well aware that this little word stands for their chief tool, and for the material with which they work in their ministrations to body, mind and soul. For food, whether for body, mind, or spirit, means that by which we live and build, grow and develop: the very basis of our being.

Talk to any really knowledgeable and experienced breeder about the breeding and care of dogs, of how best to obtain the finest specimens and maintain a high standard of health and development. He may give you much or little of his wisdom. One thing is certain: if he wishes to help you at all he will begin to talk of food and feeding. There is no evading this fundamental

issue, and no possibility of success or satisfaction for those who neglect it, or treat it casually, as a detail of no great moment. No amount of skill and foresight in selective mating, no amount of learning in the study of pedigrees, no doctoring or nursing, however wise and scientific, can compensate for, or be of much value in conjunction with faulty or deficient feeding. For feeding is the basis of all development, and that is the meaning behind the time-honoured old proverb that 'The breed goes in at the mouth.'

I think one must say that the chief factors working against a high standard of health among dogs are faulty feeding, infection, and undue exposure to damp; and by far the most important of these is the feeding question—all the others in a sense hinging upon it—because shortcomings in this direction predispose the individual to suffer from the others, whilst a correct and adequate dietary enable him to resist them. Given rational all-round care, and, above all, correct and adequate feeding, and the average dog will require no medicine from the beginning to the end of his life. The best and highest veterinary authorities will be the first to assure you that prevention is infinitely better than cure, and that in your guardianship of dogs you will have no need to call in their services if you will but see to it that your dogs are invariably provided with what are for them the essentials of really good health: fresh air, warmth, sunshine, exercise, freedom, and a rational and adequate dietary. In all such vital matters their needs pretty closely resemble your own.

One would be sorry indeed to attempt to burden the reader of these pages with anything in the nature of a chemical treatise, but if it should happen that the reader has never given any consideration to the alphabet of chemistry, in its relation to food and to his own body, or to the bodies of dogs, then the writer would submit that an hour's study given to the elements of this subject will be found at once interesting and highly profitable to that reader himself, as well as to his dogs.

Among the fallacies still quite commonly cherished about dogs is the idea embodied in the kind of remark which indicates that finely, purely bred dogs are a nuisance, because so delicate and difficult to keep in health. Really well-bred dogs, like really well-bred humans, attain to at least as high a standard of good health as any members of their race, providing that their environment permits it. But the sort of reply that one often hears made to this kind of remark also embodies a vulgar error, and half a lie. This reply is that it costs no more to keep a good dog than a poor one. It depends, of course, on what you mean by 'keep.' If you mean really adequately to care for, the assertion is roughly correct. If, on the other hand, the assertion means that it costs no more to do justice to a well-bred dog than need be spent over permitting the continued existence of the stray mongrel who attaches himself to the back premises of a farm or cottage, and picks up a precarious livelihood from pig-pails and dustbins, and occasional successful burglaries, then it emphatically is not correct. It *does* cost more, in every sense,

adequately to care for a well-bred dog than it costs to suffer the existence of a mongrel. But, whilst the one is a privilege and a profitable addition to one's life, the other is neither a very agreeable nor a very creditable performance.

Considered now in a purely physical and material sense, and without reference to finer things, your well-bred specimen of any particular breed of dog is in the main the product of two factors: carefully selective breeding, and good and generous feeding. Without these two prime factors, in conjunction, he could not exist. No neglect on your part can rob him of his pedigree, of his potential capacity, that is, for being a fine dog. But if you choose to remove from him the other prime factor in his evolution—good feeding—you inevitably ruin him as an individual, no matter how fine his pedigree. The aristocrat will feel and show the effects of such deprivations more acutely than the mongrel, because he has been bred in and by decency and adequacy, whilst the other is the offspring of chance and inadequacy. But, given the simple essentials that his evolution demands, the one will not only maintain just as high a health standard as the other, but will develop a finer and more admirable degree of physical excellence.

Quite roughly and broadly speaking, the food of the dog falls into two main categories: fuel, and the material of building and repair. As roughly speaking, the fuel foods are the fats and carbo-hydrates, and the foods that accomplish the building and renovation are the nitrogenous compounds. Of these latter (the makers of bone,

sinew, muscle, nerves, skin, hair, etc.) the chief and most typical example is lean meat; sugar, starch, and fat being the most typical of the fuel foods. It is possible (but not desirable) to maintain health in a dog indefinitely by a dietary consisting exclusively of nitrogenous compounds, as lean meat. It is not possible to maintain health in a dog upon a dietary consisting exclusively of carbohydrates, as bread.

It may be perfectly true that the dog, from his long close association with man, has become more nearly omnivorous than any other animal save man; but he remains definitely of the carnivora; his teeth and his digestive system remain organically similar to those of the wolf, and quite essentially different from those of herbivorous animals; from those of the animals that do not eat flesh. By comparison, the digestive system of the dog is small and strictly limited in capacity. It is incapable of dealing with the bulk of food required by herbivorous animals. Organically, the dog is less fitted than the man for a non-flesh dietary. It is impossible, without ignoring the facts of his anatomy, to say that if and when he lives in a house among human companions he will be just as well or better without meat. And if you should cling to any fallacious old notion about the non-flesh diet being 'cleaner' for a house dog, I would ask you to examine the interior of the mouths of two dogs, one kept on a farinaceous diet, and the other on a diet which includes an adequate and reasonable proportion of lean flesh. Look well, and sniff well, and draw your own conclusions. Other things

being equal, you will find the meat-eating dog's mouth clean and fresh, firm, and brightly pink in colouring; whilst the other is grayish, soft, flabby, slimy, anæmic-looking and unpleasant in every way, particularly to the sense of smell.

No, the dog is and must remain a flesh-eating animal; and the concentrated nutrients to be found in the nitrogenous compounds, as in lean flesh, will remain the most valuable and important staples of the diet best suited to his digestive system, to his organic and general needs. For him, the starchy dietary invites debility, thereby predisposing him to illness and physical disorders of all kinds. And, by the same token, it is interesting to note that, by reason of its unsuitability to his physical requirements, the farinaceous or non-flesh dietary detrimentally affects the dog's character and trueness to type. In that connection the writer remembers one kindly gentleman whom he met at dog shows, who allowed his vegetarian enthusiasm to carry him so far as to inflict strictly vegetarian diet upon his Irish Wolfhounds; not at all from motives of economy, but because he felt convinced it must be the best for them. The most scrupulous care was given by this gentleman to the feeding and general wellbeing of his hounds. In point of breeding they were altogether admirable, the accommodation and all-round attention given them left nothing to be desired. When I saw them, after perhaps a year of vegetarianism, they were free from disease; and, now that I am put to it, I find it surprisingly difficult to say just what it seemed to me was the matter with those dogs.

Their faults, I think, were mainly negative. In some odd way they impressed you as being emasculate, sexless, colourless, languid, indifferent, totally without the joy of life, and, in deportment and expression, remote from any true canine type known to me. They were lackadaisical and vapourish; mere pale reflections, shadows or wraiths of what Irish Wolfhounds can and ought to be. One felt that at the first breath of an attack of distemper or any similar disease they would merely evaporate, disintegrate, fade away. Watching them brought forcibly home to one the fact that you cannot trifle with the bodily needs of any animal and leave its personality and character unaffected. The meals given to those Irish Wolfhounds were enormous in point of bulk; their stomachs, one noted, were very far from being empty; but if I am any judge those dogs were being slowly and quite surely starved; and, so far as they as individuals were concerned, all the great care, studious thought, and scrupulous supervision which has been given to the resuscitation and cultivation of their grand type was rapidly being rendered void and of no account.

It is, of course, quite impossible to tabulate scales or schedules of food for dogs. Conditions and the different breeds of dogs vary far too radically to permit of that being done. On the one hand you have a dog weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and spending a large part of its daily life on silken cushions; and on the other hand your dog may weigh from 150 to 200 pounds and spend many hours of his daily life in some strenuous form of

exercise. But, whilst dietary tables are not to be thought of, there are certain general principles which may be said to apply to the feeding of all dogs in normal health. Thus, for differing reasons which are too obvious to require explaining, aged dogs and puppies may not correctly be treated in the matter of feeding precisely as we treat the normally healthy dog in the full prime of his life. Other things being equal, the growing dog requires rather more nutriment than the grown dog, and, what is perhaps even more important, he needs to have it more frequently and in smaller quantities at a time. The aged dog may very well manage with less food than the active dog in his prime, but, like the puppy, he gains by having it at shorter intervals, in smaller quantities.

At the time of weaning the puppy should be given not fewer than five or six meals in each twenty-four hours; and, even at this early stage, the meals should be given with regularity, punctually at the appointed hours. When fully grown the normal dog can be kept in good health on one meal in the twenty-four hours, and many breeders are firm believers in that method. Personally, I have found that the dog's comfort, contentment, and health are rather better served in the great majority of cases by the allowance of two daily meals: one substantial and the other quite light. The light meal may conveniently consist of a portion of biscuit or stale bread.

Opinions differ regarding the choice of hours for the two meals, but perhaps the verdict of the majority may be summed up as favouring morning

for the heavier meal and evening for the light meal, for dogs living in houses, and the opposite for dogs living in kennels. It should be safe to assume that the dog who shares the indoor life of your home finds his days full of interests and occupations. He is not likely to find the night too long for sleep. The kennel dog may possibly gain in restfulness and content at night from having his more substantial meal in the evening. No dog should in any circumstances be allowed strenuous or violent exertion of any kind during the hour or two immediately following his substantial meal; nor be given that meal while showing marked signs of fatigue after strenuous exertion. Neither should a dog ever be given a full meal immediately prior to a railway journey, a drive in a motor-car, confinement in a box or hamper, or any form of excitement, such as introduction into an exhibition or sport of any kind. For a couple of hours after his best meal it is as well that the dog should be given no other occupation than the process of digestion.

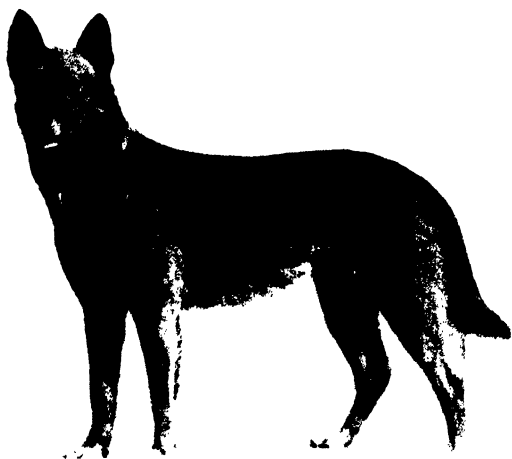
Another general principle applying equally to all dogs is the rule of the clean plate. To be altogether successful in your feeding of dogs you must so contrive matters that the dog leaves every meal with an appetite for more. His platter should be thoroughly cleaned for him, in scalding water; but he should clean it first, and thoroughly. It is a simple rule, but as sound and as far-reaching in effect as Mr Micawber's on the relation between income and happiness. I know of no other single thing that goes more directly to the roots of health

and happiness in dogs than this. Let the dietary be adequate, carefully thought out, consistent, regular, and generous. Good things cannot be made out of poor material. But do not on any account be betrayed into the vulgar blunder of the careless sentimentalist who deludes himself into believing that he is doing his dogs well by placing a superfluity of food before them. Whether the over-feeding be due to a form of self-indulgence on your part, to a mistaken theory, or to sheer light-hearted carelessness, the results for your dogs will be equally pernicious. Just as one may starve a dog while filling his stomach almost to bursting point with bulky vegetables and starch, so it is possible to produce many of the worst effects of starvation and to rob a dog of all peace and pleasure and zest in life, by over-feeding him. And do not forget that it is possible to over-feed a dog even though he is never allowed to touch anything unwholesomely rich. Whilst it may be a rather easier and quicker process to poison your favourite with caramels and plum cake, you will find it is also quite possible to ruin his digestion even by the aid of so wholesome a food as raw steak. There is no food so wholesome but human perversity can convert it into a form of poison.

In the matter of what he definitely rejects, and when he stops, you may pretty safely rely on your dog's own judgment. But as for his capacity to eat more of the sound fare you put before him, he should certainly and always be given the benefit of your informed judgment, which you must base upon careful observation. Even in the case of two

dogs of the same weight, size, and habits of life, one will be found to require more nutriment than the other. It is for you to strike the balance after careful observation of effects and results. What your dog requires is not as much as he can eat, neither is it the minimum upon which he can live and keep 'about.' It is something midway between these extremes; and the best indications you can have that you have struck the correct balance are (a) that your dog cleans his plate well, and wags his tail to show that he would like more; and (b) that his frame is well covered and his deportment full of alert activity. Languor, indifference, and boredom are very definitely abnormal in the dog, whether in connexion with meals or at any other time. And physical abnormality in your dog is nine and a half times out of ten due to a fault in feeding.

For a dog in anything like normal health to miss one meal is a matter of no particular moment, though he ought never to miss one as the result of neglect on our part. The food you give your dog should be appetising and attractive, as well as sound and wholesome, because that makes it of the more all-round value to him. Granted that the meal is of that sort, that the conditions in which it is put before the dog are favourable, and that the dog is normally healthy and well-nourished, there should never be any coaxing served with it, nor any other sort of condiment, unless, perhaps, a little, a very little salt, less than you would take in your own food. The disappointed breeder who turns away from his dainty 'feeders' to make purchases



Reproduced from the 'Kennel Encyclopædia.']

Smooth-coated Belgian Sheep-dog.



Reproduced from the 'Kennel Encyclopædia.']

The Bedlington Terrier, Champion Deansfield Piper.

of the spiced and allegedly savoury preparations put upon the market for the avowed purpose of stimulating appetite and getting dogs into 'show condition,' and the like, may possibly achieve the ends he has in view. I, personally, would not hold out any hopes to him in that direction. Stick to the plainest of sound, wholesome foods, and pursue patiently the ideal standard of the scrupulously clean plate, in conjunction with spare, regular rations and plenty of fresh air, sunshine, exercise, grooming, and cleanliness. In reducing meals, cut, not their number, but their size; not their nutritious character, but their bulk. Watch the life and habits of your dog, learning from these, and teaching him as you learn. *Never allow anybody, no matter how privileged, to give your dog one particle of food between the hours of his proper meals.* All the rules of healthy life are, of course, subject to modification in sickness; but, where dogs are concerned, if the rules are observed faithfully in normal times, the occasions upon which the exigencies of disease call for any modification of them will be found to be wonderfully few and far between.

In considering the important question of the relative values of the different forms of food for dogs it is, of course, essential to have in mind the capacity and the limitations of the dog's digestive system, (it is not the amount of food eaten, but the amount *and quality* of the food completely digested and assimilated that counts as nutriment, whether for building up, repairing and replacing, or furnishing warmth) and the particular needs of the individual dogs in question. The nitrogenous

compounds which for convenience we call protein being by far the more important part of the ideal dietary for dogs, one places first on the list of food-stuffs lean beef and mutton. These have greater value than any other food for dogs, and the popular view is that of the two lean beef has even greater value than lean mutton. It may be rather richer in red juices and a little more stimulating than mutton, but as regards actual nutritive value I have never found any appreciable difference between the two. Mr A. J. Sewell, that very eminent authority on dog foods and canine surgery, has placed it on record, I believe, that he does not think well of horseflesh, but he has not gone so far as to say that he thinks ill of it, and it has undoubtedly proved extremely useful, especially in large kennels. The important thing in connection with horseflesh is to make sure that the right sort is obtained, preferably from a horse-slaughterer who is experienced in the supply of flesh for kennel use, and who will guarantee that no flesh he supplies comes from diseased or drugged animals. The flesh should then be thoroughly boiled before use.

It is a fact that dogs, when hungry, will eat putrid meat. But that does not prove it wholesome for them. At best, it is likely to cause diarrhœa, and at all times there is a likelihood of its developing dangerous intestinal parasites in the dog, such as tapeworms. The dangers attaching to the consumption of tainted meat may be materially mitigated by thorough cooking, which will, at all events, destroy the parasites in it. It is to be noted, by

the way, by those who believe that a dog's willingness to eat tainted flesh proves that it cannot harm him, that the dog whose daily rations contain an adequate proportion of sound flesh food will always reject meat that is tainted. But it may be admitted that meat which would not pass muster for human consumption may often be used without much risk as dog food, the first stages of slight staleness not being harmful. But meat that has become pale in colour, wet, soft, flabby and sticky in consistency, and definitely unpleasant in odour can no longer be regarded as wholesome food for dogs.

Liver is not a valuable food. Dogs generally like it, because of its savoury taste and smell; and its richness, being such as to make it distinctly indigestible, gives it a certain laxative property because it acts as an intestinal irritant. It can hardly be regarded as a food for regular use.

Tripe, or the paunches of cows and sheep, make quite useful food, to be regarded rather as a variant than as a staple. Whilst not to be compared for value with lean beef and mutton, tripe has a good deal of nutriment in it, and has also the advantage of being very easily digested. Many breeders claim that their dogs gain by an occasional meal of raw and uncleaned paunch, and this is very likely the case. The trouble is that the regular use of raw paunches almost inevitably means the introduction of worm parasites into the dogs that eat them. But when properly cleaned and thoroughly boiled, paunches form a safe, wholesome, and serviceable food, especially for young or aged dogs, and for the smallest breeds.

Sheeps' heads make valuable food, for, when properly boiled, they yield a most nutritious broth, and their flesh is appetising and wholesome. The broth obtained from well-cooked sheeps' heads is excellent stuff for use with meal and biscuits, or with stale brown bread.

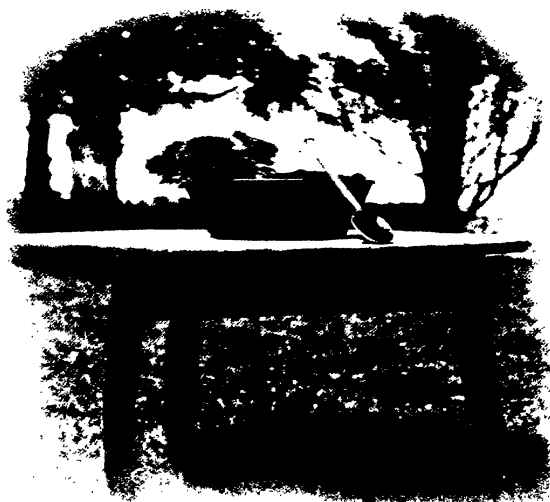
Fish is a good deal less interesting to dogs than meat; less stimulating and satisfying, and much less nutritious. But the writer has known dogs in North-west Canada who lived as hard-working and strenuous a life as any dogs he has ever seen, and who appeared to thrive handsomely on a 'straight' fish dietary which included practically nothing at all—at all events for very considerable intervals—beyond frozen fish. A very good broth can be obtained by the long, slow boiling of fish heads. It is important to use scrupulous care in the matter of removing bones from any fish flesh that is to be given to dogs; and it is necessary to give somewhat larger rations of it than would be given of meat.

Milk is, of course, a highly valuable food, especially in sickness. But milk does not in itself provide an adequate dietary for any dog. Skim milk is milk deprived of a large proportion of its fats, but both this and buttermilk retain practically all the nitrogenous matter of fresh milk along with its mineral salts and sugar. Skim milk may therefore form a valuable addition to the dog's larder.

Raw eggs are even more nutritious than any milk, including bitch's milk, which is much richer than the milk of cows. They form a more concentrated food, and are easily digested, so that in



Almost 9 lbs. of Pekingese.



cases of illness they are almost indispensable. Chicken, often recommended in illness, I have never found of any value whatever as food for dogs.

With regard to cereals, meals, and farinaceous foods, I should give high place to stale (stored at least three days in a dry place) brown bread and ship's biscuits. In no circumstances is new bread suitable for dogs, and the objection to all bread is that, whilst physiologically it calls for as much mastication as any food, it usually gets none at all from dogs, or next to none, especially when given in crumbled form, or moistened with broth, etc. It is, of course, possible to obtain dog biscuits containing meat of sorts. Personally, I have a strong preference for the use of meat which can be seen and tasted and chewed, for fresh meat, and I have yet to discover the dog who would not heartily endorse that preference. Therefore, I prefer to regard biscuits merely as flour, and have found ship's 'bread'—as seamen in sailing ships always call it—good, wholesome food. Oatmeal is rich in protein, and is a valuable food. Its drawbacks as a food for dogs are that it is apt to prove heating and irritant, *and that very few people will take the trouble to cook it properly.* In an insufficiently cooked state it is not, I think, a desirable food for dogs, and I do not think it can be cooked thoroughly in less than from three to four hours. Rice is more easily cooked, and though less rich in protein than oatmeal, and very starchy, is yet a useful food: as an accessory, of course, not as a staple.

With regard to fresh vegetables as part of the dog's dietary opinions differ a good deal, and I believe Mr Sewell goes so far as to say that the less they are given to dogs the better. In such a matter any opinion expressed by Mr Sewell should be treated with the utmost respect. There can be no disputing his quality as an authority. So far as the writer's personal experience goes it indicates that vegetables should not be regarded as among the dog *foods* at all, but rather, perhaps, as coffee and tea may be regarded among the items of human dietary. Used in strict moderation, and not more often than twice or thrice in a week, I have not found vegetables harmful to dogs. Onions I esteem highly. Spinach, carrots, turnips, and beetroot I regard with a friendly eye—for use not more than twice or thrice in a week, and in strictly limited quantity. And, even so, I do not regard them as part of the requisite ration of nutriment, but as an agreeable and wholesome little addition to it. Potatoes I never use, believing that such water and starch as is desirable in the dietary of dogs may more advantageously be given in other forms. The dog's stomach is a small one, obviously designed to deal chiefly with animal food in concentrated forms. His digestive system is not such as to make vegetable nutriment profitable to him, and unprofitable feeding generally makes for digestive and other troubles.

Fresh, cold water forms one of the essentials in the dietary of dogs. There is no substitute for fresh water. Milk and broth will not serve in its place. It should always be available, in clean

dishes, changed twice at least in each twenty-four hours, and never allowed to stand in the sun.

In normal health, and so long as his teeth can serve him, the dog needs a certain proportion of hard food every day, food that he must chew well and gnaw. It is here that biscuits have their value, and they should never be crushed into powder for healthy dogs. Neither should meat be minced. Rather, every inducement should be given the dog to do all his own crushing and mincing. Soft, sloppy, pasty messes of food are not at all suitable for healthy dogs. (In this connexion, by the way, it is very desirable that dogs should enjoy their food in peace and privacy. When subject to interruption, or being watched by their friends, canine or human, they are likely to bolt their food and to get far less good from it than when allowed to eat at leisure and in privacy. Neither the dog nor his platter should be touched or approached during a meal.)

But, even where the proportion of hard food is always reasonably large and the dog masticates well, it is desirable to give his teeth some further work, and to provide something that will take the place of a tooth-brush. (The tooth-brush itself is daily used, no doubt with good effect, by the guardians of many small breeds of dogs). For this reason, apart from their appreciable nutritive value, and the satisfying pleasure they give the dog, bones must always form part of the dog's dietary. *But care must be used to select only the right kind of bones.* The safest plan is definitely to lay it down that no small bones of any kind must be given to dogs; certainly no bones from birds or rabbits or fish. No bone from

which splinters can be detached is fit to give a dog. This is really important. On the other hand, the very hardest of the large bones are not very valuable, because, whilst no nutriment can be extracted from them (in their raw state), the gnawing of them wears down the teeth without any cleansing or brushing effect; so that the only virtue of such bones is that they will interest and amuse a dog for whom nothing better is provided.

The ideal bone is an admirably satisfying institution from the dog's standpoint. It is big, and tough, and hard, and rough, and possessed of a granular sort of consistency—the toothbrush quality—which makes it yield a steady reward to patient and vigorous gnawing, in the shape of succulent stuff of the consistency of sugar. Bones should be treated as food, in the sense of never being left lying about within the reach of dogs. Each dog should be given his own bone, and directly he leaves it it should be removed. Nothing edible should in any circumstances be left lying within the sight and reach of dogs. Appetite is of immense importance to them, and no dog can have an appetite worthy the name if food is left casually within his reach. Also, casual bones lead to pointed quarrels.

The judicious dog feeder will rigidly exclude all condiments save one: the spice of variety; and that he will use consistently and generously. Whilst it is indubitable that lean flesh meat is the most valuable of all dog foods, and that health can be maintained in the dog on a 'straight' meat diet, it is also a proven fact that dogs will live longer,

thrive better, be more contented and attain a higher level of physical excellence, when given a generously mixed and varied diet. Seven principal meals must be provided during the week. Their foundations might suitably consist in one case of paunch (tripe), in another case of fish, in another case of horseflesh, in two cases of mutton, and in two of beef. That would represent an ideal variation. In the case of two of these seven meals a small proportion of fresh vegetable might be added; in the case of two there might be some broth; in the case of two or three the farinaceous element might be supplied in the form of lumps of stale brown bread, and in the case of the others by means of biscuit.

The question of whether the lean flesh given should be raw or cooked is one of many pros and cons. In the majority of cases, if the meat available were perfectly sound and fresh, I would prefer that the dogs should have it raw. But, particularly when any considerable number of dogs is concerned, motives of economy and convenience have to be considered, and cooking has notable advantages. Cooking kills parasites and enables meat to be kept longer in a wholesomely edible state. Where only two or three dogs have to be considered, and particularly if they are small dogs, my own vote would be for the raw, fresh lean, at all events, several times a week. Paunch, fish, liver, sheeps' heads or the like, I should never use raw. One of the advantages of cooking is that it makes food savoury and enables one to give variety of flavour by the use of onions and other

vegetables in broth, etc. Where only two or three dogs are concerned the ordinary domestic kitchen utensils and facilities are, of course, amply sufficient. For a larger number of dogs the use of the Parish Cooker, or of some other kind of 'steamer' will be found of great value. Either can be used on an ordinary kitchen range, or, of course, special stoves can be kept for them. The great point is that, by their aid, all kinds of food-stuffs can be cooked thoroughly and well, without loss of any of their valuable properties. Grown dogs in normal health should never be given warm food, though the food of quite young puppies should be served to them in a tepid state.

It is a mistake to suppose that questions of flavour and palatableness are of no importance where healthy dogs are concerned. No matter how robust and healthy a dog may be, it is desirable that the food given him should be palatable and appetising, even apart from the pleasure he will derive from the eating of such food. He will actually obtain more nutriment from the food that he enjoys than from any unpalatable food. He will digest it more easily *and more completely*; and the important thing for him is, not the amount of food that he swallows, but the amount of it which he *completely* digests and assimilates. Not only in justice and kindness to the dogs, therefore, but also as a matter of common sense and economy, it is well worth while to devote pains and care to making all food appetising and palatable, whether it be intended for dog or man or any other creature.

The special needs of puppies, aged dogs, bitches

in whelp, nursing dams, and invalids must be considered elsewhere. They all need special consideration in the matter of feeding. Meanwhile it might possibly be helpful briefly to outline what one would consider the ideal daily regime for the normal, healthy grown-up dog.

Supposing the dog in question to be one who shares your home life, living and sleeping in the house, putting oneself as far as may be in his place, and at the same time giving him the benefit of one's own greater knowledge of what is and what is not good for him, I think his physical needs would be well met each day in this way:—At the earliest possible hour in the morning one of his human friends will let him out into the open, to 'poke about' and sniff the new day. But it is possible that the weather and other circumstances make it undesirable to leave the dog outside alone for more than a minute or two; also, that the human friend who lets him out has yet to make his own morning toilet. Even so, the early minute or two on the lawn, in the shrubbery, or, if nothing better offers, on the road, represents a precious privilege, and the satisfaction of actual needs, too.

And now a large and succulent bone is produced. It was put aside for the purpose on the previous evening, and, having twice before provided entertainment, the kindly thought of a friend has revived its original toothsome-ness and savour by giving it a turn in the oven, an admirable method by which the useful working life of a really good bone can be substantially prolonged. This bone may be given within doors, outside on a mat, or in

a kennel, according to the weather conditions and convenience. The giving of it is the important thing, which makes all the difference between boredom and zestful enjoyment in the interval between the first salutation of the outdoor day and the real beginning of the house day, when all the members of the family have put in their appearance. (It is held by some authorities that the right time to give a dog a bone is after a meal, but, providing the right kind of bone be used, the time here indicated is an excellent one for the purpose, and one heartily approved by the dog.)

The family breakfast being over, some member of the household, possibly over the first pipe or cigarette of the day, finds leisure in which to take the dog for a stroll, and, even if the weather should prevent that, he is, at all events, given a few minutes out of doors. By that time the dog's principal meal for the day has been prepared, and is served to him in whatever particular spot—a private corner, or a room peculiarly his own—has been chosen as his eating place. Supposing, for the sake of illustration, that the dog is a twelve-pound terrier, the meal may consist of half a dozen pieces of meat (two ounces of raw lean, or two and a half ounces of cooked flesh from a sheep's head, or nearer three ounces of cooked meat of a less choice kind, containing, that is, some proportion of gristle, or, it may be, a little fat) a spoonful of boiled Spanish onion, and the half of a ship's biscuit broken into half a dozen pieces; the whole possibly moistened with a little sheep's head broth, and including, it might be, a scrap of rice pudding.



Photo: Sport and General.]

Mrs Edmund's Champion Ledburn Binnacle.



Mr H. Hylden's Champion Dark of Brighton.

The two most successful Bloodhound kennels to-day, and those to which the lion's share of exhibition prizes are going, are the kennels of Mrs Edmunds, of Ledburn, and Mr Henry Hylden, of Brighton; both the birthplace of many famous champions. The accompanying photographs are of the most beautiful of the Ledburn bitches (whose end, alas, seemed imminent, as these lines were written), and the grandest Bloodhound dog yet bred by Mr Hylden. In addition to winning championships almost past counting, the famous Dark of Brighton (still a young hound and a very successful sire), is the winner of Lord Lonsdale's Cup (1921) for the best dog of *any breed*. His ears, flat fore-face, and magnificent

(Many authorities hold the evening to be the only proper time for the main meal, and the present writer on the whole prefers that time for kennel dogs. But for house-dogs, and especially, perhaps, for the smaller breeds, he has found that the forenoon dinner makes for greater all-round contentment and satisfaction, and for that reason has adopted it for his dogs.)

Physically well content now, the dog helps himself from his water dish, and betakes himself to his favourite place for a nap, perhaps beside an open window through which sunlight streams. An hour or so later in the morning some one is going out, and the dog becomes intensely wide-awake, for he has noted the hat or walking-stick, or, it may be, has seen a hand move in the direction of the peg which holds his harness or collar. When lunch-time comes, the dog, if present in the dining-room, is bidden to his appointed place: his rug, or bench, or chair, at a respectful distance from the table, which he is never allowed to approach during a meal. If the afternoon is a really good one it will include a longish walk for the dog, or the freedom of a garden; and evening brings a meal which (for our terrier friend of 10 or 12 pounds weight) consists of the half, or the major part of a ship's biscuit, mangled and chewed at leisure. The last event of the evening before lights out, is a stroll in the garden, or on the road, and this is an inalienable right, no matter what the weather. But an old towel is kept in the hall chest, and if the weather be wet this will be vigorously used upon him by one of the dog's friends, before his

final good-night is said, and he retires to the bench, basket, or other bed which is set aside for him, in a warm but well-ventilated corner, where he is free from draughts and raised from floor level.

If all be well with his body—and that depends mainly upon his feeding—the dog will be sound asleep in three minutes, and will not move from his bed till his friend comes to let him out in the morning. Drinks between meals as many as you will—of plain water; but nothing else; no snacks or scraps of any sort or kind—*ever*. So ends a healthy, happy dog's day.

VI

ON THE BREEDING OF DOGS

Not lightly, not casually or without taking thought, should one undertake the breeding of dogs.

The writer rarely hesitates for a moment about counselling a friend to act upon the inclination to adopt a dog into his home. But breeding—that is quite another matter, and it should only be decided upon after careful examination of all the pros and cons, after full consideration and the taking of expert advice.

Write a book or paint a picture, and, if the offspring of your talent be good enough it may perchance delight posterity, via the discerning critics of your own day; whilst if it be bad enough it may enrich you by winning instant favour; and if it is only middling bad it can, at all events, be overlooked and ignored, and no great harm done. But when inclination moves you to the breeding of dogs your actions cause living personalities to be brought into the world and thereby involve you in responsibilities which, justly appreciated, come second only to the momentous obligations entailed in the reproduction of your own species. Therefore, think well before deciding to breed dogs.

And, with this cautionary proviso made, it may freely be admitted that the decision to breed dogs

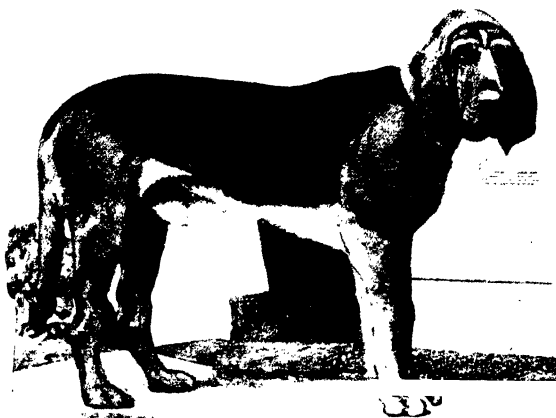
launches one upon the most absorbingly interesting of pursuits, the rewards and fascinations of which, for those who are able to follow it intelligently and successfully, far more than balance its pains and penalties, its inevitable disappointments, and the demands it makes upon one's time, energy, patience, and purse.

There are some who affirm that the decision to undertake the breeding of dogs with the deliberate motive of making monetary profit is a base, unworthy thing, a squalid sort of impropriety verging upon the impious, or, at least, the indecent; and therefore something to be discouraged in every possible way. The present writer is not at all of that way of thinking. He has seen some altogether admirable dog-breeding carried out in these conditions. Also, granting the necessity for a given individual to devise some means of earning an income, he cannot for the life of him see any good reason against the making of that income, in part or wholly, by means of the breeding of dogs, always providing that the breeder be adequately equipped for his business, that he sets about it in the right way, and that in the conduct of it he adheres scrupulously to sound methods and principles. Only a stupid and worthless person will let his desire to make a given process pay lead him into actions and courses inimical to the real success of his chosen process. You cannot make money out of dog-breeding unless you breed wisely, successfully, and well, in which case you can hardly avoid benefiting the race of dogs, even though your primary aim be the making of



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Smooth-coated Fox-terrier, Champion Avon Oxendale.



(From Mr Brough's work: 'The Bloodhound and its use in Tracking Criminals.')

Mr Edwin Brough's Burgundy.

money. If you fail to give devoted care and scrupulously humane consideration in all things to your dogs, you are unworthy to be a breeder. Also, in that case, you will not achieve any kind of success, monetary or otherwise. It is with these facts in mind that the writer declines to share the view of those who express nothing but lofty scorn and deprecation where the breeding of dogs for profit is concerned.

Withal, honesty impels the writer to add this word of caution: The person who is moved toward the breeding of dogs as a source of income—and this applies very specially where it is thought of as a chief or sole means of livelihood—ought to investigate the whole subject with even greater care and thoroughness than he, or she, who contemplates it only as an interesting occupation, and is in a position to follow and do justice to it without particular reference to its economic aspect. It is perfectly true that considerable incomes have been derived from the successful breeding of dogs. It is safe to say that in Britain and America and other countries millions of money are expended every year upon dogs. There are thousands of dog clubs and associations in the English-speaking world alone. Sums of money equivalent to the price of a fair-sized house are frequently paid for individual dogs. Single stud dogs have earned for their breeders incomes running into four figures in sterling. But, for that matter, fortunes have been made at gaming tables, and in some other even more hazardous ways; and it is but fair, in the interests of any one who contemplates

dog-breeding as a means of livelihood, to lay some stress upon the indubitable fact that it is an occupation rich in minor perils and pitfalls, precarious and variable, and subject to many chances and influences not entirely within the control of those who pursue it, such as, for example, fluctuations in public taste and favour, and, let us say, an outbreak of rabies in some distant spot which may involve the application of restrictions in the breeder's own area of a kind that will hamper him very seriously indeed. There are many other hazards to be considered, and the writer would say again that any one whose primary concern and motive are financial should investigate the whole subject really thoroughly before deciding to embark upon the breeding of dogs.

One of the material facts which help to make the breeding of dogs a work of fascinating interest is that it yields comparatively quick results. The average life of the horse or cow is not of greater duration than that of the dog. The period of gestation for the mare is about eleven months, for the cow about nine months, for the bitch about two months; and, whilst the time elapsing between birth and mature development is no more than from nine to eighteen months in dogs, it is from three to four times as much in the cases of horses and cattle. And yet, although this great advantage is possessed by the breeder of dogs, it falls to be said that few qualities can be more essential to success in dog-breeding than patience and unswerving perseverance. The young man, or woman, in a hurry will not accomplish much good

in this pursuit. In all breeding operations one's senior partner is Nature, and Nature will *not* be hurried. This is not to say that you cannot attempt to hurry her. Many have made the attempt, and some have even achieved the illusive mirage of success. But in the end the results are quite invariably the same, and the first deceptive appearances of success fade away into the old disastrous tale of failure. Nature is absolutely inexorable. You may be struck as by lightning, or afflicted as by the slowest variety of creeping paralysis. But the system of penalties and rewards, or, more properly considered, of logical results, of causes and effects, is positive and absolute, and not all your cunning can evade by the breadth of one hair the appointed outcome of each act and every omission.

‘ No easy hopes or lies
Will bring us to our goal. . . . ’

Whatever the nature of his main motive, the dog-breeder will find that he cannot possibly attain success unless the whole of his work, in every least detail, is characterised by thoroughness, unceasing watchfulness, and, above and beyond all else, by scrupulous honesty, justice, and fidelity. You may or may not be able to fool some people all the time and all people part of the time, but you cannot fool Nature in any way at all, or for any time at all, so you might as well make up your mind from the outset not to try. Even from the comparatively lowly point of view of rewards and

kudos, success will depend upon repute, upon your establishing confidence in the minds of others; and that is quite impossible for the short-sighted person who works only for to-day. You must take long views in breeding. You must work for the future, hitch your wagon to a star, and cheerfully forgo petty, present gains for the sake of permanent future advantage, if you are to achieve any real success as a breeder.

Mere dealing and trading in this commodity or the other may conceivably teach a man nothing better than cunning, parsimony, meanness or the like. But the breeding of dogs, if you are capable of comprehending it at all, will teach you a mort of lessons that are really worth the learning; and perhaps that accounts for the noteworthy fact that the present writer is not able to recall ever having met a recognised breeder, man or woman, who was a rascal, or a mean, petty, and contemptible person. There may be such in the world, but the writer has not met them.

Now, *whilst there may in the minds of some be room for doubt as to the possible worth-whileness of adopting into the home of an indifferently poor sort of a dog, there should be no vestige of doubt in anybody's mind about the use of indifferent animals in breeding.* You really cannot afford anything less than the best in breeding. You may prefer to doubt this, and to form no decision not based upon personal experience. It would, however, save you some expense and trouble and disappointment to accept the assurance at second hand; and one hopes you will, because the breeding

of inferior stock is something in the nature of a calamity. You never can save or profit, economically or in any other way, by contenting yourself with anything less than the very best, in breeding.

To select a certain brood bitch, or a certain stud dog, because she or he will cost rather less than another that is better suited to the end in view, is to be guilty of an extravagance involving quite inevitable loss and disappointment. Your standard must be: Nothing but the best; and if you would be successful in the breeding of dogs you must apply that standard rigidly in every decision, and to every single detail of your work. If that likes you not, if upon the whole you do not feel inclined toward the application of such a standard, or do not think it worth while, the writer would most strongly advise you to refrain from the breeding of dogs. Cultivate, adopt and enjoy them by all manner of means (though in that also you will find the application of the highest standard is the course best worth following) but do not attempt to breed dogs.

Having decided to breed, and—as I hope—to content yourself with nothing less than the very best, an essential to success is this: Investigation and understanding must precede action. You will quite certainly learn as you go, and learn very much that will interest you, too. But it is of the first importance that you should learn a certain amount—the elements of the craft—before you begin to practise. Apart from any question of failure or success, this much is necessary to avoid real cruelty and disaster. Quite recently one had

to mourn the untimely demise of a most lovable little bitch, who, incidentally, was also valuable and admirable as a typical specimen of her race. The 'kindly' sentimentalist with whom she lived suddenly conceived the bright idea that it would be pleasing to have puppies from so charming a little mother: a maiden bitch, *aged nearly seven years*, and very small, even in her small class. With never a word to any more knowledgeable friend, he arranged the mating of his little bitch with a stud dog whose guardian was presumably not interested in the ultimate results of such unnatural alliances; and, two months later, the poor little creature died in agony with her unborn offspring. This was not a case in which any expert veterinary knowledge was needed. The tragedy could and would have been foreseen by any person who had taken the trouble to acquaint himself with even the elements of breeding laws. (The right time for a bitch to have her first mating is between the ages of about ten and twenty months, and a bitch exceptionally small in her class is far better not mated at all, whilst to mate her in her seventh year is nothing short of murderous.) It is mentioned here by way of illustration of the necessity of giving some little study to the elements of the subject *before* embarking upon breeding operations.

There are a variety of other ways in which, apart from actual disasters or cruelty, more or less costly blunders and disappointments are certain to result from beginning breeding operations without preliminary study and investigation.

Since writing the foregoing pages it has been pointed out to me that, apart and distinct from the case of any one who contemplates seriously and systematically taking up breeding, is the case of the possible reader of this book who may desire to have a single litter from a particular bitch, without thought of any subsequent breeding operations. It might be that such a reader had one bitch to whom he was much attached, and of whom he thought that he would much like to see her rear one or two successors. That, of course, is a very natural feeling; none the less one would recommend that if the bitch is more than two to four years of age, and has not previously had a litter, it were safer and better to relinquish the idea, and not to allow her to be mated. Possibly some young relative, some puppy of the same strain, might be obtained by purchase. That being so, it were better and fairer to the bitch not to let her have a litter. If, however, she is sound and healthy, under three years of age, and physically a worthy specimen of her kind, then it would be well to ask a veterinary surgeon, or a friend knowledgeable in breeding, to examine her and report whether or not he finds her a suitable mother. The report being favourable, the same authority might be asked to recommend a suitable mate. The points of the bitch, both in physique and character, should be given careful consideration with a view to eliminating weaknesses in her offspring, so far as may be, by one's choice of a mate for her. Every effort will, of course, be made to see to it that when the proper time for mating arrives the bitch

is in the best of health and free from worms or any sort of skin trouble. The vet. whose advice has been sought as to her suitability for mating would advise as to the precise time for the mating, and if those responsible for the care of the mother-to-be are without practical experience they could hardly do better than to ask the same counsellor to give an occasional look to their charge during the second month of gestation, and to be prepared for a call, should that prove desirable, at the time of actual whelping. Even in such a case, and where no further experiments in breeding are contemplated, some little study of the natural processes involved is well worth while. The base facts may be acquired from any one among a score of books on the subject. Mr A. J. Sewell's *The Dog's Medical Directory* (Routledge) furnishes an invaluable store of information upon this and kindred subjects, and should have place in the library of every lover of dogs.

The chances and hazards to be faced in the breeding of dogs are quite sufficiently various and serious. One cannot afford to add to them by taking a single unnecessary risk, and there is no room for casual tactics, or neglect of detail. More even than in most kinds of productive work, success depends mainly upon meticulous attention to detail. Half an hour's neglect of a detail may easily endanger the life of a bitch in whelp, or decide whether a given puppy is to be a puppy and no more, or one of the very finest youngsters of its generation, a winner of high honours, and—a point not to be overlooked—a dog as valuable as many

a race-horse. These statements are not metaphorical, not mere phrases meant to stimulate interest, but literal truths which will be endorsed unhesitatingly by any breeder of experience. The writer has known a bitch worth at least a hundred guineas, with a litter of puppies which might easily have been worth three hundred guineas, to be lost solely as the result of a momentary carelessness on the part of a trained and highly knowledgeable kennel-man. The man took certain things for granted without sparing the two minutes that would have been necessary for verification. He just assumed from all the signs that the bitch had been delivered of the last of her puppies, when as a fact there were two more to come. Two minutes given to investigation would have told this man all he needed to know, and his knowledge would practically have guaranteed the bitch against any serious risk. His momentary neglect was the sole cause of her death from blood-poisoning within twenty-four hours, and the loss of her puppies; and the event is mentioned here, not in the least from a wish to discourage would-be breeders—one may breed for years without coming in contact with such a disaster—but by way of illustrating the fact that the breeding of dogs is one of those pursuits in which one simply cannot afford to take unnecessary chances.

Given the right sort of care, the normal bitch is an admirable mother. Given sound judgment and unwavering fidelity to the objects in view and the methods approved, the breeder of dogs is to the full as sure of his rewards as the breeder

of any other stock. But, you must first study and master the elements of the process. You must then obtain the best possible material to work upon. And, finally, every least detail of your work and methods must be up to the acid test of complete thoroughness, backed and inspired by the devotion of the enthusiast and lover of the breed. Nothing less than this will yield real success.

In the majority of cases, no doubt, the decision to start breeding comes after considerable familiarity and experience in the care of some one variety of dogs. Obviously, there is a notable advantage in having personal experience of the chosen variety, but at the same time the point does call for a good deal of consideration. If it be important to secure financial reimbursement, the beginner in dog-breeding will find it a severe handicap to have selected a variety for which the public demand is very limited. Where the economic aspect is not vital, on the other hand, some breeders find added interest and charm in the work of developing a comparatively rare and little known breed, and do not object to the fact that the demand for puppies of their chosen variety is small. Such breeders find real interest, also, in the effort to educate public taste and opinion in relation to their particular 'fancy.'

In the same way that the decision to breed will usually be based upon an already formed preference for a given variety, so it may also arise from the possession of a particular bitch. But, having regard to what he has already written on this

subject, the author hopes that no reader of these pages will allow sentiment or prejudice to sway him in the direction of beginning breeding operations by the mating of a bitch in any way unsuitable for the experience. That way lies certain disappointment and failure, apart from possibly cruel unfairness to a valued friend who will quite blindly accept one's judgment in the matter, and suffer the full penalty of misjudgment.

Assuming that the would-be breeder's first step is to obtain his brood bitch by purchase, the two most important considerations to have in mind are pedigree and physique. The actual quality from the show judge's standpoint of the individual bitch in question, the matter of whether or not she could win prizes in a dog show, is far less important than her blood and descent and her physical capacity and health. There are very many show bitches, including champions, who are physically quite unsuited for the duties of the brood bitch; apart from the fact that their upbringing and training have not formed at all a good preparation for maternity. Therefore, whilst one would not choose as one's first dam a bitch possessed of glaring faults in type and character, one may quite legitimately and safely select one who is definitely not a show specimen, providing always that she has the right bodily capacity, and that her pedigree is unimpeachable. So far as 'points' and trueness to type are concerned, the character and quality of her grandsires and parents is of the most vital importance, for 'throw-backs' of one, two, three, or half a dozen generations and more

are not only normal as regards general physical character, but also as regards such minutiae as a peculiar curl of the lip, distinctive ear or tail carriage, and idiosyncrasies of habit and expression. (These are little points which add immensely to the interest of breeding.) Health, strength, a kindly, docile disposition, and heroic loins; good chest and breast, and deep, wide flanks, are attributes to be looked for in your brood bitch; and there must have been no by-blows or bars sinister among her forbears; they must have been the unchallenged princes of their day and generation.

It were better that the chosen bitch should be not more than nine or ten months old, for that will mean that she will soon be fit for mating, and that her whole matronly life is before her. If she has already brought a litter into the world, and proved herself a good and valuable mother of the right kind of offspring, she will either not be for sale at all, or else her price will be materially enhanced by her record. In such a case one would naturally wish to satisfy oneself precisely regarding the fate and quality of her litter, and her own quality as mother and nurse, before deciding to adopt her. Reverting to the age question, it ought to be said that, especially in the case of the smaller varieties of dogs, many breeders believe in mating *bitches the first time they come in season, even, it may be, at the age of six or eight months.* The point is one in which veterinary advice might well be sought with reference to an individual bitch. Personally, the writer objects to such early mating, and prefers to wait for the second time of coming

in season, probably at about the age of fourteen months. If, however, as sometimes happens, the first *cestrum* does not occur until the bitch has reached or passed her twelfth month, there could be no sort of objection to her being mated then; indeed it would be wiser and better than waiting for the second period. In the case of varieties in which great size and substance are desired, the writer has noted the best possible results where both sire and dam have been on the right, that is the young, side of their prime. Where diminutiveness is desired, the mating of a quite young bitch with an elderly sire has often proved the ideal combination. But in this connexion it is but just to point out that the elements of chance and uncertainty are ever present. Nature by no means permits of the guaranteeing of precise results. She remains very much the senior partner in all breeding operations. My own personal notes and observations incline me to the belief that in the majority of cases the influence of the sire is most noticeable in the bone and substance, the type and physical character of the puppies; that of the dam in faces, shape, expression, and the attribute so difficult to define that most of us call 'quality.' But in any, and even in all of these attributes, a puppy will frequently resemble a grandsire, or a great-great-great-grandsire, more closely than it 'takes after' either of its parents.

In selecting the most suitable mate for a brood bitch, the same considerations which influenced us in choosing the bitch must, *mutatis mutandis*, be borne in mind. The descent of the sire is quite

as important as his own points and quality. His age, health, condition and manner of life, are all points to be weighed most carefully. If he is known to be over-worked as a stud-dog and a show specimen, if his environment is unsuitable, such considerations should certainly weigh against the choice of his services. Also, his repute has to be considered, for, from the severely practical standpoint, this will substantially affect the esteem in which his progeny are held. The purchasers of puppies, mistrusting their own judgment, or preferring to be in the fashion, do often show a very marked preference for the offspring of championship sires. This is perfectly natural, though it may often be allowed to count for rather too much; even, folk say, to the point of swaying the verdicts of exhibition judges, who should, of course, judge every exhibit solely on its own merits. There the point is, at all events. It does affect the market value of puppies materially.

But the breeder of serious purpose, who can take long views, and has confidence in his own judgment, or that of his most trusted advisers, will always, and rightly, prefer to select mates for his brood bitches primarily for their complete suitability, in breeding and quality, and only secondarily with reference to their standing in the exhibition world.

In connexion with this question of the choosing of a sire, the writer would like to add a word of warning which involves one of the principles of breeding. He would like to warn every beginner in the breeding of dogs to avoid the dangerous

fallacy of overrating the importance of individual peculiarities, and the equally serious mistake of underrating family *tendencies*. Consistent *tendencies* are vastly important. Individual peculiarities are of no great moment, from the breeder's standpoint.

Let us suppose for the moment that your beginner's brood bitch is in every respect suitable, and a good all round specimen of her variety, but that she has this personal peculiarity: she is as thin as a lath, and, whilst perfectly healthy and strong, persistently refuses to put on flesh. Investigation shows that this is not due to any weakness or physical failing at all; it is just her peculiarity; she is, and will remain, thinner than one would wish, so far as appearances are concerned. Now we will suppose that the breeder hears of a suitable stud-dog whose personal peculiarity is that he is unusually fat. He is healthy and strong, and not overfed, but his peculiarity is corpulence; and it appears that some of his progeny are rather remarkable for their fatness, and that certain of his forebears, whilst quite healthy, did show this tendency to develop an unusual amount of fat. Here, the beginner may say to himself, is the ideal mate for my bitch. The dog's fatness and my bitch's thinness will each correct the other, and in this respect we shall get ideal puppies.

It is understood, of course, that the matter of fatness and thinness is used here purely for purposes of illustrating a general principle. The beginner's perfectly natural theory regarding the mating of his thin bitch with the fat stud-dog would be unsound, fundamentally unsound, and not good

breeding policy. In the family of that stud-dog there is, apparently, a distinct tendency toward abnormality in the matter of flesh-making; nothing very serious perhaps; nothing in the shape of disease, but yet a tendency toward abnormality. Now entirely healthy normality and correctness of type are what you desire in the offspring of your brood bitch. She herself is not quite normal in the matter of flesh-making, being persistently rather too thin. So far as this peculiarity is concerned, what is wanted for her is, not at all mating with a sire possessed of another kind of flesh-making abnormality, but, on the contrary, mating with a dog whose family records are notably and specially free from any abnormality of body, such as excessive or inadequate flesh-making. In the case of your brood bitch, rather more than in the case of other brood bitches, the family record of the chosen stud-dog must show *uniformity*, particularly in relation to flesh-making. That is sound breeding policy, and should be applied in relation to every special point, such as tail carriage, muzzle-shape, noses, coat, ears, and the like. Uniform correctness and fidelity to type are what you want in the family record, both on general grounds and as a means of correcting or breeding out peculiarities.

With regard to the precise day for mating, the novice will naturally be guided by expert advice and examination of his bitch; but it may perhaps be recorded here that the correct time is practically always immediately upon cessation of the vaginal discharge which may have been taking place for from two to ten days. It is perhaps hardly necessary



Reproduced from the 'Kennel Encyclopædia.']

Gravity, with litter by Nicholas.



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Rough-coated Collie Dog, Champion Southport Sample

to point out that from the time of the very first signs of the approach of the period—the swelling of the vulva, accompanied by slight and, at first, colourless discharge—the bitch should be most carefully isolated from her kind. Her dietary during this period should be rather more spare than usual, care being used to avoid any heating or irritant foods, and to protect the bitch from cold or damp. At such a time, of course, the most docile and sedate of animals is liable to break bounds, disobey orders, or find a way out into the open, in response to perfectly natural promptings. She must on no account be blamed or punished for any such unusual behaviour, but must be so cared for as to make it impossible for her to run away, and to prevent her being worried or excited by the proximity or attentions of dogs. She will not need a great deal of exercise at this time, but should be allowed a couple of short strolls on the lead during each day, and, of course, given access to the open air in some safely enclosed space.

The writer trusts he may be pardoned for insistence on the apparently obvious. With his own eyes he has seen blunders made which suggested the need for such insistence. Thus, in St Pancras railway station in London he has seen a brood bitch of excellent quality chained to a baggage trolley awaiting the departure of a train for the Midlands. The label on her collar showed her to be bound for the establishment of the owner of well-known stud-dogs of her breed. She had apparently travelled that day from a village in the

extreme south-west of Dorset, and a glance showed that she was ready for mating. If the sending of a bitch on such a journey alone is unavoidable, she should, of course, travel in a suitable kennel basket. Personally, I would not allow her to travel alone at all, at such a time, and on such an errand. Again, one has known cases of brood bitches being mated when obviously suffering from skin diseases and other illnesses, or when showing every sign of being infested by worm parasites, and even by external parasites. If the persons responsible were to be the only sufferers from the callous neglect and stupidity shown in these things, one could afford to ignore them. But they involve real suffering for brood bitches, and the bringing into the world of inferior and diseased dogs, also doomed to suffering; and for these reasons they cannot be ignored. During the month or two preceding the season of mating every effort must be made to ensure perfect health in the bitch: freedom from worms, perfect cleanliness, and correct feeding and exercise are most important. The condition of the dam, from the time at which she comes into season to the period at which her puppies are weaned, will assuredly, for good or ill, be reflected in her offspring.

The inexperienced breeder will be well advised to attend the mating of his bitch himself, and to see to it that really expert assistance is available. If it can all be managed without any sort of human interference, so much the better. But this is by no means always the case, especially where there is any marked disparity in the sizes of the dog and

the bitch. Unless the knowledge and skill of those having charge of the dog may safely be relied upon, it is well worth while to obtain the help of a veterinary surgeon, or at the least of a thoroughly experienced kennel-man. One complete service is all that is required. Care and consideration should be shown (especially where maiden bitches are concerned) in introducing the visitor to the stud-dog, and every freedom given them to make one another's acquaintance in a secluded, enclosed place where no sort of interruption is to be expected. The bitch should not be fed during the twelve hours preceding mating, but should, of course, have had access to water, and have enjoyed rest and quiet for an hour or so, at least. The service completed, the bitch should be allowed to rest quietly and alone for an hour, with drinking water at hand. After that she may be fed and given another hour or two of rest and quiet before being called upon to undertake a journey, or any form of exertion or excitement whatever.

This important first step having been completed, the mother-to-be may safely be allowed to live her normal life for at least a month, without any special care or attention, though even at this stage, and throughout the period of gestation, it is well to handle and examine her closely every day, if only to be sure of detecting the first sign of any hint of a skin trouble. If she should, unfortunately, have any skin affection at the time of whelping it will assuredly be communicated to the puppies, a contingency particularly well worth avoiding since it seriously checks development by robbing

the youngsters of half their rest, which is almost as harmful as it would be to dock them of half their food. Therefore, even the slightest suggestion of eczema or skin irritation must be treated directly it is noted, by sponging with a suitable solution, and the daily administration of a little mild cooling medicine. In the fourth week after the service (assuming that no signs of the existence of worms have been noted earlier) it is a wise precautionary measure to administer a *mild* vermifuge; nothing at all severe; and for the rest, if the use of drugs can be avoided at this period (as at all other times) so much the better.

For, say, five weeks from the day of the mating the expectant mother has been living a perfectly normal life, as regards both food and exercise. One certainly would not put her in the way of hunting, jumping, swimming in cold water, or exerting herself very strenuously, but regular daily walking exercise is important at this time. If she has been accustomed to two daily meals and a sufficiently liberal proportion of flesh food, there will have been no need for modification of dietary. If one daily meal has been the rule, the second month of gestation should bring a change in this respect, and one additional light meal be given daily. A little precipitated phosphate of lime may with advantage be given in the food every day. The notion that it is a good plan rather to under-feed a bitch during pregnancy to keep her on the thin side, because thin mothers give the most milk, is a vulgar and mischievous fallacy. Giving a

plentiful yield of milk may cause a bitch to become thin, but becoming thin will certainly not cause her to give a plentiful yield of milk. On the contrary, it is necessary for her to be well and generously nourished during pregnancy, and for so long as she is nursing her young. Actual corpulency, due to over-feeding and lack of exercise—especially, perhaps, to the latter cause—would certainly be bad for a bitch in whelp; but she has her offspring to feed as well as herself, and for the joint purpose needs a dietary adequate in bulk, and distinctly generous in quality and nutritive properties.

There should be no bathing or swimming in the second month, but scrupulous attention should be given to cleanliness, and it is a good plan to sponge the dugs every other day with a tepid solution of mild and non-irritant antiseptic, applying a little cooling emollient afterwards if any sign of soreness or irritation is seen. The skin of this part deserves special attention just now, for later on the needle-like little teeth and claws of inconsiderate puppies will try it pretty severely. In the sixth week the size of the expected litter may be pretty accurately estimated by careful and gentle handling of the abdomen, and if the bitch's burden be heavy, special care should be used now to guard against shocks, strains, or violent exertion. Gentle and sedate walking will be sufficient in the way of exercise, and the bitch must not be left in surroundings which encourage her to jump up and down from a bench, or to stand against fence or railings on her hind legs.

Also at this stage she should take up residence in whatever is to be the place of whelping, being given now the bed upon which she will deliver and nurse her puppies. The orthodox bedding is straw, and it doubtless has many points in its favour. Personally, the writer prefers to ensure the right temperature by means of some heating arrangement, if the weather calls for it, and to cover the bed with a piece of old carpet, stretched and fixed over a layer of antiseptic powder and sawdust. But the sides of the bed must be adequately protected from draughts. Damp and draughts are two deadly enemies of puppyhood, and, too, evils most scrupulously to be avoided for the dam, both before and after whelping.

From the fifty-seventh day after the service, close attention will be given to the expectant mother. The family should not arrive until the sixty-second or the sixty-third day, but may come a day or so earlier. Round about this time the bitch may begin to show some signs of uneasy expectancy. She may, for example, set to work to dig a bed for herself in some such wholly undesirable spot as the dampest recesses of a shrubbery. Instinct inherited through long centuries inclines her toward discovering a secret place, out of the track of possible enemies. Naturally, you will show her every kindly consideration and attention at this time; but endeavour to avoid fuss, be careful not to pester her, or to give her the sense of being watched and confined. Give her all the freedom you can, within strictly safe limits, relax discipline, and do not force her inclinations in any way.

Before this time arrives the novice, if he be wise, will have arranged with a veterinary surgeon, or some other thoroughly experienced person to be available if required. In the case of a normally healthy young bitch it is more than likely that no help of any sort will be needed, and anything in the shape of unnecessary interference is very much to be deprecated. But there are many cases in which 'leaving it to Nature' means the probable loss of the puppies, and much suffering, if not disaster, for the dam. The vet. who has examined the bitch during her pregnancy will have been able to give a fairly safe estimate of the probabilities. The bitch herself will give warning of the approach of the critical time. The vulva will be swollen, there will be some vaginal discharge of mucus, and the bitch will almost certainly show disinclination for food, and a desire to be left in her bed. See that fresh drinking water is available, and leave her to herself.

She will presently become markedly restless, draw panting breaths, turn her head from side to side, and lick her flanks and dugs. These signs mark the beginning of labour pains, and in the course of an hour or so should be followed by the births of one or two of the puppies. If this does not happen, it is desirable for her most trusted and familiar friend gently to handle and examine the bitch. If a bladder is seen to be protruding from the vagina there is nothing to worry about, and things will be taking their normal course; in which event offer the bitch a little milk, and leave her in peace. The process is quite likely to be

slow, especially in the case of a first litter, but in normal cases the first puppy will be born soon after the protrusion of the bladder, and the others will follow in fairly quick succession, up to the number of three or four. If there are more to come, there may quite likely be an interval now of two to three hours, in which the bitch will be able to obtain some needed rest, in addition to attending to the cleansing and drying and general care of her firstborn. In all this the normal bitch presents a touching and beautiful study of motherhood: tender, loving, and sweetly careless of self. In such an interval, one should offer a little restorative nutriment to the dam in the form of white of egg beaten up in milk, with a little brandy added, or essence of beef. If it be thought that such stimulant is quite unnecessary, at all events a little tepid milk or thin gruel should be given; but, as a matter of course, nothing like solid food. After this the remainder of the puppies to be born, if any more are coming, will soon make their appearance, and, in a normal whelping, the time of difficulty will be over.

But, even in a perfectly normal whelping, one precaution is necessary at this stage. It must be ascertained for certain that no more puppies are due. There might possibly be a dead puppy undelivered, and that may very possibly mean the death of the mother from blood-poisoning, within a day. The abdomen should be gently manipulated with the hand. The forefinger should be dipped in antiseptic and carefully oiled, and then introduced very gently into the

vagina. It is best to be on the safe side, and if this investigation leaves any suspicion of the presence of a dead puppy, veterinary assistance should be called in at once in order that the dead puppy may be removed. In the same way assistance must be obtained without delay if, say, two and a half hours after the definite beginning of labour pains there is no evidence of the forthcoming delivery of a puppy. It may be that the labour pains have been insufficient to bring about delivery, in which case, for the safety both of the bitch and her young, the contraction of the womb must be stimulated artificially, and labour pains induced, probably by means of ergotine. And here expert attention is needed at once; there must be no tinkering, and no leaving it over till to-morrow.

It is understood, of course, that each puppy is born in a foetal envelope or bladder. (These wrappings are afterwards eaten by the dam, and afford her a certain amount of needed nourishment, so that, during the first forty-eight hours after labour she does not require very much nutriment, and no solid food at all; milk, possibly with egg beaten up in it, or good gruel, being sufficient for her during this time.) These envelopes must be broken immediately upon the birth of the puppy, and, normally, the bitch performs this little operation with her teeth, as she does also that of severing the umbilical cord, and cleansing and drying the new-born puppy. But there are certain breeds, as, for example, the Bulldog, the Pekingese, King Charles Spaniels, and others, in which the formation of the bitch's jaws makes this task

peculiarly difficult for the mother, and dangerous for the puppies. Instinct warns the mother that this operation requires to be performed without delay so that the puppy may breathe. She may be racked with pain at the time, and to some extent exhausted. That will not prevent her striving to do her duty, and to do it quickly; and this is where (if the dam belongs to one of the flat-faced breeds) a little human assistance is valuable, even in perfectly normal and healthy whelping. Slit the bladder over the puppy's face with your fingers. Have a pair of scissors at hand (in antiseptic), and with this sever the umbilical cord about two inches from its root. Then leave the puppy to its mother, who will cleanse and warm it more efficiently than you can, unless—as rarely happens—she is so exhausted as to be incapable of it, in which event you will dry the youngster in warm flannel before a fire, returning it to the mother's flank as speedily as may be, for its mother's flank and tongue and nose are what it chiefly needs at this stage.

Now with reference to the wellbeing of the newborn family there is another point which must receive the breeder's consideration a week or so before the pups are due. In the sixth or seventh week after conception an experienced judge can tell pretty accurately from gentle handling and examination of the bitch the number of her whelps. While this is likely to be something under half a dozen where the majority of bitches of the smaller varieties are concerned, it may be, and in the case of the larger varieties often is, twice that number.

Where the expected number is anything over half a dozen, the breeder must consider the desirability of retaining the services of a foster-mother, and this as much in the interests of the dam as of her offspring. Reference to the dog newspapers will furnish the names and addresses of specialists who make it their business to provide foster-mother bitches for every day in the year. The cost of hire is comparatively trifling, and in certain circumstances the value of the foster-mother is great. The health, age, and physique of the brood bitch, and her known qualities as a nursing mother, if she has already had litters, will naturally be taken into account. Broadly speaking, it may be taken that even a thoroughly healthy nursing mother cannot possibly do the fullest justice to more than five or six puppies, however good her supply of milk. Also, the strain upon her of suckling more than this number will become very severe after the first week.

The present writer has not once met with failure or disappointment in placing two, three, or four puppies with a foster-mother. In arranging for the hire of the foster the breeder, of course, gives full particulars regarding the breed of the expectant mother, and the date on which her litter is expected. The foster arrives with two or three of her own puppies, and, one by one, with considerable intervals between, you substitute your own puppies for hers, arranging for the painless destruction of the foster's own offspring. Perhaps the best procedure is to avail yourself of the first occasion on which the foster leaves her puppies for a minute

to remove one of them while out of her sight. Wrap this puppy up in warm flannel with one of your own, and leave the pair together in some warm corner for an hour or so. In this way your puppy will acquire something of the smell of the foster's pup. Then coax the foster out again, and keep her away from her litter for as long as may be, without making her fret, arranging that in the meantime your puppy is placed in the midst of hers, so that when she returns to her bed she finds it there, possibly lying under one of her own. Watch her procedure now, having petted and soothed her, and given her a little choice food. She is sure to sniff and lick the puppies in turn as she resumes her place among them. Once you have seen her lick your own puppy well, you will know the youngster is perfectly safe with her. She may wrinkle her nose and sniff a little harshly over the changeling just at first. Stroke her head and speak kindly to her, and within a minute or so she will be mothering the stranger as amiably as she tends her own, while quite possibly giving it more and better nutriment than its overtaxed mother could provide.

The mother of your puppies having been given such liquid food as broth, milk, gruel and the like during the first forty-eight hours—she does not need very much in that period—will now begin, gradually, to take a more sustaining dietary, and within the week should be eating heartily and well. For so long as she is nursing her young she should be given two quite light meals and one substantial meal each day, the food chosen for her being of

the best quality, and of the strengthening and milk-producing kind. But this is not to say that she is to be stuffed, or overloaded with food. Digestive troubles are specially worth avoiding at this time. Quality rather than bulk is the aim to have in view. Where any continued tendency in the direction of diarrhœa is shown, four or five days after the birth of the puppies, castor oil may be indicated, followed by mild doses of bismuth; but only if the tendency is marked and continuous. It is much better to avoid drugs if possible, and the use of arrowroot in the milk, and of rice in place of bread or biscuit in broth, will very probably do all that is required.

Peace of mind, warmth and comfort of body, perfect cleanliness, pure and wholesome food, supplied, not lavishly, but generously, and with scrupulous regularity: these should be your gift to the brood bitch while she is nursing her litter. And her happiness and peace of mind are far from being the least important items. If it be possible to add warm sunshine to your provision for her comfort, this will be of the utmost possible value to the whole family. There should be no unnecessary coming and going through or past the family's quarters. Strangers should not be admitted, and any unnecessary handling of the puppies, even by familiar friends, should be avoided. The mother should be given frequent facilities for going outside her quarters whenever she desires it; and after the first ten days she should be encouraged to absent herself from the pups and take her ease a little in the open. Whilst it is most desirable to

give the whole family all the fresh air and sunshine possible, they must be kept warm, and damp and draughts should at all costs be avoided. Damp, draughts, and dirt are the deadly enemies of puppy growth.

It is obviously not feasible to attempt any laying down of scales and rules for the feeding of the family. Not only must the conditions and requirements differ radically, but even the aims of the breeder must needs vary fundamentally. In one case the thing most desired is the maximum of substance development; in another case, the minimum, as in varieties for which diminutiveness is prized. But in every case, without exception, the highest possible standard of health must be aimed at, both for dam and whelps; and to that end, with as little fuss or interference as may be, every sort of kindly assistance should be given to the mother. All this represents a real tax upon the time and patience of her friends, and if one is not prepared to accept this, willingly and consistently, one certainly should not undertake the breeding of dogs. One cannot possibly make up afterwards for minor negligences and omissions at such stages as this. They simply must not occur.

Between the fourteenth and the twentieth days after whelping, according to conditions, one must begin to teach the puppies to take other food than their mother's milk. This is very important, and must on no account be omitted after the twentieth day, no matter how well the family may be thriving. *It is essential in the interests alike of the dam and her pups.* Naturally, the youngsters will not take

or require very much at first; but the sooner they learn, and begin to take a little other nutriment, at regular set intervals, the better for them, and for their mother. Take a third of a pint of fresh cow's milk, add to it a tablespoonfull of fresh cream, and, say, half an ounce of Plasmon. (These are the proportions, the total quantity used must vary with the nature of the family.) Bring the mixture to blood temperature, and use it as the material of the puppies' first lesson in self-feeding. Dip your little finger in the mixture, and smear it inside the mouths of the pups, with a dab on the end of the nose. Give time and care and patience to the operation, and do not be discouraged by the pups' lack of appreciation. They will come to it in good time. Yours is the task of hastening the process, because the sooner it is completed the better for all concerned. A day gained now is worth a month later on. For the next lesson try a little Virol, or other meaty preparation of similar character of a pure sort—no artificial flavourings or condiments, of course. Then revert to the milky stuff. (Bitch's milk is three times richer than cow's milk. Hence the cream and Plasmon.) A very few lessons will bring the puppies to the stage of sucking your finger. Then the finger will be dipped in the contents of the saucer, and there sucked; and from that point to lapping is not a great stride. But it is an immensely useful one, a most notable gain for the puppies—and for their mother.

Having reached this stage, the breeder will coax the dam away from her litter at certain set

hours every day, and keep her away for very gradually lengthening intervals. Just before the end of these intervals the puppies will be given regular small meals, and into these meals, once a day at first, then twice, and, finally, three times, a very little precipitated phosphate of lime will be introduced—it is most easily assimilated in fats—for its valuable bone-making properties. (Be it remembered that, even in those breeds in which diminutiveness is most desired, sound bone is essential, and the healthier and more active the puppies the greater the need, in one sense, of assistance in bone-making, in order to avoid the straining and malformation of gristly little limbs. The tiniest kind of dog is the better for good bone development; with the larger breeds it is of all essentials one of the most vital.) The writer attributes his success in obtaining, till then, unrivalled standards of size and strength in Irish Wolfhounds almost entirely to his feeding of the puppies of that breed from the end of their second week, and very largely to his use of phosphate of lime in their food, and in the mother's food, from the date of mating right on to the final weaning of the puppies.

This matter of teaching puppies to feed from the beginning of their third week has no bearing at all upon that perilous and undesirable thing: premature weaning, save just this: it is the best possible safeguard against the danger of premature weaning, the best possible means of postponing weaning until the end of the sixth week, or longer, *without hardship or risk for the bitch or her young.*



The over-tasked brain.



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Prick-eared Skye Terrier, Champion Wolverley Chummy.

It is also the best and most rational form of insurance against weaning time trouble.

(In this connection, the reader may find matter of some interest and assistance in Chapter IV., especially pp. 62 to 64, of *Finn the Wolfhound*.)

In all circumstances, save where dire necessity drives, the process of weaning must be slow and gradual. 'Nature abhors jerks.' Patience and extreme nicety and thoroughness form the basis of successful weaning; and, since the care given to the puppies during the weaning month will materially affect their whole after life, one should grudge no pains in the pursuit of perfection at this time. It is a question of bridging over a crucial change, both for dam and whelps. At the end of it the bitch should no longer be secreting milk, and she should experience no discomfort in ceasing to suckle her family; whilst the puppies should no longer have any need or craving for their mother's dugs, and should experience no loss or discomfort in the cessation of her visits to them. In the beginning, their independent meals consist of a mouthful or two, and their separations from the dam last no longer than half an hour. In the end, they are taking four meals during the day and seeing the mother only at night, after which comes complete separation from the mother, and six daily meals for a few days (nutriment, not distension; much protein, little starch), then five for perhaps a fortnight, and then four daily meals for about a couple of months; then three, up to the end of the sixth month, and thereafter two each day. At that time, if the breeder has done his

duty conscientiously, unvaryingly, the puppies will be exceedingly healthy and perfectly developed young dogs; as good and as valuable as the offspring of their sire and dam could possibly be.

It is mainly a question of feeding.

For the guidance of the beginner in dog-breeding, the author would like to see those seven words printed in letters of gold. They are probably more helpful than any other words he can write.

1. The perfect pedigree.
2. The perfectly healthy sire and dam.
3. Scrupulous care of the brood bitch during pregnancy.
4. Scrupulous care and feeding of the bitch after whelping.
5. Teaching the puppies to eat independently in the third week of their lives.
6. Scrupulous and unvarying care in the feeding of the puppies from that time on.
7. Scrupulous protection from damp and draughts, and especially from damp; scrupulous cleanliness; adequate warmth; as much fresh air and sunshine as possible.

The foregoing represent, I think, the seven chief essentials for success in the rearing of a litter of puppies.

VII

'MIXER': THE RECORD OF A DOG, SOME HUSKIES AND TWO HUMANS

JEAN, the French Canadian, was always on the look-out for a dog deal, or for any other kind of a deal out of which his North-land craft might extract dollars.

You could not faze Jean in the matter of any North-land enterprise, for the trails of Alaska and the Yukon were to him the most familiar of lanes, and his mastery of trail lore was unrivalled. Jean had never been 'in trouble' with the North-West Mounted or any other police force. In the technical sense, he was never 'wanted.' But that was due rather to his cunning, his extreme efficiency as a user of trails, than to any particular respect he ever showed for the Law, as spelt with a capital 'L.' There were certain laws by which he did faithfully abide, none the less. All through the North, Jean was liked, and even respected, because, by North-land standards, he was straight; and over and above all else, he was supremely able; as competent a man as any on the trails. The chief lesson North-land life teaches is that competence is the first of all virtues, incompetence the one unforgivable sin, and weakness the only vice worth serious reprehension, since out of weakness cometh all disaster, suffering, failure, evil, and death. It

may seem queer, looked at from a Southern standpoint, but there it is: the basis of the Northern philosophy of life.

It was not very often that Jean got so far to the southward of the Arctic as the Upper Fraser River, but he was once down that way, ostensibly on holiday, and quite alone. For any one who knew the man, the 'holiday' theory might scarcely have seemed very convincing, but it appeared natural enough, of course, to the Barnards. The Barnards were a rather jolly, very feckless English family engaged in ranching of a special bumble-puppy brand of their own invention. Old Man Barnard must have had some small means, for, in an untidy, haphazard way they lived well enough, and it is certain they never made much out of cattle ranching. It is not very clear that they ever could have made money out of anything; but, in their own somewhat sloppy, come-by-chance sort of way, they were nice folk, and possessed of certain definite virtues. For example, they were a very happy lot, and never slandered or cursed the land they lived in. They were not 'quitters,' and they did not 'knock.' Therefore, they were liked in the Quesnel country.

One of the characteristics of the family was that each member of it, from Old Man Barnard down to Molly, a little tot of four years, had animals of their very own, mostly of their own rearing. Their dogs were numerous almost beyond count, and some of the canine herd were good. Mrs Barnard's Scotch collie, Lassie, had won numerous prizes down South, and so had her

husband's special chum, Jack, the curly-coated retriever. And many of the others, including those most strangely and inextricably mixed in the matter of breeding, were active, hardy dogs.

When Jean was about to leave the Quesnel country for the North, it chanced that Tommy Barnard (fourth son of the house, and aged fifteen and a half years) was most desperately in need of twenty dollars for the purchase of a certain gun. The gun was the property of a neighbour's son, and might have been worth buying, for some old purpose or another, at about five dollars. But Tommy desired that gun as ardently as many good folk hope for heaven, and at the time could see no earthly means of raising the money.

'S'pose you care fer me to take your dawg, Mixer, now, I geeve you twenty dollar for heem. I like that dawg,' said Jean, with frank, impartial candour.

'No! Will you? Gosh, Jean, you're a white man,' said Tommy, as many another more experienced judge had said before him; though Tommy's relatives in England, had they known anything of Jean's life and varied occupations, would probably have pronounced him ripe fruit for the gallows, or, at best, for a convict's cell.

So that was how Jean acquired Mixer, just as that notable dog was entering upon the fourth year of a life which he had most thoroughly enjoyed—every day of it. Yet Mixer had never been allowed to set foot within doors. He had taken his chances along with the rest, in the matter of food, hunting, fighting, and the like; and, though

that Quesnel country is quite a long way from the Arctic, it is not by any means Californian, you know. Mixer was not unfamiliar with below zero temperatures, and there are plenty of dog-lovers in the South, and over in Europe, who would as soon think of setting fire to their favourites as of submitting them for an hour to the sort of life which Mixer had made out most heartily to enjoy.

(The people of the highly civilised lands are the people who have invented *ennui*. But, of course, they enjoy many distractions calculated to stave off boredom. They subscribe liberally enough to societies organised to prosecute persons guilty of cruelty to animals, but there is one point they overlook. They never prosecute any one for making a dog a martyr to chronic dyspepsia (which is more painful and depressing than many thrashings), or forcing unnatural peevishness, discontent and boredom upon him, along with the life and habits of a middle-aged human *bon vivant*—minus the *bon vivant's* distractions and 'cures.' And they look down with scorn upon those people in Continental countries who actually harness dogs to carts, and give them interest and an occupation in life, even though these same cart-pulling dogs may be the best-conditioned, best cared-for, happiest and most self-respecting dogs in Europe. Mixer, at all events, had never in his life been bored.)

It is not often that one can obtain the pedigree of a North-land working dog, but when, ten months after purchasing him, Jean sold Mixer in the main

street of the Yukon mining metropolis for three hundred and seventy-five dollars, he might, had he so chosen, have supplied a genealogical table such as accompanies the transfer of the most blue-blooded show dog of the South-land. Set out in detail it would have shown that:—

Jack, the curly-coated retriever (whose registered champion title Jean never knew) mating with Lassie, the Scotch collie (herself a first prize winner) begat, among others, Rouser, a big, husky, dense-coated dog, and a famous hunter.

Whilst yet in early life, Rouser mated with Tip, an Airedale slut, who looked almost pure bred, but was astonishingly big for an Airedale, begetting, among others, Grip, an unbeaten fighter and a magnificent brute, who was shot in his third year for very nearly killing a man. Grip was a great dog, but a shade too aggressive for the Quesnel country.

From among the other escapades of his early life it is desirable to record Grip's matrimonial venture with Jess, the supposed bull terrier. It was not claimed for Jess that she was an aristocrat, but one would hardly deny her relationship to the bull terrier tribe. She weighed 67 pounds, and was, perhaps, the biggest and strongest bull terrier of her sex ever seen in British Columbia. It was said of this good-tempered but formidable animal that she never missed a joke or refused a fight. In the matter of a fight nothing at all came amiss to Jess, from a gopher to a grizzly; and her appetite for fun, like her sense of humour, remained with her from puppyhood till the moment of her

call, which came when she set out, with her cheery smile well in evidence, to wrestle with the first (and last) internal combustion engine she ever saw.

Of the union of Grip and Jess, Mixer was the first-born offspring; and, at the end of a fortnight, the sole survivor of his litter. If Mixer did not eat his own brothers and sisters, he certainly ate for them, as well as for himself. At all events, they succumbed long before weaning time, and the probabilities are that only Jess's remarkably keen sense of humour, in conjunction with his own abnormal physical development, prevented Mixer going the same way; for it is on record that, in his sixth week, he took to fighting his redoubtable mother in all seriousness, and that he looked pretty nearly as big and husky as she was before he finally left the shelter of her flanks and launched out in life on his own account, leaving poor Jess with dugs most grievously scarred and torn.

When Jean sold Mixer (at a profit of 355 dollars) he quite truthfully described the dog as the best team-leader in the Yukon. Mixer was then just upon four years old, and weighed 81 pounds. He was in the very pink of condition after ten months of trail life under Jean's guidance, and could crunch up the shin-bone of a moose with the sort of ease a nigger shows in biting a soda cracker. The length of his jaws suggested the collie strain in him, but their width was more reminiscent of his mother, whose build had more than the average bull terrier quantum of bulldog

about it. Mixer's front and chest were almost those of a bulldog, so deep and massive were they. In height he stood no more than 22 or 23 inches at the shoulder, and so was half a foot lower than a really big husky. But in chest and skull measurements he could have given away inches to the stoutest husky in the Yukon, and beaten him easily.

His coat was not very long, but it was harsh as steel filings and dense as a coir mat. Curly retrievers, collies, and Airedales had all contributed to this astonishingly dense, hard coat, the colour of which was unbroken black, save at throat and chest, where it was white, merging to gray at the edges. A narrow, triangular strip of this whiteness extended to the belly, and all the rest was jetty black. Mixer's tail was straight, and rather insignificant, reaching only to his hocks. He had small, prick ears, and his broad, immensely strong face bore the imprint of his mother's humorous good nature, with an added hint of something sterner that may have come from Grip, the killer. Withal, Mixer was distinctly one of the dogs who smile.

The man who bought Mixer was known simply as Bertie, or Chechahco Bert. His real name was Edward Harold Ernest Horton. But the Yukon had unanimously labelled him Bertie, and Bertie, or Bert, he remained. He hailed originally from a south-coast watering-place in England, and, if a little pulpy, he had an excellent physique. He lacked a good deal, as men are judged in the outside places, and, most notably, he lacked restraint,

prudence, self-control, adaptability, and what is called horse sense. But he was quite astonishingly rich in the matter of luck—'Chechahco's luck'—and, at this time, was actually at the head of several hundred thousand dollars, acquired in surroundings and circumstances wherein quite a large number of men possessing a hundred times his ability, hardihood, and knowledge, had come near to starving, and never made more than poor wages.

Chechahco Bert was bound for salt water and civilisation, and was bent on making the trip in style, as befitted a man who had struck it rich on the Klondyke. For a week or so prior to his purchase of Mixer—to complete a big ten-dog team, all in the pink of condition—Bert had been trying most of the North-land's simple methods of 'burning' money. But his luck, and most of his money, still stuck to him, and his constitution seemed impervious even to the attacks of the 'wine' of the town, which was far more deadly than its whisky.

Mixer showed an inclination to disobey Jean's curt order to remain with Bert; and so Jean's farewell to his team-leader was accompanied by a whang over the shoulders with a whip-handle.

'I'll larn ye to foller me,' said Jean. 'You stay there now, Mixer. By gar, I'll feex you.'

'Heartless devils, these dog-mushers,' thought Chechahco Bert. And he recalled a recent letter home, in which he had enlarged to the ladies of his estimable family upon the brutality of North-land folk in general, with special reference to the

cruel hardness with which they worked their poor, dear dogs.

'Much *he* cares for his old servant, eh, Mixer,' said Bert, as Jean passed for ever out of his sight.

He stooped to stroke Mixer's broad head; but Mixer, very discourteously, lowered his head and moved aside to avoid the touch.

As a matter of literal fact, Jean had conceived a very genuine affection for Mixer, and Mixer was perfectly well aware of it. It was little he cared for Jean's growl and cut across the shoulders. These did not in the least deceive Mixer, who had learned to feel for Jean the combination of respect, fealty, and unwavering devotion which any dog feels for the master who is so supremely able as Jean was. Jean had introduced Mixer to the world of trace and trail, and, under his expert tuition, Mixer had mastered all the intricacies of that strenuous life more thoroughly than most sled dogs ever do master them, right up to the altitude at which even Jean could teach him no more. Mixer had learned all the North-land laws, and, especially, that law which demands ungrudging respect for competence and strength. Mixer knew nothing about sentimentality, and would have profoundly mistrusted it if he ever had come upon its track. This may have been the reason why, from the very outset, Mixer mistrusted his new master.

In his own incontinent way, Bert bragged that he was going to make salt water, with his big, costly ten-dog team, in fourteen days, and it is a fact that Jean would have done it in, say,

days. But Jean's sled would have carried about a third of the load that Bert started out with, and none of its whisky, or its trimmings in the shape of utensils and enamelled ware; not to mention Bert's preposterous tent, his armoury, and his bedside comforts.

Then, again, Jean would have declined to be seen, dead or alive, on the same trail with 'Sucker' Brown, the notorious parasite whom Bert had chosen for his companion on this trip. It is true Brown asked for no pay in return for his services. But the North-land folk had found that his services were more of a burden than a luxury, even on these terms. However, he had asked to be allowed to come, and Bert had still to learn how to say 'No,' and stick to it, in any circumstances. Accordingly, Mixer found that 'Sucker' Brown was his trail-maker, and Chechahco Bert his driver.

The first day of the promised fourteen-day record journey was a startling revelation to Mixer. His team-mates were all strange to him, and had not yet learned of his prowess. It was necessary that he should teach them, for he was leader of the team, and a good many inches less in height than any of his followers. This task would have been quite a simple one for Mixer if his masters *had shown the smallest modicum of trail knowledge and ordinary intelligence*; for his mates were all first-class sled dogs, and rich in the nous which practice of their calling brings. They were not at all deficient in dog sense. It is a rare thing for a grown dog to blunder into provocative

treatment of a skilled fighter of his kind. They are wonderfully quick to sense the capabilities of the dogs they meet. That is why so many dogs fear and dislike a bull terrier on sight, if he be a stranger. The merest glimpse of his chest and jaws conveys to them as much as a human physician learns about a patient after half an hour's examination. Mixer was no bull terrier, and he did indubitably stand lower to the ground than any of his mates. But each one of them knew enough to recognise in him a formidable fighter, and to show him a certain grim deference on the strength of it; although, as yet, they hated him, for being leader, and for being different from themselves.

The best and ablest of team-leaders needs the backing of his driver's intelligence. If Mixer turned in the traces to warn or chastise a defaulter in the team, the egregious Bert, full of his own importance and skill, would fling in Mixer's face the tail of his heavy, brand-new thirty-foot whip, whilst entirely overlooking the sin of the defaulter, whatever that might be. This was depressing, of course, and extremely bad for team discipline. But it was a trifle of which Mixer ceased to think anything at all before the day was out. For that matter, Mixer was satisfied that one evening out of the traces and in camp would give him all the opportunity he needed for enforcing upon his mates a sufficient recognition of his authority as leader. But, long before the evening came, he was face to face with matters more serious.

Winter days are short in the North-land. Daylight is precious on the trail, and, because of that,

experienced dog-mushers are not given to wasting any of it over matters which can as easily be managed in the dark, such as eating and drinking, and the making and breaking of camp. Accustomed as he was to perfectly organised trail work, and no other kind, it was a good deal of a shock to Mixer to find, in the middle of the day, when every minute is of value for the making of good headway, that his masters halted for a lengthy kind of banquet, to supply which the whole sled-load was ransacked, corks drawn, and many utensils brought into use. Towards the close of this refecton (which, to Jean, would have seemed a thing unspeakably immoral and wicked) the amiable Bert tossed all the leavings—a generous supply—down before the team. Both men laughed very heartily as they watched the wild scramble that followed among the harnessed dogs; and they both cursed vehemently, and struck out angrily with their whips, when they came afterwards to disentangle the muddle they had caused. Before then, however, seeing that some of the dogs had failed to get hold of their carelessly flung largesse, Bert gave the order for a distribution of the dogs' own proper food, and 'Sucker' Brown threw down in a heap as much dried fish as would have made two days' properly distributed rations for each dog.

This naturally involved a free fight, in the course of which the weaker dogs got no food, but all the team, without exception, lost some blood and fur. Mixer did his best. Having wolfed a generous share of food, he punished all his mates

impartially for their disorder and for tangling the traces. But, if food is flung down in a heap to a single file rank of ten dogs, harnessed to a loaded sled, the result is necessarily chaos; and Bert's savage abuse when, at last, the sled was overturned, was as uncalled for as it was misplaced, coming as it did on the same breath with his loud, incontinent laughter.

Darkness had almost fallen by the time Brown and his precious chief had stowed away all their luncheon truck—everything uncleansed, of course—righted the sled, and, after their own sloppy fashion, lashed the load. Half the dogs were unfit to work, because full-fed; the other half were sore, sullen, and resentful, what of blows from the men, bites from their mates, and a bitter sense of injustice in the matter of the food they had been unable to reach.

Half an hour later the half-packed sled-load sagged off upon the trail, and with a grin and a curse Bert voted for a nip of whisky and camping for the night.

Both men entirely forgot the serving out of the dogs' food at this, their proper meal-time, until they lay smoking and nipping, under blankets. Then Bert remembered, and 'Sucker' was turned out to open the dogs' grub box. Crouching and grumbling, damning the dogs and the cold, Brown fumbled till he had found an armful of fish—perhaps two days' rations for the team—and flung it out in a heap on the snow; thereby providing once more, not a dog meal, but a fierce and sanguinary dog-fight, with a guzzle of too much

grub for five or six dogs, and the bitterness of undeserved deprivation for the others, the same weaker ones who had missed the preposterous midday distribution.

This grotesque mismanagement was no chance blunder. That was the way the team was fed each day—while the food lasted. And it was of a piece with all the other trail practices of Messieurs Bert and Brown. The same messy, indecent, sloppy, methodless sentimentality characterised all their doings; demonstrating to the point of nausea the justification, in the North, for the Northland belief that competence is goodness, and incompetence is sin; that weakness (which includes ignorance and inefficiency) is the root of all evil. Nothing ever done by those skilled dog-mushers whom Bert thought brutally cruel, was half so really cruel in effect, as this typical act of his own and Brown's: this tossing down of food in a heap before ten working dogs.

The trip was to have lasted fourteen days. On the tenth day, Bert accidentally happened to notice that the dog feed was almost exhausted. Less than half the journey was accomplished at that time, and an even more saddening discovery made on the same day was that the end of the alcohol supply had been reached, the last bottle of whisky lying broken in its place, fragments of its glass being generously distributed among the beans and other food.

'Dash it all, you know, this sort of thing won't do at all,' said Chechahco Bert. 'I don't know what the devil you've been thinking



(From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs'.)

The Black Pomeranian Dog, Shelton
Imp (weight $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.).



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs'.]

The Griffon Bruxellois Dog, Champion Glenartney Sport.

about, Brown. I'll have to take charge here, myself.'

And, by way of demonstrating his own superior managing powers, Bert proceeded to fling (as usual, in a heap) fish to his ten hard-worked dogs, equal in the aggregate to about a quarter of a full day's ration.

The weaklings died off wonderfully quickly, four of them, assisted by the heavy handle of Bert's whip—he saw, observant man, that they pulled less strongly than the others—and by the fact that they had starved since the journey began, owing to the methods by which the earlier supplies of food had been wasted. They died in camp, each of the four, and not one of them on the trail. Needless to say, their bodies were not left to make meals for the creatures of the wild. By this time the survivors were hungry enough to eat chips. On four successive nights the team was reduced in numbers by one, and daylight showed no trace at all of the remains of the victims.

Bert saw now a great need of haste. The men had themselves begun to feel the belly pinch. Hammering the six remaining dogs with clubs and whip-handles did not seem to bring all the speed Bert wanted, particularly as Brown had frankly given up all pretence at trail-breaking, and took turns with Bert in riding on the still overloaded, badly-packed sled. And so, on the sixteenth day out the tent was jettisoned.

During the next few days the rest of the load was dribbled away along the trail, to lighten the sled—everything except the men's food and rugs. The dog food was now exhausted.

On the twentieth night out, Mixer's five teammates, huskies all, and now, to all intents and purposes, hunger-maddened wolves, drew in upon the two sleeping men. Dogs may not talk, but it is perfectly certain that these five huskies had thought out and agreed upon their course of action. It is equally certain that Mixer knew precisely what the huskies' plan was. None of them had slept that night, and none had eaten, save Mixer, who had, by craft, found Brown's spare moccasins, and gnawed them to pulp.

The five approached their sleeping masters now, slinking forward, inch by inch, ears and hackles erect, jaws drooling with the half-crazed, wistful longing of wolves in famine time, for meat. (Naturally, the huskies had not reflected that Mixer had behind him many centuries of close, affectionate companionship with man.)

Of a sudden the stillness was shattered by Mixer. With a series of sharp, warning barks, he ran in upon the men, and tugged at Bert's blanket with his teeth. The huskies snarled aloud in their bitter disappointment, the foremost of them slashing furiously at Mixer's shoulder as he retreated.

Bert and Brown were thoroughly roused now, and, like valiant masters of themselves and their circumstances, they reached out for clubs and proceeded to administer condign punishment—to Mixer, who, somewhat taken by surprise, received some stunning thwacks, before he got out of the men's reach. Straightway then he was attacked by the chief of the five huskies, from

whom he took some little punishment about the ears and shoulders, before he succeeded in getting a throat-hold; after which his opponent's life was a matter of seconds only. And, whilst the others had a share, the famished Mixer certainly ate the larger portion of that husky.

(It was not given to this husky to foresee that a quality he had despised in Mixer: that warrior's low stature and immensely cloddy build, so far from detracting from his chances in a fight, actually gave him a priceless advantage. When huskies fight to kill, their objective is the underpart of their opponent's throat, the desired haven for their fangs is the enemy's jugular. The prime aim, then, is to knock a dog off his feet, so that, if only for half a second, the killing throat-hold may be exposed. No husky living could knock massive Mixer off his short legs. But his buttress-like shoulders often upset the more leggy type of wolf-dog, and his low, swinging, immensely wide jaws seemed made for smashing legs, and reaching throat-hold from below.)

From this point on Mixer was regarded by the bat-eyed clowns who drove him as the evil genius of the outfit.

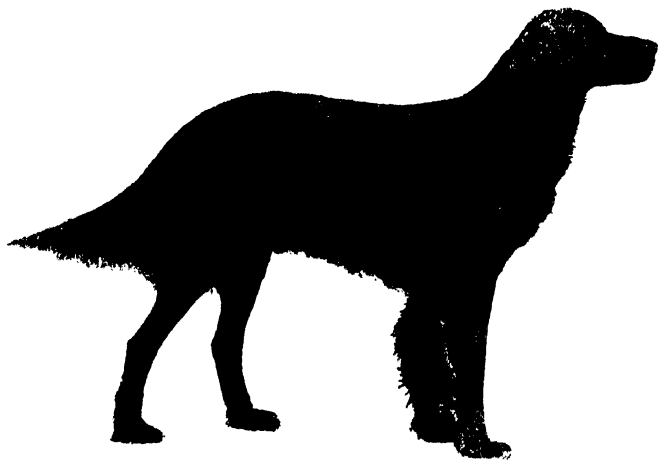
'Savage swine, that Mixer,' said Bert. And Brown, who called himself, not 'Sucker,' but Charles Algernon, and had been known to speak feelingly of 'blood,' 'breeding,' and 'family'—Brown pointed out that you could never depend on mongrels—men or dogs—they were treacherous brutes, he said. With which sentiments Bert, himself a man boasting 'connexions,' agreed as

cordially as he could. He was suffering, he said, from a variety of ills, and found it necessary to ride on the sled, instead of walking beside it, just as often as he could get Brown off the load.

But for the rather crushing added strain on the traces which a man's weight represented, Mixer probably wished the men would ride all the time, since, whoever was afoot in these days walked, not at the gee-pole, but beside Mixer, with a whip of which the heavy end of the handle was held downward. The thong was dispensed with now, and even the handle was often discarded in favour of a stouter club.

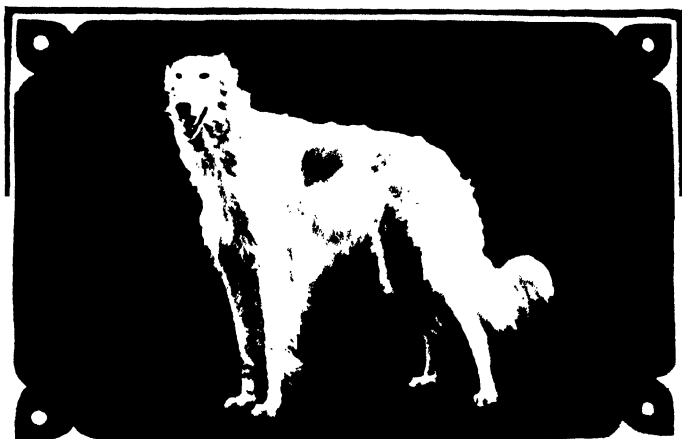
Only one other thing need be told of the indecent horrors of the week that followed. It was well that no human folk were called upon to suffer the indignity of seeing them; but it was a humiliation for mankind that dogs should have witnessed the degradation to which their gross incompetence brought these two men.

Every night the four famished huskies made up their minds and agreed together to ease the ache of their hunger by eating the live meat that lay rolled in blankets before them. And every night, weary to the bone, and himself racked by a hunger that drove him to gnaw frozen spruce bark, Mixer policed the silent camp, patrolling before the four gaunt savages whose aim was killing. As a last resort, when he could save them in no other way, he always waked the men, and then scrambled off before their fatuous anger at being disturbed, to take his chances with his infuriated mates.



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Irish Setter, Champion Charleville Phil.



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Borzois Vassilka.

All five were pretty far gone now, and Mixer was to slay no more dogs on that journey, though he gladly would have done it for the sparse meat on their bones, if the gradual uncovering of his own bones by starvation had not too far weakened him.

In one memorable day, when the exhausted men moved only to beat their stumbling dogs—especially Mixer—two of the team died in the traces. The survivors, naturally, would have eaten their fallen mates, for unhampered Nature knows no waste. Incredible though it seems, it is a fact that Bert and Brown prevented this. They clubbed the others off while the dead dogs were cut out of the traces, and then whipped on along the trail. They did not deliberately want to cause more suffering. But they were incorrigibly ignorant, incorrigibly incompetent, and sentimental to the bone; and, of all things, that combination is the most prolific basis of real cruelty, the most fruitful cause of suffering and loss. The men still had a little food for themselves. The three surviving dogs were too weak to put up much of a fight, but, as their emaciation made them look almost terrifyingly gruesome, and, in any case, harnessing and unharnessing meant exertion, *they were left in the traces day and night during the remainder of that trip.*

Chechahco Bert's fourteen-day trip, with the flash ten-dog team that had cost him near three thousand dollars, ended on the morning of the thirty-first day out. When they staggered down the long descent to the beach town, Bert walked by Mixer's side, weakly hammering at his protruding bones with a club. 'Sucker' Brown lay

moaning on the sled, the incarnation of human cowardice, the perfect type of 'quitter.'

But the Chechahco's luck held, when all else seemed lost. A steamer was even then ready to cast off, and her skipper waited, while kindly, willing hosts plied the two exhausted heroes with stimulants, and provided them quite gratuitously with new clothes, finally supporting them up the gangway with cheers and hat-waving. Thus it was that Chechahco Bert bade farewell to the Northland, his pile awaiting him at a Vancouver bank.

He, and his excited hosts of an hour, forgot the sled and the three dogs, who lay where they had collapsed on the trail, at their journey's end. The two huskies were past help. They died before the steamer was out of sight. But Mixer's mental, moral, and imaginative capital was greater than theirs. He had immense reserves to draw upon.

An Indian and an elderly American, reputed crazy, found the outfit, and cut Mixer out from his traces. Between them, they carried this gallant son of Grip and Jess to the white man's shack, and there, gradually, he was nursed back to health, and to the enjoyment of a life to the full as happy and serviceable as the best he had ever known.

Some one said afterwards that that blame Chechahco sure had the most wonderful sort of luck to have reached salt water alive. To which the elderly man who nursed Mixer back to life replied, after a grunt, in this wise,—

'Dog-gast him! The biggest part of his luck was that nobody thought quick enough to lynch him when he got here!'

VIII

ON THE SHOWING OF DOGS

THE student of psychology will find much that repays study in dog shows, and in the whole question of the exhibition of dogs.

The writer has met enthusiastic dog-fanciers and breeders whose chiefest interests in life were centred in dog shows. He has met others who made it their boast that they never exhibited, and never would be induced to exhibit their dogs. He has known those who never willingly missed a show of any importance, and vowed that exhibitions were the main factor in the progress of dog-breeding; and others who could not be induced to visit a show, and who protested that shows and showing were the curse and bane of dog-breeding, and the main cause of all the breeder's troubles. He has also met a somewhat selfish (if logical) type of fancier who says in effect that he thoroughly enjoys shows, visits them regularly, obtains a lot of benefit from them and entirely approves of them, but—and here he smiles knowingly—will take jolly good care that he never risks any of his own dogs by entering them at shows! No fear! Too much trouble and expense and risk; game not worth the candle, etc.

So far as his own observation and experience are concerned, the writer believes that there is a

great deal to be learned from dog shows, that the majority of those interested in dogs approve of shows and welcome them, and that dog shows stimulate interest, help to disseminate information, and facilitate that buying and selling of canine stock failing which the majority of breeders could hardly continue to meet the expenses involved in that pursuit.

But this is not to say that the writer regards shows as an entirely unmixed blessing, that he does not think dog-showing open to abuse, or that he considers the present organisation of our dog shows incapable of improvement.

In Britain alone there are more than five hundred dog clubs and associations. In Britain alone there are from seven to eight hundred dog shows held each year, which attract something over 20,000 entries. These are figures which give food for thought, more especially when one remembers that for every exhibitor of dogs there must be at the most moderate computation one or two hundreds of friends and admirers of dogs who never think of exhibiting, or of visiting a dog show. It would not be difficult to find whole districts in which most of the homes shelter a dog, but in which no single resident could be found who ever patronised a dog show.

Perhaps the commonest criticism levelled against dog shows by dog fanciers is that they involve grave risk of infection, and that, especially where young dogs are concerned, they are accountable for much spreading of disease. It is hardly possible to doubt the truth of this, even when one has

given the fullest recognition to the measures adopted for the exclusion of unhealthy animals, and the provision of antiseptics and disinfectants in the show buildings. By the same token, human parents are painfully aware that schools are great centres of infection, and that few new year terms are innocent of epidemics. We also know that it is tolerably easy to pick up infectious diseases in omnibuses, trains, theatres, and lecture halls; and that it would be difficult to take your dog for a walk in a London park without his crossing the trail of another dog afflicted by the germs of some illness or another. The writer, for his part, would certainly draw the line on the cautious side of exhibiting litters of young puppies; but he has known others more daring who have shown litters before they were properly weaned, and that, apparently, without suffering the smallest penalty for their temerity. One fact emerges plainly from consideration of this particular aspect of dog showing, and it is that the exhibitor who should be proven guilty of having shown a dog who clearly was suffering at the time from an infectious disease, ought rigidly to be banned and excluded from all future exhibitions; and so, for that matter, should the veterinary surgeon who is found to have passed for exhibition any such animal.

It is, perhaps, scarcely practicable to proffer advice to the beginner in dog-breeding as to what his attitude should be toward the important question of whether or not he should exhibit his stock. He will have to decide this point for himself, with due regard for his own conditions and circumstances.

There are breeders of practically all varieties of dogs who have built up reputations for themselves and their stock, without exhibiting; but the process has not been a rapid one. A good deal may doubtless be accomplished by judicious advertising in the dog press, by the preparation and circulation of descriptive leaflets, and by arranging for visits of inspection from well-known fanciers. And then, some repute having been established, the breeder will be sure of a certain amount of support, *if the stock he produces really has superlative merit.* The expense, and risks, and trouble of exhibiting will have been saved, and something of a triumph scored. But the majority will still prefer the direct method of the show bench, by means of which, if an animal of outstanding merit can be bred he may at once become known to the great majority of other breeders and fanciers, and be seen by the general public. And it is probably as well for the interests of the breed, and of the public, that this should be so.

But in any case, the novice who abstains from even visiting the leading dog shows will quite certainly handicap himself seriously. In the first place, visiting the shows will teach him a great deal regarding the points of his chosen breed: undesirable features to be guarded against, weaknesses to be watched for, ideals to be striven after, lines of progress, and tendencies of possible deterioration. And, in the second place, at dog shows, as nowhere else, he is able to meet and compare notes with more experienced breeders from every part of the country. Invaluable hints

and information based upon immediate and first-hand experience may be picked up in this way. In this connection, one of the best-known breeders in England writes:—

‘I have made some of my best friends, learned my most useful lessons, and arranged my most profitable dog deals at shows. They do cost one money and trouble, but the benefits you reap from them repay you for all that many times over; and, as far as the risks are concerned, frankly, I do not think they are anything to worry about; providing you use care and common sense in the safeguarding of your dogs, in the matter of their feeding, exercise, removal from the building at night, and so forth. I always take my cheque book along, and more often than not have found really profitable use for it before the end of a big show. No breeder can afford to be indifferent to what other breeders are doing, and I have yet to meet one so very clever that he can find nothing worth the learning at a first-class dog show. As for exhibiting one’s own dogs, I know there’s a good deal to be said on both sides; but, in the first place, I am convinced there is more for than against in the exhibitor’s own interest, and, in the second place, as I see it, *noblesse oblige*, good fellowship, and one’s duty to one’s chosen fancy rather demand that one should show. To refuse seems to me a selfish and short-sighted thing, unfair to one’s fellow-breeders, and against the best interests of the dogs. That is my personal view, but, every one to his own taste, of course.’

As to the interest attaching to dog shows, from

the standpoint of the visitor and spectator, I hardly think there can be any two opinions about this. Even the visitor who felt no interest in dogs could hardly fail to find abundant diversion and food for reflection in the study of his own species at a dog show. The human psychology of the judging ring, the attitude of different exhibitors towards the judges, the personal idiosyncrasies and chosen occupations and conduct of those who sit beside the benches watching over their own or their friends' favourites, the talk one hears between exhibitors, and their conversations with unlearned members of the public: these and a dozen other purely human interests provide endless material for the entertainment of the observant loungeur. Some exhibitors enjoy picnic meals beside—and often with—their charges; others devote themselves to dispensing information to inquiring passers-by, and a few I have noted give themselves with ardour to the knitting of socks.

But it is perhaps in the judging rings, and in the immediate preparation for entry into the rings with their charges, that the exhibitors most richly repay the study of the philosophic observer. The eagerness and *naïveté* displayed by some is only less diverting than the elaborately assumed *sang-froid* of others. Etiquette places the judges rather in the position of royalty, and one does not address them unless and until spoken to by them; but the gushing and effusive affability of some eager exhibitors, when a judge, possibly by means of a single word, or even by a raised eyebrow, does give an opening, is something for the least observant onlooker to

BEHIND 'THE LINES IN FRANCE



Poilus in reserve trenches, with the very smallest
of War Dogs.

appreciate. There is a deal of real humour, some very noteworthy courtesy, and at times the elements of true pathos, to be found in the judging rings at dog shows. The patience of good women is proverbial, and so is the loyalty of dogs; but I have noted women at dog shows, and here and there a man, who would go on for years leading out for judgment the same animals, without ever receiving so much as a card of commendation, or even the most intangible sort of consolatory award in the shape of a word of praise from the judge. That kind of exhibiting is entirely devoid of practical value, of course, for the exhibitor, the breed, or the public. But it undoubtedly has its elements of interest and pathos; and, incidentally, it brings the writer to a point at which it may be possible to proffer a little helpful counsel to the beginner.

Do not exhibit a dog manifestly out of condition. There are circumstances in which there is nothing in the least discreditable to yourself or to your dog, in the latter's want of condition; but it is not politic, or quite fair, to place him on exhibition when in that state. No useful end is served by doing it.

Do not, in any conceivable circumstances, exhibit a bitch heavy in whelp, or a dog of any kind whom you suspect of show-weariness or exhaustion.

Do not exhibit any dogs merely for the sake of adding to the number of your entries. It is far wiser to show only your very best, and to be judged solely upon the cream of your stock.

In justice to yourself and your dogs, never

exhibit any animal without due preparation for the event. It is not fair or courteous to take a youngster from a kennel or home in some peacefully sequestered nook of the country, and, without any sort of training or preparation, thrust him into the scorching ordeal of the judging ring at a metropolitan dog show. No dog can possibly do himself justice in such circumstances. The judge's business is to appraise him on his actual appearance in the ring, without reference to his pedigree, or to what he might be like in other conditions. Watch the performances of the hackneys, hunters, cobs, coachers, or, if you will, the heavy draught horses, in the ring at a horse show, or an agricultural show, and learn from them what admirable results a little instruction will yield. I have seen beautiful young dogs slinking too and fro in a judging ring with all the air and appearance of broken-spirited curs; and I have seen them definitely set aside, displaced by inferior animals, solely as the result of the unjust neglect of their friends.

In the first place, it is obviously essential that, long before he is exhibited, a young dog should be thoroughly schooled to collar and lead. If this elementary precaution is neglected—as it frequently is, incredible though this may appear—the single fact of the necessary use of the lead and collar at the show, apart altogether from the thousand and one other factors making for embarrassment and constraint and puzzlement for the youngster, will be quite sufficient to make it impossible that your dog should be seen to advantage.

But accustoming a dog to feel entirely at ease

on the lead is not of itself sufficient. He should be taught, patiently and carefully taught, to display himself to the best possible advantage. The deportment, carriage, air, and demeanour of a dog are, in the case of many varieties, points of the first importance. Impartially judged, by a stranger, many dogs must needs win esteem or the reverse quite materially by means of their expression, movements, and general deportment. A certain kind of carriage, a certain dignity, arrogance, solemnity or sprightliness of bearing, are, in certain varieties, almost as much evidences of fidelity to type as the different shapes of skull, muzzle, 'front' or flank. A Wolfhound or a Bloodhound creeping shrinkingly around a ring, his tail between his legs, and embarrassed discomfort in his eye, presents but a sorry spectacle; is little likely to win any judge's commendation, and, rightly considered, is really discreditable to the person responsible for his presence there; something of an indictment, too, for his demeanour is proof of very unfair neglect and inconsiderate treatment. And let the beginner be under no misapprehension about it: the most delightfully high-spirited young dog, however constantly 'on the fore part of the feet' at home, is likely to cut the sorriest sort of figure when he first enters a show ring, unless some attention has been given to preparing him for the trial.

It should hardly be necessary to add that by 'preparation' the writer does not at all mean to include any of the mean and petty practices which are justly condemned by all decent folk, and

rightly barred by the Kennel Club, under the head of 'faking.' Neither has he in mind any such misleading and mischievous counsel as the suggestion he has more than once come upon in print to the effect that it is well to underfeed dogs when no shows are due, in order that they may the more keenly appreciate generous treatment in this respect immediately prior to presentation in the ring. It is not only inhuman, but stupid and impolitic ever to underfeed dogs, as it is unkind and unwise ever to overfeed them, and the only sensible method of making dogs physically fit for exhibition is to aim at keeping them *always and without variation* in the very best possible health. Dogs so treated will never stand in any need of the different nostrums whose venders claim more or less magical properties for them as 'conditioning' agents. Health is the foundation of beauty, and health cannot possibly be administered in doses to fit show time-tables. Hair plucking and trimming, or colouring, the artificial shaping of ears, and all such tricks are, of course, mere nastiness, and not to be considered for a moment by any self-respecting friend of the dog. (There are exceptions, to be sure, such as the trimming of a poodle's coat, and persistent grooming, face-washing, and the like, which are not merely legitimate, but most desirable.)

But no dog should be exhibited at a show until he has been thoroughly taught to display himself to advantage on the lead; to parade a ring, preferably with some one to represent the judge, and one or two others to represent audience and stewards,



A convinced and frequently skittish optimist in his 15th year: equivalent to, say, the 75th year of human life.

and, if possible, a few other dogs. He should be taught to stand well, and, if you would do full justice to him in public, to pose to advantage when called upon. According to his breed, it is natural for him to assume an air of dignity, benevolence, placidity, alert keenness, charming arrogance, or sprightly amiability. Accustom him rather to accentuate these attributes of his nature than to disguise them, *whilst on parade*. The process is really rather entertaining than tiresome, not at all difficult with the great majority of dogs, and it is one which should never be associated with any kinds of pains or penalties. It forms a very important part of the equipment of a show dog, and neglect of it must always handicap severely a dog destined for the bench and the ring.

As a justification for exhibiting young dogs not at all likely to win in their respective classes, the writer has heard it argued that shows offer a favourable means of disposing of such stock. This may be true, and it is perfectly obvious that the breeder is under the necessity of finding purchasers for his surplus animals. But, personally, my advice would be to exhibit the best and choicest specimens, and those only, trusting to the commendation and interest these would win, to bring inquiries that would result in the subsequent sale of others of the same stock. 'No, this dog is not for sale, but you could have your choice between a litter brother and a litter sister of his at home, if you like, and I shall be very glad to let you see my other dogs'—is not, I think, a statement likely to discourage a possible client, but, rather,

the contrary. Most people would rather select a dog from his own home surroundings than take him from a crowded show, and many would be attracted by the opportunity of looking over the remainder of the breeder's stock, and so learning something of the genesis and antecedents of the dog chosen. An alternative, of course, is to enter any such dogs in selling classes only, or to classify them as not for competition. The writer's point is that there is real advantage for the breeder, especially in the early stages, in being judged in the ring upon nothing but his very best.

As for the procedure necessary in the entering of dogs for exhibition in Britain, every dog must be registered at the Kennel Club before he can be entered for a show recognised by the Kennel Club. There is a registration fee of 3s. 6d., and the registration forms can be obtained from the Secretary of the Kennel Club, 84 Piccadilly, London. If it be subsequently desired to change the dog's name, the change will have to be registered, and another fee paid for this. An exclusive prefix or affix, which the breeder may use in conjunction with the registered names of all the dogs of his breeding, may also be registered at the Kennel Club where desired; and this costs a guinea. The next step is to apply to the secretary of the dog show itself for a schedule of classes and entry forms. Recognised shows are held under Kennel Club rules, and exhibition of a dog at an unrecognised show disqualifies him for exhibition in shows *recognised by the Kennel Club*. Particulars regarding forthcoming shows in all parts of the

country may be obtained by reference to the dog newspapers which are published every week.

The principal classes scheduled at dog shows are known as Open, Limit, Novice, Maiden, Local, and Puppy classes. For purposes of exhibition, a puppy is a dog not under six or over twelve months of age at the time of entry. Litter classes are for puppies under the age of three months. Each variety has its own classes, of course, and the Open class is that for which all dogs of the variety in question are eligible; the Limit class is for dogs who have not previously won more than six first prizes; the Novice Class is one in which no dog may enter who has won a first prize in any class other than Puppy, Maiden, Local, Member's, or District, or a Challenge Certificate at a recognised show; the Maiden Class is for dogs who have never won a prize; the Local Class is confined to exhibitors within a given radius. Dogs and bitches are provided for in separate classes. In this connexion, it may interest the reader to have before him a statement of the Kennel Club's official division of the different varieties of dogs into 'Sporting' and 'Non-Sporting' categories.

<i>Sporting</i>	<i>Non-Sporting</i>
Airedale Terriers	Black-and-Tan Terriers
Basset Hounds, rough	Black-and-Tan Terriers,
„ „ smooth	Miniature
Beagles	Bulldogs
Bedlington Terriers	Bulldogs, Miniature
Bloodhounds	Bull Terriers
Borzois	Chow Chows

<i>Sporting</i>	<i>Non-Sporting</i>
Dachshunds	Clydesdale Terriers
Dandie Dinmont Terriers	Collies, rough
Deerhounds	„ smooth
Foxhounds	Dalmatians
Fox Terriers, smooth	Foreign Dogs—
„ „ wire	Bouledogues Français
Greyhounds	Elkhounds
Harriers	Esquimaux
Irish Terriers	Lhasa Terriers
Irish Wolfhounds	Samoyedes, and any
Otter Hounds	other variety not
Pointers	here mentioned
Retrievers—	Great Danes
Curly coated	Griffon Bruxellois
Flat coated	Italian Greyhounds
Labrador	Japanese
Scottish Terriers	Maltese
Setters—	Mastiffs
Black-and-Tan	Newfoundlands—
English	Blacks
Irish	White and Black or
Skye Terriers	other than Blacks
Drop-eared	Old English Sheep Dogs
Prick-eared	Pekingese
Spaniels	Pomeranians
Clumber	Poodles
Cocker	Pugs, Black
Field	„ Fawn
Irish Water	St Bernards, rough
Sussex	„ smooth
English Springers	Schipperkes
other than Clumber,	Toy Spaniels—

<i>Sporting</i>	<i>Non-Sporting</i>
Sussex or Field.	Blenheims
Welsh Springers	King Charles or
Red and White	Black-and-Tan
Water	Ruby or Red
other than Irish	Tricolour
Welsh Terriers	White English Terriers
West Highland White	Yorkshire Terriers
Terriers	
Whippets	

The following breeds are recognised by the Kennel Club as Toy Dogs:—

Pomeranians	Japanese
Black-and-Tan Terriers	Maltese
(Miniature) under 7 lbs.	Pekinges
Bull Terriers (Miniature)	Poodles (Miniature)
under 8 lbs.	under 15 inches
Griffon Bruxellois	Pugs
Italian Greyhounds	Toy Spaniels
	Yorkshire Terriers

Under Kennel Club regulations, any dog is disqualified if it be proved:—

1. That any dye, colouring, whitening or darkening matter has been used and remains on any part of the dog.

2. That any preparation, chemical or otherwise, has been used, which remains on the coat during the time of exhibition, for the purpose of altering its texture.

3. That any oil, greasy or sticky substance has been used and remains in the coat during the time of exhibition.

4. That any part of a dog's coat or hair has been cut, clipped, singed, or rasped down by any substance.

5. That the new or fast coat has been removed by pulling or plucking in any manner.

(*Note.*—The coat may be brushed and combed, so that old or shedding coat and loose hairs may be removed.)

6. That if any cutting, piercing, breaking by force, or any kind of operation or act which destroys tissues of the ears, or alters their natural formation or carriage, or shortens the tail, or alters the natural formation of the dog, or any part thereof, has been practised, or any other thing has been done calculated in the opinion of the Committee of the Kennel Club to deceive, except in cases of necessary operation certified to the satisfaction of the Kennel Club Committee.

7. That the lining membrane of the mouth has been cut or mutilated in any way.

With reference to these regulations, the following are officially notified as exceptions:—

1. Shortening the tails of dogs of the following breeds will not render them liable to disqualification:—Spaniels (except Irish Water), Fox Terriers, Irish Terriers, Welsh Terriers, Airedale Terriers, Old English Sheep Dogs, Poodles, Toy Spaniels, Yorkshire Terriers, Schipperkes, Griffon Bruxellois, and such varieties of Foreign Dogs as the Committee may from time to time determine.

2. Dogs of the following breeds may have their coats clipped:—Poodles.

3. Dewclaws may be removed from any breed.

In the course of visiting the leading dog shows in different parts during a quarter of a century, it has not once happened that the writer has seen or heard of anything in the nature of a squabble or dispute; and upon the whole he feels bound to say that he regards the conduct of dog shows in Britain as being highly creditable to their promoters, to the judges, and to the exhibitors. That the work of the judges meets with adverse criticism at times, and from a certain proportion of exhibitors, goes without saying. That is probably inevitable. But the writer believes it fair to say that all concerned do sincerely desire that the best dogs shall win. But it is not always easy to recognise that one's own is not the best dog of a given class.

It is claimed that if the judges were not in many cases themselves breeders, they could not be sufficiently knowledgeable and well-posted in points, and in the development of the breeds concerned. Notwithstanding this claim, the writer is inclined to believe that it is upon the whole undesirable that judges should be appointed from among those persons who are at the time actually breeding dogs of the variety they are called upon to judge. That the judges strive to do their duty impartially and thoroughly, nobody can doubt who has watched them at their work. But with the best will in the world no breeder can be absolutely devoid of prejudice where strains of his own origination and dogs of his own breeding are concerned. Into his breeding of dogs a man will put his own convictions, beliefs, theories, and, it may be, his own passionately held prejudices. When the living results come

before him in the show ring; when the offspring of his own studiously and lovingly evolved sires and dams come before him, among the progeny of sires and dams bred by his fellow and rival breeders, is it reasonable to suppose that he can appraise and choose between them with utter impartiality?

But, when all the existing difficulties and complications are fully appreciated, the writer does consider that the general conduct of dog shows, and the standard of the judging seen at them are highly creditable to all concerned. The sportsmanship of the average exhibitor is admirable. Here and there one naturally sees instances of a self-control that is less invincible than one would wish it to be. But the average is admirable, and the new-comers among exhibitors who keep well abreast of it will do credit to themselves, and to the fraternity of dog breeders and fanciers.

No man or woman who is not entirely prepared to accept cheerfully the considered verdict of the appointed judges regarding the comparative merits of his or her dogs, in competition with the dogs of all and sundry other exhibitors, ought ever to enter a dog for exhibition. By that act of entry you deliberately invite comparison and judgment. When it comes, no matter what you may think of it in your own private mind, accept it cheerfully, without question or comment, with sportsmanlike congratulations to the exhibitor whose dog is placed above yours, and with the most scrupulous courtesy and consideration toward all exhibitors less fortunate than yourself.

IX

ON THE PREVENTION AND TREATMENT OF ILLNESS IN DOGS

It was a canine specialist among London's leading veterinary surgeons who once said to the present writer :—

‘ I sometimes wish the use of drugs for dogs could be made illegal.’

‘ But that is surely an odd wish for a dogs’ doctor to have. How about the effect on your professional prospects ? ’

‘ H’m! It’s true there would be far fewer calls on our services; but there might be a better chance of heed being paid to our general advice, in which case there would really be very little illness among dogs to be treated. For dogs, even more than for men, prevention is so very much better than cure; and the proportion of dog illness that is not preventible is—well, not enough to keep many canine specialists going, I can assure you.’

The writer would like every friend of dogs to keep these words steadily in mind. They are very true and very significant.

It is, however, a fact that canine specialists among veterinary surgeons are multiplying every year, and that, in the conditions at present prevailing, the need and value of their services is continually increasing. Their work, and their increasingly

expert knowledge, are an immense boon to the canine community of to-day, which has gained very greatly from the growing recognition of the fact that the veterinary surgeon whose practice is mainly among horses and cows, can hardly hope to do full justice to the treatment of dogs' illnesses. Successful canine practice does most emphatically call for specialised canine study and thoroughly up-to-date experience.

He is not a wise or kindly friend of dogs who boasts that he is his own vet., and would scorn to call upon the services of the canine specialist. But he emphatically is wise who sets himself so to care for his dog friends as to avoid the need for professional assistance of this kind. It can be done, and that without great difficulty. Putting aside the sort of accidents that result in wounds, dislocations, fractures, and the like, and complications which may arise in connection with whelping, it is perfectly practicable to number a dozen dogs in one's household, and never to have to call in medical assistance for one of them. And every good veterinary surgeon will endorse with enthusiasm the dictum of that well-known member of their profession who told the present writer that:—
'For dogs, even more than for men, prevention is so very much better than cure. . . .' So very much better is it that the writer would like to insist that our very first and most obligatory duty to our dog friends is so to care for them as to preserve them always from need of the help that drugs and professional skill can give in emergency.

Having said so much (in all deliberation) the

writer would like to add two words of caution:—

When in doubt, do not delay or hesitate. Secure the vet.'s help and advice *as promptly as possible*. The difference between prompt and delayed action in this direction very often means the difference between a single visit and success, or a dozen visits and failure.

Having secured the services of the expert, remember that you cannot possibly obtain the full benefit of his knowledge for the patient, without two things for which you, and not the vet., must be responsible: You must tell the vet. all you can that is pertinent about the patient, his normal habits and condition, and his recent departures therefrom; and *you must carry out, precisely and scrupulously, all the instructions and advice you can obtain from the expert, as to dietary and treatment.*

In nine-and-ninety cases of dog illness out of every hundred, dietary and treatment, nursing, in short, are far more important than medicines. The written prescription and the bottle or pill-box may—or may not—prove really helpful. The advice you can obtain—do not forget the uses of cross-questioning in obtaining it—as to feeding and nursing (providing the expert really is expert, and you really are scrupulous in carrying out his instructions) quite certainly will prove helpful, and, far more than anything else, is likely to give the patient back his health. The probabilities are that you most sincerely desire to give him back his health. Even apart from this, *noblesse oblige* demands every practicable effort from you in that

direction, because, more often than not, the temporary loss of it will be due to some omission on your part in the kind of care which prevents illness. That is not a pleasant or flattering reflection, but it is generally a just one. The average dog never will know a day's illness, so long as he is really wisely cared for. True, the avoidance of all forms of contagion—notably that of distemper—is, under certain conditions, exceedingly difficult to compass. As against that, the really well and wisely cared for dog (of average stamina and constitution) is so fit and hearty, so full of the healthy power of resistance, as to be very largely immune and proof against infection and contagion. Consideration of this undoubted fact will, I am sure, be seen to heighten our obligation to our dog friends in the matter of restoring health to them, if and where they do temporarily lose it.

Feeding, cleanliness, housing, and exercise (the three latter being taken to include fully adequate supplies of fresh air and sunshine) are the four vital corner-stones of perfect health for dogs; the true basis of that prevention which is better than the best of cures. Make continuously sure of these, and rare indeed will be the need of nursing; rarer still the need for any kind of medicine. Do not, on any account, however, allow yourself to be misled by the foolishly cheery authority who counsels 'leaving things to Nature'; or who tells you—fatuous fellow!—that your dog, being descended from the wild state, will thrive best when allowed to approximate most closely to the conditions of wild life, and to take his chances in

all things. The writer has heard nonsense of this sort from the lips of old and experienced dog fanciers, which serves to show the inability of some folk to gather wisdom from experience. You and your children have also descended from wild, if not from arboreal ancestors, yet, even in England or America—the happiest hunting grounds of cranks and extremists—one has not yet met the parents who advocated the thrusting out of little children, naked, into the highways and byways, there to fend for themselves in the nearest available approach to the conditions enjoyed by their woad-painted forbears. Any such counsel is the negation of good dog-breeding, since it can aim at nothing save the elimination of every advantage gained by generations of good dog-breeding. Those who have studied the jackal and the wild dog at close quarters are aware that they are poor creatures indeed, by comparison with a decently bred dog of civilisation; and, in any case, our dogs, with thousands of years of civilisation behind them, are no more adapted for the conditions of wild life than we are. Putting aside all sentiment in favour of the primitive, they are vastly too good for it. They are in every fibre the product of civilisation, and of unnumbered generations and centuries of close association with man; and to ignore that is to make it impossible to do them ordinary justice.

In Britain, one of the best-informed of all living authorities upon canine medicine and surgery is Mr A. J. Sewell, M.R.C.V.S., Canine Surgeon to the King and Queen, and to the Kennel Club,

the Dogs' Home, the Dumb Friends' League, and other organisations having their headquarters in London. Mr Sewell is the author of the work entitled: *The Dog's Medical Dictionary: An Encyclopædia of the Diseases, their Diagnosis and Treatment, and the Physical Development of the Dog*; it is doubtful if a better all-round guide than this can be found, as a book of reference in connection with dogs' illnesses and their treatment. This valuable work is published by Messrs Routledge and Sons, in England, and by Messrs E. P. Dutton and Co., in New York. It is a model of expert counsel and practical good sense, so concise that study of its three hundred and odd severely pruned pages leads one to wish that its learned author might have been coaxed into occasional indulgence in a little prolixity; so sure is the reader that any expansiveness on the part of such a writer could have brought nothing but gain and profit to every friend of the dog. But there the Medical Dictionary is, admirably arranged in alphabetical order, from Abrasions to Worms. A copy of it should be on the shelves of every household which includes a dog; and every one who has it is grateful for it as it stands. Read studiously, perpend with care, its all too brief pages on Feeding. There is much concentrated wisdom here, and a store of invaluable precept, (based on very wide experience and accurate scientific knowledge) the proper digestion of which will be found to carry one far in the matter of that prevention which is so greatly preferable to cure. And, the safe stage of prevention having been overpassed, and actual illness

encountered, this wise authority very clearly recognises the predominant importance of nursing. The present writer may hardly hope more truly to serve his own readers than by quotation from Mr Sewell on this point. Thus:—

‘The first thing to be considered in nursing a sick dog is proper quarters for the patient to live in, for in all cases of serious illness he should not be allowed to run loose about a house and out of doors when he likes. If a house dog, he should be put in a good, well-ventilated room, with the temperature kept at as near 60 degrees F. as possible. Of course, in very hot weather that cannot be done, but as much air as possible must be given by keeping the windows wide open during the summer months. In winter, or cold weather, the temperature of the room should be kept up to 60 degrees F., by means of artificial heat—an ordinary fire is best; failing this, a paraffin stove—avoid a gas stove if possible. Of course, with dogs who are in the habit of living out of doors it is different; but even with them, dry, large, well-lighted and ventilated, comfortable quarters, free from draughts, are absolutely necessary if the patient is to have a fair chance, and the temperature of the place should be kept up to 55 degrees F. A loose box in a stable that is kept *clean* makes a capital place; but unless the stable is kept very clean, it smells of ammonia, which is fatal to a dog suffering from distemper, because pneumonia and bad eyes are sure to develop. Sick dogs should always be kept separate. It is a great mistake to put three or four together.

‘As to diet for patients’—and, without much risk, one may think of this as comprising from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of nursing and treatment in most cases of illness—‘see article on Invalid Food. When they will not take food voluntarily, a small quantity, varying according to size of dog, must be given often, about every two hours or oftener, day and night. It is useless to feed a dog well for sixteen hours, and to leave him to chance for eight. It is often during the night, when the system is at its lowest, that a little good, nourishing food, with some stimulant, is most wanted; and it is this attention that saves the patient in many cases.

‘The preparation of food is most important. It should either be done by oneself, or under the personal superintendence of a responsible person. All milk food should be made fresh three times a day, and any that is left over should be thrown away. All feeding utensils must be kept scrupulously clean, and the spoon, bottle, or feeding cup that is used for food or medicine should be washed and dried immediately after being used, ready for next time. The cooking utensils also must be kept scrupulously clean. If these things are not attended to, diarrhœa and sickness result, and the



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Dandie Dinmont Terrier, Champion Milverton King.



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Black Field Spaniel, Champion Bridford Boy.

preparation, and keep the eyes free of discharge with a little weak boracic acid lotion, and also clean the teeth with a weak solution of permanganate of potash. *This is very important.*

‘As well as attending to the patient, the room or kennel requires frequent attention. Do not make the air stuffy with strong disinfectants, but it is a good plan to sprinkle the floor, whether a kennel or room, with pine sawdust, and if the flooring be wood, to cover it over with sheets of old newspapers, which may be covered with sawdust, and then all evacuation may be carried away and burned, for when a dog is very ill he ought not to be allowed to go out. There are some dogs who are so clean that they will not make themselves comfortable in a room, and it becomes absolutely necessary to let them out rather than make them worse by keeping them in. But a dog may be kept for some hours: twelve, or even sixteen, to see if he will not give way. Once he has relieved himself in the room, and finds he is not scolded, he gains confidence, and is not so particular in the future. To make an obstinate dog do what is necessary in a room, especially when the weather is bad, and when perhaps it would be fatal to let him out, I give either a dose of aperient medicine or an enema, which invariably has the desired effect.

‘Do not always be fidgeting an invalid. Do what is necessary, and then leave him alone. Take the temperature regularly three times a day, and at the same time each day, and keep a record on a chart; also, if you can, at the same time count the pulse and the number of respirations per minute,

and record them for reference. In all cases of severe illness, it is a good plan to put a dog in a flannel jacket (so fastened with tapes as to cover the whole abdominal region.)

‘The points to be remembered are:—

1. Dry, well-ventilated, light quarters of a proper temperature.
2. Cleanliness of patient.
3. Cleanliness of surroundings.
4. Cleanliness of everything used for the patient.
5. Not to fidget the patient, but to give him food and medicine at regular stated times.
6. To keep the body warm, but the air he breathes fresh and cool. Fresh air never kills, but foul air often does.

‘The best kind of bed for a small dog being nursed in a room is a basket with a cushion in, which should be covered over with a white cloth or towel, to be changed daily. For a kennel or loose box a bench should be supplied, raised a few inches from the ground, and long and wide enough for the dog to lie out at full length. Straw makes a good bedding, and should be changed often.

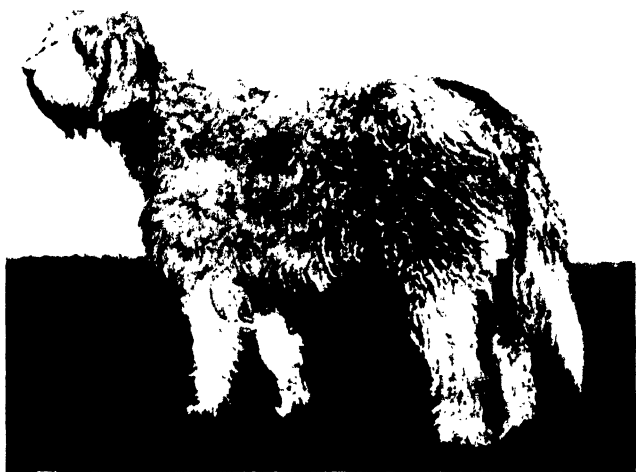
‘In nursing surgical cases, cleanliness is even more important than in medical cases, and the patient should be kept under similar conditions. It is important to take the temperature twice a day at least, for a rise of temperature is the first symptom of suppuration in a wound, and shows that it is not healing in a normal manner, or, if healing, by suppuration it points to pus being pent up somewhere, and the surgeon’s attention is required.

Clean bandages and dressing should be put on every time a wound is dressed, and the bandages taken off should be washed in some disinfectant like Pearson's fluid, dried and ironed, ready for use again. The old dressing which has been in contact with the wound should be burnt.

' Bitches in the nest with puppies require, for the first week at least, as careful nursing as an invalid, and the temperature for the first week regularly taken. It is always a little above normal during the first few days; about 102.4 deg. F. (taken in the bowel); but if it rises over 103 degrees, examination should be made. Possibly there may be a dead puppy, or one of the foetal envelopes left behind, which, of course, must be immediately removed and the womb syringed out with a solution of permanganate of potash, one grain to the ounce of warm water; from two ounces to a pint (according to the size of the dog) of the solution should be used at a time, and the injection repeated in a few hours. A saturated solution of boracic acid or clinesol, one grain to the ounce, may be used instead of the potash. In bad cases, when the temperature is over 104 degrees F. a solution of perchloride of mercury, one in three thousand, is the best remedy; but about a couple of minutes after giving an injection of this drug, the womb must be thoroughly washed out with warm water.'

Consideration of this valuable expert counsel—and there is not a line of it that does not merit careful consideration from all who are in any way concerned with the care of dogs, since the present writer knows of no more acute and knowledgeable

authority on the subject—will indicate to every reader that, if justice is to be done to a really sick dog, very considerable labour, care and attention are required. It is necessary to remember that, where the illness is at all serious, the care and attention given must be continuous and unvarying. Nursing by fits and starts, in odd moments, and as other things permit, is of little or no use where really sick dogs are concerned. Because this is so, many a valuable dog's life has been lost, either because the person who was nursing him had too many other matters to attend to, or—and this is a frequent cause of danger—because, the nursing being more or less vaguely left to two or three different people, each of them has trusted to the others, and the patient has consequently been neglected for an hour or so too long, at a critical time; which, it may be, did not appear to be a very critical time. When a dog, and especially a finely-bred dog, a young Bloodhound, for example, has fallen to anything like a low ebb of vitality, as in distemper, or other fevers, it is simply courting disaster to make him as comfortable as may be at ten o'clock at night, and then leave him entirely until, say, eight o'clock in the morning. Between 1 and 3 a.m., and between 4 and 6 a.m., the timely administration of a little beef-juice, or egg and milk, or something of the sort, will very often save the life of such a patient. The writer would not make these statements on hearsay, or because they have a reasonable seeming. He makes them because, in his own personal experience, endorsed by more than one of the leading canine experts of



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.'

The Otterhound, Statesman of Craigweil.



From 'Prize Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.'

The Old English Sheep-dog, Champion Victor Cavendish.

the veterinary profession, he has proved them to be literally true.

One hears, unfortunately, pretty often, of intelligent and tolerably well-educated women and men, decently bred folk, possessed of good and kindly natures, who are at a loss to discover openings in which they can earn the most modest of incomes. The writer would suggest that there are hundreds of establishments in Britain and in the United States, to mention no other countries, in which considerable numbers of dogs are bred and kept. If strictly reasonable rates of pay were asked it would not be difficult, even for quite inexperienced persons, to obtain employment in such establishments, to assist in the care of the dogs. If such employment were tackled in the right spirit, and with a good will, by any person of average intelligence, *having a natural fondness for dogs*, he or she would very soon acquire a useful store of knowledge regarding the care of dogs, their needs, habits, constitutions, temperaments, and the like. Given such knowledge, it probably would not be hard to obtain a spell of employment in the service of a veterinary surgeon who specialised in the treatment of dogs, or in a dog hospital. Given such experience, it is my opinion that any intelligent and adaptable man or woman would find it comparatively easy to build up a lucrative and interesting practice, in a suitable locality, as a dog nurse, whose services would be available by the hour, by the day or week, or for the period of an illness. Apart from the possession of average intelligence, and a capacity for thoroughness in detail, the writer

would say that the only other essential qualification for success in such an experiment would be that the experimenter should be genuinely fond of dogs, and be naturally what is called 'good with animals.' So much would be necessary.

There are, of course, hundreds of complaints from which it is possible for dogs to suffer; and, as has been indicated, very few of these complaints are in the least likely ever to afflict the dog that is really well and wisely cared for. The writer has already referred to the most authoritative Dictionary he knows of these complaints and their treatments, and will make no attempt to enumerate either in this place. The novice will be well advised to seek skilled advice *directly* he detects symptoms of any kind of illness in his dog. His *Medical Dictionary* will help him here, as it will materially help in subsequent stages the more experienced observer who is able to trust and act upon his own diagnosis.

Constant tinkering and experimenting with patent medicines and specifics is a vice most sedulously to be avoided, however profitable its indulgence may be to various manufacturers and venders. If a dog really stands in need of medicines, they should be prescribed for him by one who possesses expert knowledge. If his nearest human friends do not possess really expert knowledge, they should at once, and before making use of any drugs, seek the assistance of those who do. Having obtained that, all that follows—by far the more important part of the treatment of illness—they may well accomplish for themselves, given the requisite goodwill and application.

With dogs, as with humans, the first discernible symptom of very many disorders—notably, with dogs, the scourge of distemper—is a rise of temperature. The normal temperature in dogs, per rectum, is 101 to 101½ degrees F., or, if taken inside the thigh, or under the arm, one degree lower. A registration of two or three degrees above normal almost invariably means something really wrong; and should be followed by isolation of the patient in suitable quarters and skilled examination. If a dog is seen to be unusually dull, and indifferent about food, it is well to take his temperature. Do not allow yourself to be misled by people who say that the dog who has once had distemper cannot have it again, or that he cannot have distemper without a perceptible discharge of mucous from the nose. He might have distemper half a dozen times; and he might either die of distemper, or reach quite an advanced stage of the illness, without any discharge from the nostrils. Again, especially in cases of distemper, do not be misled, either by your own inclination or the advice of others, into assuming your patient cured, or so far cured as to admit of his being given outdoor freedom, or a normal dietary, *before his recovery is unmistakably established*. Many a fine dog has gone to his grave, and many another has been visited with the severest sort of relapse—cerebral complications, paralysis, chorea, and the like—as the result of too facile an optimism on the part of his human friends. Distemper is, of course, virulently contagious, and it is the easiest thing in the world for men and women to carry the contagion of it from infected

to healthy dogs on skirts, trousers, boots, and the like. The dog's habit of reading life through his nose as much as through his eyes, makes him the more liable both to spread and to acquire contagion.

With regard to feeding—the most important factor in the treatment of illness—it is to be remembered that one volunteer is worth several pressed men in the matter of meals. Without doubt, occasions will arise in every serious illness when, if the dog be not forcibly fed, he will probably collapse and die. But, with careful management, those occasions can often be staved off and the necessity for drenching avoided. Where it is necessary, it is well worth while to devote the utmost care and nicety to the process. Bring it as near as you possibly can to natural feeding, and the patient will derive a deal more benefit from it than he can from any nutriment, no matter how good or well-chosen, which is roughly or carelessly administered. Ordinary beef tea is to be regarded more as a useful stimulant than as a food. A good liquid meat food can be made by slowly stewing equal parts of beef, mutton, and veal, for not less than three hours; say, a pound and a half together in a pint of water. If the patient seems to prefer this cold—the fat having been carefully removed—let him have it so; otherwise, it should be given warm, not hot. Sheep's heads, rabbits, and fish, all make useful broths and jellies when divided into little pieces—the rabbit's bones being broken—and submitted to slow, gentle stewing, and careful straining afterwards. *It is better not to prepare any dog invalid food in large quantities.*

TREATMENT OF ILLNESS IN DOGS 191

Little and often should be the cook's maxim. And never offer the patient as a meal the leavings of his last meal. Let those leavings be destroyed, and the dish scalded and washed and dried directly after the meal. Eggs, milk, and raw, lean flesh, with such adjuncts as beef juice and jelly and arrowroot, are the most valuable staples of invalid dog food; and scrupulous cleanliness, combined with tireless regularity, are the most valuable factors in invalid feeding, and care and treatment generally.

But, even at the risk of being condemned as a bore, the writer feels impelled, in the interests of all dogs and of the friends of all dogs, to make his concluding words on this subject a repetition of the remark quoted at the beginning of this chapter, the view of an experienced veterinary expert:—

‘For dogs, even more than for men, prevention is so very much better than cure; and the proportion of dog illness that is not preventible is—well, not enough to keep many canine specialists going, I can assure you.’

During a good many years the writer has proved the exact truth of this saying over and over again, and he emphasises it here, not only because it is true, but because adequate recognition of it saves such a *mort of trouble for dogs and for their friends.*

X

ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF DOGS

DESPISED and contemned by many peoples in the East (though not by all) the dog is very generally cherished and held in esteem and affection by all Occidental peoples. And it is one of the beliefs of the present writer that the English-speaking peoples throughout the world are perhaps rather fonder of their dogs than any other peoples are; or perhaps it were nearer the mark to say that among the English-speaking peoples the percentage who are not definitely and actively fond of dogs is even smaller than it is among any other peoples of the Western world.

It by no means necessarily follows that the dogs who live with the English-speaking peoples are always the happiest of dogs.

Kindly good nature and freedom from malice and cruelty are, broadly speaking, characteristics of the English-speaking peoples. It does not come natural to them to cherish hatred. (Those who participated in the training and command of men during the European War had this fact forcibly brought home to them.) But, of all peoples, they are easily the most sentimental in the world; and, however good the will behind it, sentimentality by no means always makes for the exercise of true kindness, but only too often for the precise

opposite. This is probably pretty generally understood nowadays, so far as the relations between parents and children are concerned, although—because we are so incorrigibly sentimental—we are far indeed from always acting upon our understanding. The sentimentalist so often prefers to act as though the thing that is were not. He may know ever so well that it is, but he would prefer that it were not; and, because of that, being a sentimentalist, he pretends it is not, and acts as though it were not.

In these days most people realise that it is abominably cruel to keep dogs for ever chained to a kennel; at least as cruel, probably, as it would be to keep a human being chained to the wall of a room; since freedom of action is fully as precious to a dog as to a man. (Incidentally, by the way, no dog so treated can possibly be efficient as a guard or watch-dog, and that fact ought to sweep away the only conceivable motive for such cruelty. A dog may quite easily be taught to become the most efficient sort of guard, none better, but to discharge that function adequately he must be at large for the major part of his time.) Especially among the English-speaking peoples, however, it is by no means so generally understood that it is cruel to inflict *ennui* and boredom upon dogs; again, at least as unkind as it would be to inflict the same upon fellow-humans; since the dog, having fewer mental resources than the human, is the more susceptible to the weariness of inaction, confinement, and the sheer boredom of empty idleness. The writer fancies that this is not nearly so well

realised as it might and should be. That is no true kindness which, having provided a dog with generous supplies of food and shelter, assumes that the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of these is sufficient to fill his life and give him content. Sluggishness is no part of the make-up of any healthy dog; passive and idle inaction does not come naturally to any healthy member of the tribe, for the majority it means active unhappiness and a measure of *ennui* which is progressively damaging to the health of mind, body, and nervous system. (Do not for a moment suppose that the nervous system of dogs is of no great account. You may learn from any canine vet. that hysteria is a frequent complaint among dogs in certain circumstances.)

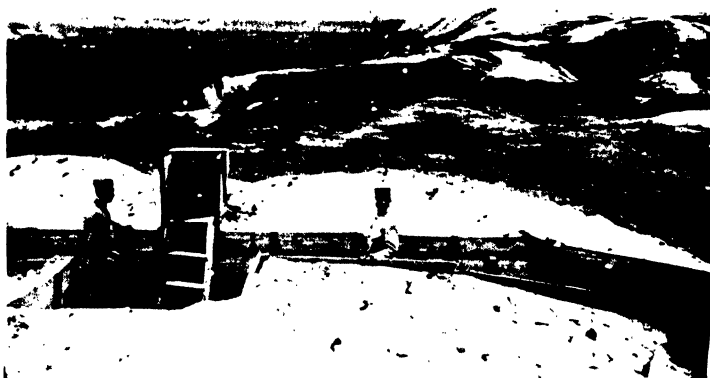
The writer is not at all sure whether, among us, some of the happiest dogs are not those who very rarely experience any conscious kindness of treatment, such as the dogs of certain gamekeepers on the one hand, and of certain poachers on the other hand. The suggestion is, perhaps, a risky one to make. No animal is more appreciative of kindness than the dog; no animal, perhaps, stands more in need of it, because no animal has been made more dependent upon congenial relationship with man. To withhold deliberate and consistent kindness from one's dog friends is a lamentable and horrid thing. The point in the writer's mind at the moment is that the gift of kindness in other directions, combined with the definite unkindness represented by enforced inactivity and the wretchedness of *ennui*, may mean greater deprivation for the dog than the absence of active

THE WAR DOGS OF FRANCE



Like any other wounded soldier.

POST !



Training French Army War Dogs.

kindliness in other directions, combined with the provision of an abundance of congenial occupation and activity of a sort deeply interesting and attractive to the dog. At least, the point is worthy of some consideration. Perpend it in the light of a little careful observation of the eyes, faces, expression, and general demeanour of one or two working sheep-dogs, gamekeepers' dogs, or poachers' dogs, on the one hand, and of one or two pampered, sedentary dogs on the other hand, whose human friends give them any amount of nutriment, warm shelter, and sentimental affection, and—*nothing to do!*

I believe I am correct in saying that in England it is illegal to employ a dog as a beast of burden, to harness a dog to any kind of cart; and that we English people rather pride ourselves upon the fact, flattering ourselves that we are too humane, and too much attached to our dogs to permit them to be used for drawing loads. We do not object to men or women, or half-grown lads being harnessed. I have often seen pallid youths in the shadow of St Paul's Cathedral dragging carts piled far higher than their heads, bent almost double at the task, in harness of the most inadequate description, since it consisted of no more than a cutting breast-band of cord. One frequently sees boys in their early teens trundling exceedingly heavy loads for tradesmen on different kinds of cycles. Yet, apparently, we should think shame of the man who harnessed to such loads a dog of the Mastiff or Great Dane variety, who might easily weigh a good deal more than one of these lads or

men, who might well be far better physically adapted to the work, *and who might thoroughly enjoy doing it.*

But the writer has heard it argued, allowing dogs to be used for draught work would immediately open the door to all kinds of abuses. They would be overloaded, unsuitably harnessed, worked too hard, and in many ways ill-treated. To the writer such views seem unduly pessimistic and not very logical. The dogs in question would by reason of their occupation acquire a definite market value over and above any that they at present possess; and, to put the thing at its lowest, the most careless kinds of men are not wont to be more careless where animals having market value are concerned than where animals having no particular money value are concerned. In permitting the use of dogs for draught purposes it would not be difficult, one imagines, to lay down definite regulations confining the employment to animals above a certain weight, to vehicles of a certain specified kind and capacity, to loads below a certain maximum, to harness of a certain sort. Even apart from rules and regulations, public opinion would place formidable obstacles in the way of the man who was inclined to treat a draught dog unfairly. In those European countries where one sees draught dogs at work, the writer has never once seen a dog in harness who showed the smallest sign of overwork, ill-treatment, or neglect. On the contrary, he has noted with great interest the particularly fine condition of these dogs; their sleek, well-groomed, abundantly nourished bodies, the waterproof mats provided for them to sit upon when at

rest on the road, the obviously good relations existing between the dogs and those in charge of them; and, most notably, the very obvious pride and interest shown by the dogs in their work.

After many years of familiar study of dogs, their habits and temperaments, the writer inclines to the view that there is no other single thing that the average dog so keenly enjoys and appreciates as partnership with men. The work that he shares with a human friend is, I fancy, the finest game in the world, from the average dog's standpoint. His enjoyment of responsibility is too obvious to be doubted. His potentialities as a craftsman are very marked, and, whether for man or dog, the writer for his part has still to discover ~~anything~~ in life more productive of enjoyment and content than the conscious and successful exercise of craftsmanship. With us, dogs like the Retriever, the Setter, the Pointer, the Field Spaniel, and the Foxhound are almost invariably happy and contented dogs, because they are really skilled craftsmen, adequately trained, permitted fully to exercise their craftsmanship and occupied consciously in partnership with men. The writer does not believe that the dog differentiates between exercises undertaken by men for the sake of payment and those undertaken for love of sport. That is not the test that he applies by way of distinguishing between toil and enjoyable exercise. If the exertion be rational, healthful, and worth while, in the sense that by means of it something desired (by himself or by his human partner) is achieved, then it is good, a source of gladness and

pride, from the dog's standpoint, whether it be the patrolling of a lonely copse, the hauling of a load, retrieving, hunting, shepherding, guarding, life-saving, dispatch-bearing, or the chasing of a ball. I do not know of any created being that finds more zest and enjoyment in active occupation than the dog does. He is quite capable of feeling the irksomeness of a task, and of hating an occupation, but only, I think, where these are irrational.

I can imagine a dog coming to loathe the treadmill to the full as heartily as any unfortunate human prisoner could. The weariness and nausea to be seen in the faces of dogs obliged to perform tricks are things not easy to forget. But rational and reasonable effort, having an intelligible objective (whether his human partners choose to label it sport or work) is something in which the healthy dog delights.

During the European War the British authorities did endeavour to make some use of dogs, but without the thoroughness and success achieved by the French and Belgians, who for so long have familiarised themselves with the use of dogs in draught work and the like. It may have been a matter of common knowledge for very many other people, but the writer had no idea until he came to see it for himself, whilst temporarily attached to the French Army, that every French Army Corps has its completely organised, fully staffed and equipped camps of dogs, administered like any other recognised arm of the Service. In this connexion the writer has already placed his impressions on record, in the volume entitled *C'est*



Reproduced from the 'Kennel Encyclopædia.'

Belgian Draught Dogs.

Pour la France, but reference to them here may be not entirely without interest for some readers of these pages.

Camps of dogs are established in each Corps area occupied by the French Army, and conducted with the same methodical precision of military routine that you would find in, say, the Cyclist Corps of a British Division. The dog camps consist of huts, as in the case of the men's camps, but there is no front wall to these huts, and along the inside of them are neat kennels, all numbered, and looking like miniature stalls in stables, except that each is separately roofed. The dogs have their drill, parade, and manœuvring grounds, just as soldiers have; their administrative centre or orderly room; their cook house, dressing station and hospital, supply and equipment store, and all the usual accessories, with the possible exception of the canteen and the detention cells. I would not suggest that the war dogs of France are total abstainers in the matter of alcohol, but I fancy excessive drinking is unknown among them, and that it is the rarest thing in the world for any of them to over-stay their passes or wander out of bounds. The general level of discipline among them is quite obviously very high—so high in fact that there would seem to be no need for any system of punishments and penalties, official reprimands proving amply sufficient to meet such small derelictions of duty as do from time to time occur. There are, of course, black sheep in every family, and occasionally it is found, after a dog has passed successfully through his period of military training,

that he displays hesitancy, or even open cowardice in the fighting line, when strafing is toward. But in view of the high general level of bravery and devotion to duty that is shown through the corps, the authorities have found it possible to treat such cases with leniency, and no early morning firing party is requisitioned, but the offender, if not obviously qualified for some useful work in the rear, on lines of communication or the like, is simply dismissed the Service and no more said. Such cases are quite exceptional, and do not really detract from the deservedly high reputation of a very fine fighting unit.

With these four-footed fighters, as with their masters, the first lesson to be learned is that of implicit obedience. They are spared the monotony of squad and section drill—so invaluable in the training of human soldiers—and may turn to the right or left in one, two, or three motions, according as the fancy strikes them and convenience dictates. But they very emphatically have to learn, and at once, the meaning of 'Attention!' and the absolute necessity of adhering rigidly to that state when ordered thereto, until the 'Dismiss!' or the 'Stand easy!' is given.

Perhaps the very first lesson the French war dog has to learn is that of obedience to the simple order 'Still' or 'Stay there!' At first it is merely to sit still at his commander's feet, but before the day is out he will learn to sit still also whilst his instructor walks away across the drill ground. Having acquired a reliable measure of proficiency in this, the dog really has learned a good deal, and

is entitled to the beginnings of a military swagger, which he forthwith introduces into his gait and general deportment. He begins then to think a good deal of himself, though in reality he probably has acquired a good deal more than he knows or can comprehend.

Having learned to stay in a given position on a given spot when ordered, the war dog is then taught sentry duty; that is, not alone to stay in a given position on a given spot, when ordered, but, while there, to keep a sharp look-out in a given direction, and in that direction only. To this end he sits erect in a sort of shooting butt, looking to his front, his view to either side being hemmed in by bare boards. The instructor stands in rear, and every time the neophyte turns his head round the instructor's voice sharply recalls him to his 'Post!' until very soon the word comes definitely to mean 'Duty,' to the dog; and the whole round of his daily life is teaching him all the time that duty is the one thing which quite certainly may not be neglected. A tour of duty at the sentry-post may last no more than five or ten minutes to begin with, but, before ever he sees the trenches, the war dog has learned to watch out to his front with the eyes of a lynx, and without a turn of the head, for several hours on end; and he does it, not only with efficiency and thoroughness, but with great and very evident pride.

There are various grades to be passed through in sentry work alone by the French war dog, apart from the other soldierly duties he learns to perform. Having thoroughly mastered the look-out duty,

so far as his vision is concerned, his outlook on 'Post' is blocked in by boards, and he must learn to perform the same duties with the aid of scent and hearing, and of each sense independently of the other. (Scents on the battlefield are apt to be very confusing to the best-trained dog, and the wind may be against him.) He must learn also never to bark, however much his suspicion may be roused, but only to growl, soft and low, with nostrils all aquiver and ears erect. That is his appointed means of passing on a warning to the nearest two-legged sentry in his part of the trench. Mere common civilian dog barks would, of course, warn the enemy, as well as one's own side, and so are strictly forbidden.

It is a strange and impressive sight to see one of these so carefully trained dogs of war on his sentry post, his view entirely cut off by boards, his hackles and ears slowly rising, his sensitive nostrils wrinkling in watchful wrath, and then, slowly, when he has verified his suspicions, to hear the low whisper of a vibrating growl, as it were *leaking, from between* his tightly clenched jaws. Climb out then over the barrier of his training place, and in the misty distance of a winter's evening, a couple of hundred yards away, you will see the crouching figure of a trainer, disguised in padded leather overalls, carrying a club like a rifle, and creeping from fold to fold of the ground, taking all the cover he can, and generally behaving like a prowling enemy patrol. Needless to say, he has made no sound that any human ear could possibly have caught from the sentry-post. But the dog's ears are a deal

more sensitive, and have been carefully trained. As to the why and wherefore of the padded leather overalls, something more than disguise is wanted; for the war dog must be trained to use his teeth on occasion, and where necessary, as certain marks on this leather armour plainly show.

Then there are the liaison duties: an important part of war dog training this. Attached to the liaison dog's collar is a tiny cartouche, into which a despatch rolled into a spill may be introduced. Carrying this, the liaison dog is liberated from a sentry-post by one instructor, and bidden to travel to his front, belly to earth, to find his other instructor. Off he flies like an arrow from the bow, and, if he has had his training, he travels warily as any old campaigner, though at top speed, taking advantage of every fold in the ground for cover from fire, and making swift detours to avoid the proximity of any stranger he should encounter. Half a mile across the rough, undulating ground, he races up to his other instructor. The despatch is read, the precise time noted on it, the paper returned to its cartouche, and off goes the war dog on his return journey to the sentry-post, streaking along in the hollows like a fox, and studiously avoiding any figure that appears between himself and his objective.

There is Red Cross training to be done, too; and the dog who has mastered this will scour the country in quest of recumbent men. If they can send a message by him, well and good, but, failing that, he will snatch the cap from such a man's head, or any loose thing that lies about him, and

go racing back to his headquarters with that, ready to guide a stretcher-bearer to the spot at which he found it.

They are real soldiers, these war dogs of France, cheery and enduring in their work, jolly and sportive in their leisure, and devoted, body, soul, and spirit to the officers and men who train and lead and direct them. Rewards they have in plenty, not only in the pride and delight they take in their work, but because the human soldiers with whom they are associated are as fond of them as they are of the men, and as generous to them as they are to one another. It would not be easy to devise a system of honours or decorations to be conferred upon the members of this corps who specially distinguish themselves; and as yet one has heard of no suggestion of 'wound stripes' for war dogs; but I have seen dogs at work in the French Army who had already been wounded twice, and who, after being nursed and cared for till fully recovered, like any other wounded fighter, have returned to the Line as keen as ever upon their work.

The attitude of the dogs toward the men who manage them forms a tribute to the humanity and good nature of each one of those men; and the whole system of their training and use in war is a striking evidence of the thoroughness and grasp of detail which characterise the French Army, no less than the wonderful capacity of the dog for co-operation in the affairs and work of the man.

Any suggestion that the English-speaking peoples *are less capable of training dogs to help and serve them than, for example, the French, is hardly*

likely to carry weight with those who have watched English Settlers, Pointers, or Retrievers at their special work in the English countryside; by those who have attended Field Trials or Sheep-dog competitions in England; or by those who have seen sled dog teams at their work on the snow-covered trails of the Yukon. But, apart from such activities as these, it is a fact that the English-speaking peoples have largely neglected the working capacity of dogs, less from carelessness than from a kind of sentimentality which, I venture to think, has little behind it in the shape of logic or practical wisdom. Rightly understood, such jobs as house-guarding, or escorting a lady in lonely walks abroad, lend themselves admirably to the dog's capacity. Once trained, dogs will perform such duties to admiration, showing extraordinary zeal and intelligence in their work, combined with unwavering devotion, and an unfailingly strong sense of responsibility. But, whilst ready and predisposed to receive and profit by training, no dog can fairly be expected to discharge such duties adequately, or with real satisfaction either to himself or to his human friends, unless and until he has been carefully and intelligently taught. The teaching is really an easy task as well as a delightfully interesting one; by reason of the docility, intelligence, and loyal instinct for service with which dogs are endowed; but where for any reason, or in the absence of any reason, it is neglected, there, at all events, it behoves those of us who have learned to know and to love these affectionate and trusty friends of our species to

make it part of our business to see to it that our dogs shall be as securely safeguarded against the miseries of boredom and inaction as against starvation or undue exposure to cold and wet. Interest, occupation, and rational activity are as desirable for dogs as for men; the lack of them is as detrimental to the health and happiness of the one race as to the well-being of the other race. If all work and no play still make Jack a dull boy, it is certain that the lack of both play and work will make a very dull dog. Walking exercise on a lead is, perhaps, the nearest thing a dog knows to irksome task work, and the dog whose life brings him little more than this as a break between eating and sleeping, is a creature but half alive, and one who is quite surely being deprived of his natural birth-right. Such a dog probably knows less of the joy of living than the roughest of poacher's lurchers, despite the fact that you, madam, or you, sir, may entertain toward him the kindest sentiments imaginable.

Hunting, whether for food or for sport, is more often than not an occupation beyond the scope of the life we have mapped out for our dog friends. Good food and shelter we owe, and give them, as a matter of course. In addition, we most of us desire to make them happy, and no healthy dog can be happy unless a certain amount of activity enters into his life; unless he has things to do as well as things to eat.

By a coincidence which is perhaps odd enough to deserve recording, twenty-four hours after writing these lines, the author was shown an English

dog on the platform of a wayside English railway station (in Sussex-by-the-Sea) who served through the greater part of the War, and was wounded when close to the Yser Canal, within sight of the particular French Army Dogs' Camp here mentioned, of which a photograph appears in this volume. If this dog's friend and guardian, 'Harry,' should chance to read these pages, he will know that the black soldier with a grizzled muzzle has won another admirer who also served for some time in that same gray North Sea sector of the 500 mile-long line.¹

¹ See page 201.

XI

THE ETERNAL FEMININE A PLAIN DOG'S RECORD

DESPITE his massive frame, his great muscular strength, and his two years' record of Northland life, The Kid remained unmistakably a Chechahco.

He was by temperament a Tenderfoot, and he had never been known to resent the fact that, at one time or another, all his working associates took advantage of him, and imposed upon his unvarying good nature. In fact, Langham, the Englishman, made no bones about asserting that The Kid was half-witted. Seattle Jack, Langham's partner, would not admit this, though he frequently told The Kid how very many different kinds of a blame fool he was. But both Langham and the more widely knowledgeable Jack agreed that The Kid was a very honest and tireless worker, if not brilliant on the intellectual side.

They had given fifty dollars, a magazine rifle, and some stores to boot, for The Kid, and used him now as wheeler in their sled team, a post in which he gave perfect satisfaction to his masters, though his team-mates showed only contempt for him, regularly stealing part of his daily ration from the big dog, and bluffing him into giving trail to them at every turn in the working day's

routine. And yet The Kid seemed to thrive. Perhaps he fed upon his own apparently inexhaustible amiability.

His first owner in the North-land was a French Canadian, who acquired The Kid as a gift from the man who had bought him from the thief who stole him from the home of his puppy days, outside Victoria, on Vancouver Island. The reason The Kid was given away was that his hasty and rather callous owner had looked upon him at the time as no more than so much dog food.

'I'm not running no nursing home, and I ain't got time for cutting up cats' meat,' The Kid's then owner had said, contemptuously. 'You can take him, an' welcome, Jean,' he told the wiry little French Canadian.

This was less than an hour after The Kid's landing from the steamer. His ears were then in ribbons, his right flank was deeply scored, his left shoulder was raw meat, and his throat lay indecently bared to the assaults of a temperature of something more than fifty below. The huskies, whose stamping ground that landing place was had welcomed The Kid as the most entertaining new arrival yet seen. They had extended the cold fang to him to such purpose that, in the absence of Canadian Jean, with his club, there would hardly have been any visible portions of The Kid remaining in another few minutes.

'Ee's a good sorter dawg, too,' explained Jean apologetically.

'Too blame good fer me, I guess; too much early Christian about him, an' not enough husky;

not enough sand to polish a needle in,' opined The Kid's owner.

So Jean gathered up the remains and nursed them, and three months later boasted that he had the best wheeler in the Yukon. But that did not prevent The Kid being presently traded away, several times over, before he reached Seattle Jack's hands.

The Kid, according to Seattle Jack, carried in his veins the blood of Newfoundlands, Retrievers, and Collies—'An' if et weren't fer the Collies he'd bin et up years ago.'

He was both taller and heavier than the average husky, and his coat was a magnificently heavy and dense one. Indeed, The Kid owed his life to this coat, but for the density of which he must certainly have succumbed to some of the hundreds of wounds he had sustained. Two years' experience of the trail and the trace had not taught The Kid to fight, but only to be prepared for attacks, and to turn the fierce edge of them, upon the whole very successfully, with the help of his thick coat and a kind of ox-like thrust of his massive shoulder.

One of his good points from a dog-musher's standpoint was that he never needed the whip, being a glutton for work, and extremely docile and obedient. Seeing that he could never have felt a whip-lash, unless across his muzzle, it will be understood that this was a virtue in The Kid. Most people who had seen The Kid successfully attacked and hustled by dogs half his size concluded that the big dog was a cur and a coward. Seattle Jack claimed that no cur would carry his flag so

high astern as The Kid carried his, and that no coward would have just the kind of eyes The Kid had.

But Langham, and others, protested The Kid's tail was a big bluff, and pointed out that his eyes never saved his hide (or his grub) in a scrap. All things considered, it is to be feared that, with the possible exception of Seattle Jack, The Kid had never met a man or a dog in the Yukon who did not despise him, either rancorously or with an easy contempt. Mere amiability may be well enough down South, but in the North-land, all-round competence is the one thing that really counts, and aggressive competence is the only sure title to respect. Now The Kid, though not incompetent, was always willing to let another dog take credit for the work he did; and as for aggressiveness, there was not enough of it in his entire composition to equip a guest at a doll's tea-party.

Still, he survived (and made out to keep himself in first-class condition, too) in the North-land, a fact due largely no doubt to his good luck in the matter of his masters. When Seattle Jack had occasion to take a club or a whip to his dogs, it was pretty generally in defence of The Kid, or to punish a barefaced theft of food from the big butt of the team. As a general thing, the law that holds among northern sled dogs is: Fight or die; be swift in vengeance, as in eating, or starve; wherever you see fangs bared, bite hard and quick, that ye be not bitten. But The Kid, he seemed to be able to go blundering on through life, without ever for a moment heeding this simple code by which other sled dogs are bound.

The biggest of all the jokes against The Kid was the story of how, on the banks of the Yukon River, he had once allowed a hungry weasel to flash in and steal his supper from under his nose. Jean had actually seen the theft, and noted, for the benefit of posterity, the look of chagrin—far more of sorrow than of anger—which had come over The Kid's face as his ration of salmon slid away between the jaws of the fearless little weasel.

The Kid was quite the house dog. Nothing of the wolf about him. Long after all his mates had curled down and become hidden for the night in their snow nests, The Kid would lie drowsily blinking at his masters, and anything they had in the shape of a fire. The probabilities are that, while the snow-wrapped huskies dreamed of memorable killings, The Kid, in his lazy, southern way, ran a kind of an amateur moving picture show in his own unpractical mind. When apparently sound asleep the pictures his musings showed him sometimes made The Kid whine in a curious, half-human fashion.

'Powerful hefty sort of imagination that Kid's got,' Jack would say.

'H'm! I forget whether it's that or conscience doth make cowards of us all,' replied Langham once. But, as a general thing, the Englishman would heave a stick or a pine knot at The Kid, and bid the big dog keep his plaguy imagination to himself.

While the huskies dreamed chiefly of meat, with red blood in it, The Kid, no doubt, saw visions of home scenes in Victoria: firelit hearths, it may be, little children romping over rugs and carpets,

kindly-faced men and women who patted his head and gently rubbed the roots of his ears—all manner of things most strangely foreign to the hard-bitten life of trace and trail, with the thermometer sagging to and fro in the fifties and sixties below.

When Pincher died and Jinny was bought to fill his place, Seattle Jack decided to harness the new-comer immediately in front of The Kid, to make things as easy as might be for her. For a while the other dogs took little or no notice of Jinny, whose sex, of course, preserved her from their fangs. But, from the first, The Kid and she were chums. Jinny showed no inclination whatever to adopt the attitude of contempt for The Kid which every other dog he met showed. She stuck just as closely to the big wheeler when out of harness as she did perforce when in the traces.

‘Regular old hen with one chick, The Kid,’ said Langham. And, as Jinny was rather on the small side, and The Kid an exceptionally big dog, his care of the new-comer did make him look a bit motherly.

There came a day when all the team suddenly began to develop a remarkable and embarrassing amount of interest in The Kid’s chum. It was awkward enough during the day, when the team was at work. But that night, after supper, the thing became a pest, and poor Jinny was given no peace by reason of the obtrusive attentions, the unmannerly curiosity and swaggering aggressiveness of the other dogs, and especially of Rip, the leader, a handsome, powerful husky, with a broad white scar down one side of his muzzle, and a deadly reputation among fighting dogs as a killer.

Jack and Langham, smoking their pipes, were watching the unwonted activity of their dogs, when, suddenly, Jinny gave a little whining cry as she wheeled about in the snow to evade the masterful Rip. Up till that time she had confined her remarks to snarling warnings and snaps of her jaws as the dogs crowded her. Now she let out this low, whining cry, and its immediate result was just about as startling as any two thunderbolts could have been to Seattle Jack and Langham, and, in all probability, to their dogs.

As though he had been propelled from the muzzle of a spring cannon, that imperturbably amiable lover of peace at any price, The Kid, flashed down upon the strutting Rip and bowled that swaggering ruffler clean off his four feet into the snow. This was sufficiently astounding. It was as though a big Clydesdale colt had suddenly turned and butted at a lynx or a wolf. But the climax of it was that, before Rip could collect his scattered senses The Kid had him by the throat—the killing under-grip—and was savagely shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat.

Jack and Langham were none too soon in arriving in the ring with clubs. Rip was mighty close up to his last reckoning, when the men's clubs began to rattle about the big dog's ribs, and he was hauled off by Jack.

'Be careful now! Don't handle him, man. That dog's gone mad; that's what's wrong with him. Wait till I get my gun. Don't get near his jaws. Why, he's foaming. He's romping mad.'



From 'Show Dogs,' by Mr Theo. Marples, Editor of 'Our Dogs.']

The Master Philosopher among Dogs.



A Mandarin's daughter who shines as a hostess.

Seattle Jack drew back a step to take another look at The Kid, while Langham rustled in the pack for his gun.

Say, don't you waste no bullets on our wheeler,' said Jack, as Langham returned. 'I don't reckon he's any madder 'n what I am; only he's got to put up a fight for his mate, an' b'gosh he'd hev put up a pretty good one, too, you believe me, if we hadn't clubbed him off.'

Langham growled out a remark about taking chances, and the deadly things he had seen in the past as the results of dog madness.

'Oh, I've seed a husky good an' mad, too; real bug-house, I can tell ye,' said Jack. 'An' I've pumped him good an' full o' lead; but I'm not killin' any good wheelers for takin' care o' their mates, partner, not me. See here, now!'

He caught hold of the Kid's jaws in his two hands, thrust them apart, and held one hand between the white fangs, and, finally, pulled The Kid's ears and rubbed the back of his head.

'Good dog,' he said. 'You just lay back now, an' turn your sleeves down.' And then, to Langham, 'You bet I'm not takin' any chances o' that sort with a mad dog. No, sir.'

The astounding attack from The Kid had shocked his team-mates in much the same way as a sudden, open-mouthed attack from one of his sheep would startle a shepherd. Then had come the men's onslaught with their clubs. Altogether, the team was feeling most remarkably subdued. Clearly, it was not wise to interfere with Jinny while the men-folk were awake and at hand, to say nothing

of that uncanny Kid, who lay now by Jinny's side licking her ears, and who seemed in some weird way capable of transformation at a moment's notice from the credulous, submissive, amiable tenderfoot he always had been into a raging whirlwind of most deadly wrath. Even the redoubtable Rip preferred for the time being to sit up at a respectful distance, his muzzle pointing earthward, by way of hiding the rumpled, slightly bloody state of his ruff and throat hair. The Kid's weight and massive bulk had never before seemed a factor worth counting. They had never protected him at all; but, on the contrary, had seemed to make him the more clumsy and helpless, as a butt should be. But, in those few seconds of his wildly unexpected attack, The Kid's weight had suddenly declared itself to Rip as a most formidable fact.

The night was still and very cold. There was no moon, but the Aurora Borealis flamed icily in a clear sky, so that each separate grain of snow showed plain as in daylight. Within an hour from the time at which Langham, suspecting madness in The Kid, had produced his gun, both men were sound asleep. None of the dogs slept as yet, though all lay quiet and still, as though forgetful of the startling event of that evening. The Kid, as usual, lay close beside Jinny.

Suddenly, every dog's eyes opened widely, and all their ears twitched upwards. Jinny had risen from her place beside The Kid. She gave her mate a friendly look, and then, without sound, trotted off towards the trees that flanked one side of the trail in this place. The Kid rose, obediently,

and followed Jinny closely. As Jinny passed the spot at which Rip still sat erect, his muzzle slightly lowered, she paused for an appreciable moment of time, bestowing upon the team's leader the same amiable, friendly sort of look she had given The Kid. Rip moved forward instantly, as though to close in beside Jinny. Whereupon The Kid emitted a low, snarling growl, thrusting forward his right shoulder as a buttress, to fend off Rip's approach. Rip did not snarl or snap. He fell back a pace or two, and ran in then on Jinny's other flank.

So the three trotted off into the wood, Jinny a little in advance, The Kid and Rip in close attendance at her flanks, one on either side. To their rear, in fan-shaped formation, trotted the remaining five dogs of the team, watching closely, and all silent as wraiths. The two men beside the dying fire slept soundly. Within a few minutes their sled dogs were a mile or more away, on the far side of a deep wood.

What rather puzzled and annoyed The Kid was that when, as happened every now and again, Rip closed in upon Jinny's shoulders and thrust his muzzle close up to hers from behind her ear the slut did not snarl at him, or snappishly withdraw, as she had done earlier in the evening. The snarling at such moments was left for The Kid to do. And, though he did it with a fierceness quite uncannily foreign to his nature, as his team-mates had so far known it, the result was not so satisfying to him as a snarl from Jinny would have been. Indeed, it affected precisely nothing at all, since he could not leave his place at Jinny's right side,

and there was not much point in snarling at Rip while Jinny's shoulders were between them.

Perhaps Jinny realised this. At all events, it was a movement of hers which presently affected a radical change in the situation. Both dogs in the same moment had pressed forward to touch her face with their muzzles. Each had snarled fiercely, with hackles erect, as he noted the approach of the other's muzzle. In that critical instant, Jinny's lissom form was drawn backward with a slinking movement, low to the earth, so that of a sudden, with no other barrier between them than a foot of trodden snow, the two dogs found themselves snarling in each other's faces.

Jinny withdrew backwards, a dozen paces to the right. The other five dogs of the team came to a standstill in a semi-circle. Almost immediately they sat up on their haunches, curving their bushy tails about their feet, their eyes immovably fixed upon Rip, their redoubtable leader, and The Kid, who now faced one another in a clear patch, stiff-legged and snarling ferociously. A light of great satisfaction shone in the eyes of Jinny, where she sat, erect, alone, eagerly watchful, at the foot of a spruce tree to the right.

Suddenly pourparlers ceased between the wolf-like leader and the big wheeler. The Kid plunged forward upon Rip like an angry bull, intent upon throwing the leader as he had thrown him before, crushing him to earth, and fastening upon his throat. But the present position was not at all that of the earlier attack, in which Rip had been taken completely by surprise. He was now the

very incarnation of ferocious watchfulness. There was no suggestion in him now of the careless, contemptuous attitude which in the past had marked the dealings of all dogs with The Kid. Rip knew now precisely what the wheeler's superior bulk and weight meant, and was fully prepared to measure against them his own superior agility and the fighting skill gained in years of often disputed but never defeated leadership.

Like a flash Rip wheeled as his opponent charged, and, when The Kid recovered position his left ear was torn in sunder.

Jinny licked her lips thoughtfully, and the other five dogs, drawing long breaths, edged forward an inch or two in the snow.

In the struggle that followed Rip relied chiefly upon his marvellously agile foot-work and the swift use of his fangs, whilst The Kid continued to make all the use he could of his great weight and splendid muscular strength. Once, the fury of his battering attack did hurl Rip to the ground, and in that moment The Kid's jaws parted with a roar for the killing thrust, Rip's four feet being off the ground, his throat exposed. In the same instant, though they probably knew it not, the five watching dogs moved forward almost a yard, their jaws all parted, their hanging tongues exposed. And Jinny—Jinny leaped to her feet, her light-coloured eyes aflame with eager watchfulness, her lips drooling. It seemed the leader's last moment had certainly come.

But perhaps The Kid wasted the fraction of a priceless second over his triumphant roar. Perhaps

his massive frame could not be moved quite swiftly enough. Perhaps there was a hair's-breadth of inaccuracy in the aim of his killing thrust of wide-parted jaws. At all events, he missed the throat-hold, and even lost a strip of skin from the side of his muzzle in the whirling flurry of spume and blood and snow-dust in which Rip regained his feet.

Rip's great difficulty throughout had been the extraordinary plenitude and density of The Kid's coat. Slashing at his body or shoulders, Rip found, was like trying to bite at a bone through two door-mats. Rip had reached The Kid a score and more of times with his lightning-swift fangs, but had drawn visible blood only when his jaws reached the big wheeler's ears and face. And Rip had tasted the ultimate bitterness of death itself when The Kid's last charge had lifted him off his feet. An observer would have said his eyes never for an instant left his opponent's great body. Yet Rip had plainly seen Jinny's quick forward movement. He had noted each detail of the excited advance of the other five dogs in that deadly critical instant when The Kid's roar had smote upon his ears with the very note of doom.

There was an icy fire of rage burning in Rip's heart now, as he leaped and feinted, flashed and fenced before the big dog. The fear of death was upon him, but so far from numbing, it electrified every faculty in him to a white-hot fury of intense efficiency. Three burning emotions flanked his cold fear of death: hurt pride in his hitherto unbeaten leadership; hatred of the great, sheep-like dog who had dared to emerge from his long

period of submission and become a deadly fighting force; and passionate longing for the possession of Jinny. These were the driving forces which sent Rip playing like lambent flame about the mail-coated figure of the big wheeler.

The Kid had never known the spur of hate, and felt none of it now. Neither had he ever learned in all his North-land life, to fight as such wolf-dogs as Rip fight. He had only learned to use his great strength and bulk for purposes of defence. And, but for the one thing, he would even now be using them to no other end. Now he fought for the right to protect his mate, Jinny; the slut whom he had consistently befriended since the day she joined the team. Jinny wanted him, he felt, and he fought for the right to be with her, and cherish her. It was a good and kindly aim whetted now, it might be, by some other desires of which he understood nothing. But certainly he lacked the complicated series of driving forces that combined to give power and lightning swiftness to every one of Rip's movements, just so surely as he lacked altogether Rip's knowledge of wolf tactics, or any other tactics in combat.

The Kid flung every particle of his great strength into the fight for Jinny, without reserve, without fear, with never a thought of sparing himself in any way. And Rip, he flung nothing. He just disposed, this way and that, of the resources at his command, using throughout the precise and calculated nicety with which a good juggler juggles.

Two minutes after that forward move with which Jinny, like the five other dogs, had signalled

her supposition that Rip's end was at hand, The Kid charged again, and with even more of devastating forcefulness than before. Rip evaded the charge with wonderful skill. But, this time, he made no attempt to slash at The Kid's impenetrable body coat, nor even to reach head or ears with his fangs. He bent low as he wheeled to avoid the charge, creeping to his opponent's rear. The watchers saw in this the movement of a beaten dog. Their leader had met his master. Again, in their excitement, they all edged forward a little.

But what was this? In place of another killing roar of defiance they now heard from The Kid a howling cry of agony and consternation. The Kid squirmed round upon his hindquarters, snapping wildly at Rip's head. Next moment Rip leaped clear with bloody fangs to face an enemy on three legs. The Kid was hamstrung. Rip's fangs had locked clean through the lower thigh of his right hindquarter. The limb trailed useless in the blood and froth-flecked snow. Rip, using his pitiless thoughts, as well as his muscles, had found a point at which the big dog's armour was thin—almost non-existent.

Valiantly, with writhen lips and glazed eyes The Kid charged again, on three legs. Nature and his forbears had not included the thing men-folk call pity in Rip's make-up. The Kid's loss of a leg did teach Rip a lesson, but it was not one having anything whatever to do with mercy.

The Kid's three-legged charge was received in a quite new way. Rip crouched low to meet it, like a mother dog at play with her pups. And,

as the big wheeler crashed down upon him, he took The Kid's left fore-leg between his jaws, just below the knee, and locked his fangs clean through it; even as, a minute before, he had locked them in a hind leg.

Again The Kid's voice rent the icy stillness of that place in a blood-curdling cry of anguish. He stumbled, fell, and in that instant, as Rip's jaws plunged for The Kid's throat, Jinny leaped, snarling, at his heaving flank, ripping and tearing at his dense coat, as she sought flesh-hold for her fangs.

The death of The Kid was mercifully swift then. The thin-coated skin of his lower flank and belly was rent from him in strips by the busily efficient fangs of the slut for whom he had fought, while Rip's more powerful jaws let out his life-blood on the snow by tearing his throat to ribbons.

The five watching dogs edged closer, inch by inch, with drooling jaws, but they did not venture upon anything like actual contact with Rip and Jinny. Their inquisitive noses never touched the rapidly stiffening body of their old team-mate and wheeler until Jinny and Rip were half a mile away, trotting amicably side by side between the trees; real huskies both, you see; wolf-dogs who had never known the true dog world of the South.

Now and again as they trotted, Rip touched Jinny's muzzle with his nose. Directly Rip paused, Jinny began to lick his wounds solicitously. They were none of them very serious. Rip had been too swiftly agile to allow The Kid's great strength to tell upon him very much.

In the morning Seattle Jack and Langham found

that their team consisted of five dogs instead of eight.

'That cussed mad Kid must've killed Rip and Jinny, too,' growled Langham angrily.

'H'm! I guess not. I'll bet he's not killed Jinny, anyway,' said Jack.

During the day Seattle Jack thought a good deal about this matter while helping his overladen five dogs over the trail. He had no faith whatever in the theory of The Kid's madness, and was not over and above surprised when, at feeding time that night, Rip and Jinny turned up with the others for their ration of sun-dried salmon. Rip's tail was carried low, and he had a very shamefaced look, as well he might. For a leader to shirk the trace through an entire day is no small sin.

But Jinny's slim, somewhat undersized frame, and clever, pointed face were alike eloquent of but one thing: satisfaction, content.

'You look pleased with yourself, me lady,' said Seattle Jack to Jinny. 'I was told a good few dogs had fought for you, undersized an' all as you are. You've bin the death of a pretty big-hearted kin' of a dog this time, I reckon, an' you're lookin' good an' pleased about it. Well, keep smilin'. You'll be the death o' no more dogs in this team, anyway, for I'll sell ye when we reach salt water, ef I lose the half o' your price. Git outer me sight, slut!'

And Jinny, who in fulfilling her destiny in life, had been obeying laws far more powerful than any inclination or will of her own, just licked her chops complacently. As Jack had said, she looked well pleased with herself.

XII

ON THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES AND BREEDS OF DOGS

FOR the writer of these pages it would be a labour of love, a work of interest and pleasure in which there would be no fear of anything more than justice being done, to devote at least one of the chapters of this book to every one among the recognised varieties of dogs. Material considerations absolutely prohibit any such indulgence, however, for it would demand the addition, not merely of many pages, but of several volumes.

As the reader will have noted in the chapter given to the Showing of Dogs, the Kennel Club officially recognises more than eighty distinct varieties. Each of these varieties has its own following of breeders, fanciers, exhibitors, and enthusiastic friends and admirers; and most of them are further served by clubs and associations, whose members are pledged to the furtherance of their especial interests. By the courtesy of the Secretary of the Kennel Club (84 Piccadilly, London, W.), the author is enabled to furnish a list of those of these clubs and associations which have their headquarters in Great Britain; and this list should prove extremely serviceable and helpful to readers of these pages. It will be found in **Appendix A.**

Whilst considerations of space make it impossible to furnish in the present chapter categorical descriptive detail regarding more than a few of the typically representative varieties of dogs, the list of clubs, with their addresses, will enable readers to obtain for themselves authentic information regarding any particular variety. In addition, Appendix B will be found to contain some handy notes upon points demanding consideration in the selection of puppies of different varieties. These notes are quoted from the well-known work of Mr Theo. Marples, F.Z.S., the Editor of *Our Dogs*, which is entitled *Show Dogs*. From that book the inquiring reader will find that he may obtain much useful and conveniently arranged information regarding the points of the different breeds.

With the enthusiasm shown by the partisans and champions of every known variety of dogs for their own chosen breed no lover of dogs is at all likely to quarrel. The keener the enthusiasm the better for the different breeds. But I will confess that, personally, I have upon occasion been moved to some feeling of regret that this keenness should ever be permitted to take on an element of exclusiveness such as tends to the narrowing of our interest in the canine race as a whole. That there must be specialising none can doubt. The writer was recently informed by a *leading veterinary surgeon* that in his opinion it was far from being sufficient for members of his profession to specialise in canine practice. 'I would go very much farther, and say that, so far as

the great centres of population are concerned, the veterinary surgeon in canine practice can hardly hope to do justice to his patients, or to his work generally without very definitely specialising in the treatment of a single variety, or, at all events, in some two or three varieties. There is plenty of room, too, for specialising in given complaints and diseases, as, for example, in distemper, or in skin diseases. But, as regards specialising in breeds, the differences between, for instance, the Foxhound and the Pekingese are so fundamental that a busy practitioner can hardly hope to do equal justice to both, on anything like a high plane of scientific treatment.'

Undeniably great and fundamental as are the differences, these lovable creatures are all dogs, and all, in their infinitely various ways, admirable; and so, in their own interests, the writer ventures, with every sincere deference, upon proffering a hint to the whole community of breeders, fanciers, and friends of dogs, of warning against those forms of exclusiveness which tend to narrow one's knowledge, or to stunt the development of one's interest in varieties other than the breed of one's special choice. From his own personal experience the writer wishes to testify that, *fundamentally* though the Bloodhound, the Retriever, or the Great Dane may differ from the Pekingese, the Dandie, or the Bedlington, yet it is not alone possible, but a proven certainty that the breeder or student of any one among these and the other varieties may obtain invaluable hints from the lore acquired by the breeder or student of any other

variety. Remotely different as the hundred-and-fifty pound Irish Wolfhound may appear from the five-pound terrier, you will find again and again characteristics common to them both, and vital points linking them together as members of one race; and yours even more than theirs must be the loss resulting from failure to recognise and appreciate these shared characteristics.

There are keen friends of certain little dogs who, even after long years given to the study of their favourites, cherish the most groundless sort of illusions regarding big dogs; and there are old and knowledgeable friends of the big dog who go through life with the entirely fallacious belief that the little fellows, pleasing or otherwise, are hardly to be rated really as *dogs*. 'I like a dog to *be* a dog,' they will remark scornfully, upon observing the pampered darling of some misguided lady, reposing on silken cushions, and chewing chocolates. And, again, the devoted friend of some preternaturally intelligent terrier will regard with disfavour an overfed and extremely lethargic mastiff, or, it might be, a formidable and even ferocious-looking Great Dane straining at the leash, and deprecatingly ask how any mortal in his senses could contemplate making a home friend and companion of a 'brute like that!'

It were safer and more just to attribute ninety-nine and one half per cent. of the disagreeable or uncompanionable qualities noted in dogs of any variety to the indiscretions, the foolish self-indulgence, or the neglect and ignorance of their human guardians. The heart of the dog is nearly always

sound. I can recall no unpleasant characteristic in any variety that is not clearly to be traced to direct human influence. I have known tiny terriers as brave as weasels, as courtly as St Bernards, and as essentially sportsmen and gentlemen as any human it has been my fortune to meet. I have known (and bred) hounds weighing a hundred-and-fifty pounds who comported themselves in a crowded drawing-room with quite as much of delicacy, deftness, and grace as one has ever seen exhibited by little dogs bred for generations in the amenities of my lady's chamber. If a given dog lacks the qualities which make dogs generally our closest friends outside our own species, believe me, it is due, not to his membership of a certain variety, but his own upbringing as an individual or to human influences unwisely brought to bear upon his immediate forbears; and far more often to the former than to the latter.

The great majority of dog lovers have probably satisfied themselves of the fallacy of the notion that most little dogs are delicate and most big dogs hardy. There are weedy, rickety specimens of every variety, as of every branch of the human family, but wherever dogs are bred and reared wisely and under wholesome conditions, the standards of health and hardiness can be maintained at as high a level in one variety as in another. Having trained one's eye to judge and appraise dogs standing five-and-thirty inches in height at the shoulder, it may be a little difficult at first adequately to appreciate the points of dogs of a fifth or sixth of that height. But the thing is well

worth trying, and, without aiming at becoming a really expert judge of every variety of dog, it is certain that one's enjoyment of the society of dogs, and one's knowledge and capacity in the care of any particular variety, may be very substantially enhanced and developed by unprejudiced observation of the largest possible number of different breeds.

It is interesting to note the practical unanimity that exists among all authorities in the matter of giving precedence and pride of place to the Bloodhound. This is due, probably, rather to the appearance of this noble breed than to its history; though the traditional qualities of the Bloodhound as a tracker, and his association with the tracking of human beings do undoubtedly account for a certain almost fearful respect in which he is held by many people. As a matter of fact, whilst there is nothing whatever to make honest folk fearful of Bloodhounds, the breed does thoroughly merit the high respect paid to it by all and sundry.

As with many another famous breed, the origin of the Bloodhound is something regarding which even the most learned authorities are not prepared to make any positive assertions. Even the name of the breed is variously explained; by some authorities as having arisen from reference to the *breeding of the hound*—a dog of blood and pure descent, as distinguished from chance bred animals of mixed descent—and by others as being due to the Bloodhound being 'supposed to possess peculiar powers of scenting the blood flowing from the wounds made in its quarry.' That

MR CROXTON SMITH'S CHAMPION
PANTHER



'... one of these noble heads.'

MR A. S. HALL'S IRISH WOLFHOUND:
CHAMPION GARETH



notable authority, 'Stonehenge' (the late Mr J. H. Walsh, formerly Editor of *The Field*) wrote: 'Before the invention of the rifle, the arrow was used to give the first wound, and this was sufficient to enable the forester to make his pick from the herd, because, though the arrow would seldom cause immediate death, yet it would lead to a flow of blood sufficient to induce the Bloodhound to hunt that one deer in preference to the rest of the herd. He was also employed to track the sheep-stealer, in which occupation his tendency to follow blood was developed in a similar manner.'

(It ought to be added that the training and instincts of the Bloodhound alike make of him not at all a hunter, in the sense of being a creature whose aim it is to kill and destroy, or even to grapple with the quarry he pursues; but, quite definitely, a tracker. His whole aim is the discovery and persistent following up of a trail. That accomplished, the Bloodhound has no sort of desire to pull down his quarry.)

Most authorities seem to be agreed that the Bloodhound of to-day is the direct descendant of the Blackhounds called St Huberts, of whom the Count le Conteulx de Canteleu wrote: 'The Hounds of St Hubert, famous since the eighth century . . . were divided into two varieties, the black and the white. The most esteemed was the black variety, and the abbots of the St Hubert's Monastery preserved the breed in memory of their founder. They were generally black, running into tan, tan markings over the eye, and feet the same colour, long ears.' We are told that the St Huberts were

imported into England at the time of the Conquest, and that Henry IV. presented a team of them to James I. It is believed that once foxhunting in something resembling its present form became established in Britain, the dogs of the Bloodhound type were found not fleet enough, and that from them, by means of out crosses, as with the Greyhound, the present Foxhound, that admirably efficient product of systematic breeding, was evolved, to meet the needs of the hunt by the combination of fleetness, strength, and acute scenting powers.

Careful study of the magnificent physiognomy of the typical Bloodhound is calculated, I think, to impress even the most casual observer. The truly wonderful faces of these hounds do illustrate in most striking fashion the potentialities of systematic dog breeding. Not the popularly acknowledged king of beasts, himself: the lion, or any other animal, I think, has anything grander or more impressive to show than the face of the typical Bloodhound, with its amazing picture of reflective wisdom and contemplative philosophy. It is no exaggeration to say that the face of the typical Bloodhound is unique in the animal world; or to add that one can contentedly, even absorbedly, sit and observe one of these noble heads by the hour together, as one might observe a great masterpiece on canvas.

So invincible is the strength of inherited public prejudice that I quite expect several future generations will continue to debar themselves from the companionship and society of Bloodhounds, from

a vague suspicion of something half sinister and forbidding about the breed. (There are still many worthy folk who regard with fear and timidity that most sentimentally amiable of created modern beings, the Bulldog.) And this despite the fact that, in Britain, very many years have passed since the Bloodhound has had any regular connection with the tracking of criminals. (It is interesting to note that, among the avowed aims of the English Bloodhound Club of America, we find this: 'To improve and to encourage the Bloodhound breed of dogs in America, and to assist in establishing their more general use in connection with the detective service of the country.'

So far as his personal experience goes in the observation of his own and other Bloodhounds, the writer can only testify that he has never been able to detect the smallest trace of anything remotely suggestive of the sinister, the forbidding, the savage, or the untrustworthy in the individuals of this noble breed. On the contrary, he has found them characterised by a certain noble shyness, a reserve that is far more suggestive of diffidence, modesty, and a kind of gentle aloofness than of anything conceivably aggressive or threatening. He freely admits that the typical Bloodhound possesses little or none of the boisterously gregarious, hail-fellow-well-met affability of, say, the Fox Terrier. One does not expect philosophers to slap one on the back. But he does not remember ever to have seen a trace of sullenness or surliness in a Bloodhound, or personally to have known a Bloodhound who was not devoted, gentle, and true as

steel in his relations with the human friends of his circle. The marked reserve that he displays in his meetings with strangers is a genuine part of his temperament; a genuine, modest, and self-respecting reserve, and not in the least an evidence of surliness or hostility.

Mr Edwin Brough and Mr Sidney Turner are two of the most famous breeders of Bloodhounds in England, or in the world. They are justly to be called authorities. Their description of the Bloodhound has been adopted by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, and is given here *in extenso*, in the main because it is the best and most authoritative description of the Bloodhound, and, also, because it may be regarded as a model of the authorised and standard descriptions of their respective breeds which are issued by the Associations and Clubs that exist to further the interests of each of the principal varieties of dogs. Thus, the reader will learn from this the approximate nature of the kind of information he may expect to obtain by inquiry of one or other of the Associations of which a list is given in Appendix A in this volume.

THE BLOODHOUND

General Character.—The Bloodhound possesses in a most marked degree every point and characteristic of those dogs which hunt together by scent (Sagaces). He is very powerful, and stands over more ground than is usual with Hounds of other

breeds. The skin is thin to the touch and extremely loose, this being more especially noticeable about the head and neck, where it hangs in deep folds.

Height.—The mean average height of adult dogs is 26 inches, and of adult bitches 24 inches. (This is, of course, shoulder height.) Dogs usually vary from 25 to 27 inches, and bitches from 23 to 25 inches, but in either case, the greater height is to be preferred, provided that character and quality are also combined.

Weight.—The mean average weight of adult dogs, in fair condition, is 90 lbs., and of adult bitches, 80 lbs. Dogs attain the weight of 110 lbs., bitches 100 lbs. The greater weights are to be preferred, provided (as in the case of height) that quality and proportions are also combined.

Expression.—The expression is noble and dignified, and characterised by solemnity, wisdom, and power.

Temperament.—In temperament he is extremely affectionate, neither quarrelsome with companions nor with other dogs. His nature is somewhat shy and equally sensitive to kindness or correction by his master.

Head.—The head is narrow in proportion to its length, and long in proportion to the body, tapering but slightly from the temples to the end of the muzzle, thus (when viewed from above and in front) having the appearance of being flattened at the sides, and of being nearly equal in width throughout its entire length. In profile the upper outline of the skull is nearly in the same plane as that of the fore-face. The length from end of

236 ON THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES

nose to stop (midway between the eyes) should be not less than that from stop to back of occipital protuberance (peak). The entire length of head from the posterior part of the occipital protuberance to the end of muzzle should be 12 inches, or more, in dogs, and 11 inches, or more, in bitches.

Skull.—The skull is long and narrow, with the occipital peak very pronounced. The brows are not prominent, although, owing to the deep-set eyes, they may have that appearance.

Foreface.—The foreface is long, deep, and of even width throughout, with square outline when seen in profile.

Eyes.—The eyes are deeply sunk in the orbits, the lids assuming a lozenge or diamond shape in consequence of the lower lids being dragged down and everted by the heavy flews. The eyes correspond with the general tone of colour of the animal, varying from deep hazel to yellow. The hazel colour is, however, to be preferred, although very seldom seen in red and tan Hounds.

Ears.—The ears are thin and soft to the touch, extremely long, set very low, and fall in graceful folds, the lower parts curling inwards and backwards.

Wrinkle.—The head is furnished with an amount of loose skin, which in nearly every position appears superabundant, but more particularly so when the head is carried low; the skin then falls into loose, pendulous ridges and folds, especially over the forehead and sides of the face.

Nostrils.—The nostrils are large and open.

Lips, Flews, and Dewlap.—In front the lips fall

squarely, making a right angle with the upper line of the foreface, whilst behind they form deep, hanging flews, and being continued into the pendant folds of loose skin about the neck, constitute the dewlap, which is very pronounced. These characteristics are found, though in a less degree, in the bitch.

Neck, Shoulders, and Chest.—The neck is long, the shoulders muscular and well sloped backwards; the ribs are well sprung, and the chest well let down between the forelegs, forming a deep keel.

Legs and Feet.—The forelegs are straight and large in bone, with elbows squarely set; the feet strong and well knuckled up; the thighs and second thighs (gaskins) are very muscular; the hocks well bent and let down and squarely set.

Back and Loin.—The back and loins are strong, the latter deep and slightly arched.

Stern.—The stern is long and tapering, and set on rather high, with a moderate amount of hair underneath.

Gait.—The gait is elastic, swinging, and free, the stern being carried high, but not too much curled over the back.

Colour.—The colours are black-and-tan, red-and-tan, and tawny; the darker colours being sometimes interspersed with lighter or badger-coloured hair, and sometimes flecked with white. A small amount of white is permissible on chest, feet, and tip of stern.

Carefully studied and closely followed, the foregoing admirable and authorised description will be found to enable the inquirer to form some

intelligent estimate of the quality of Bloodhounds of any age; but in Appendix B the reader will find a note regarding the main points to be borne in mind in selecting puppies of this breed. The most sought-after specimens are, naturally, those richest in their development of the exclusive characteristics of the Bloodhound, such as those noted in this description in relation to Head, Expression, Skull, Foreface, Eyes, Ears, Wrinkle, Nostrils, Lips, Flews, and Dewlap. Skin, too, is specially important.

Of the Greyhound it might perhaps be said that he has clearer claims than any other dog to the boast of a really ancient lineage. The genesis of other breeds is for the most part somewhat obscure, their history more or less chequered and involved, by reason of intermingling with other strains. The Greyhound, on the other hand, indubitably was a Greyhound more than two thousand years ago. As in the matter of his descent, so in his temperament, occupation, and metier in life, there is something exclusive about this admirably workmanlike creature. The chase has been his main business in life for unnumbered centuries, and so far as we know he has always been a sporting dog; bred, reared, trained, and kept almost exclusively for purposes of sport. It is no more than just to the Greyhound, however, to note that those *who know him best are enthusiastic in proclaiming the excellence of his qualities of heart and disposition, his gameness, fidelity, and gentleness, apart from his unchallenged supremacy as a galloper, and the fleetest dog in existence. His*

wonderful speed enables the Greyhound to do all his hunting by sight, a fact which differentiates him from all other breeds of dog, and this has gradually led almost to the disappearance of his sense of smell. With a view to achieving or to maintaining strength and gameness in the breed, the Greyhound has undoubtedly been allowed to borrow something at times from some of the sturdier varieties; but, broadly speaking, the exquisitely finished product of to-day is the Greyhound of a thousand years and more ago, though he is no longer used for hunting deer, or boar, or wolves, or, indeed, any wild thing more formidable than the hare; and it is safe to say that various other breeds, such as the Deerhound, have borrowed more from the Greyhound than the Greyhound has derived from any other variety.

The breed of Deerhounds is rich in the more picturesque sort of historical traditions, and some admirers of the graceful animal hold that he is descended from the indubitably ancient race of Irish Wolfhounds. Clearly, the Deerhound comes originally of Greyhound stock, through crosses designed to furnish him with some protection against the inclement conditions of northern climes. Modern conditions of life, and the breaking up of the Highland forests, have all tended to rob the Deerhound of his traditional occupation in life, until of late years he has come to be bred almost entirely with a view to the *show bench*, and for human companionship. As in the case of all other similarly situated breeds (and there are a good many) the evolutionary process has tended

both to enhance and to detract from the earlier qualities of the Deerhound. It is fairly safe to say that the Deerhound of to-day is a more beautiful creature in appearance than ever before, while it is not likely that he was ever more docile, affectionate, or gentle in his nature. But it would hardly be safe to assume that in the hunting qualities of hardihood, tenacity, or fearlessness, the modern Deerhound represents any advance upon his forebears of more spacious days. Few animals in existence are more graceful in movement or more pleasing to the eye than the typical modern Deerhound.

Of all the breeds of dogs known to the English-speaking peoples, few are of more ancient or honourable lineage than the royal race of Irish Wolfhounds; and the dog-loving public owes a debt of real gratitude to such enthusiasts as Captain Graham for their timely, persevering, practical and most valuable services, which may be said to have saved this magnificent breed from extinction at the most critical juncture of its history, in the latter part of last century. But for their patient efforts, at a time when public knowledge of and interest in the Irish Wolfhound had become a negligible quantity, it is probable that there would have been no true specimen living to-day; and it would not be easy to conceive of any more signal or regrettable loss for the canine race than this would have been, since no nobler or more beautiful hound exists than the Irish Wolfhound, and none has a longer or more interesting history.

To-day, thanks largely to the influences and

efforts just mentioned, and, of course, to the exceedingly attractive qualities inherent in the Wolfhound himself, the breed flourishes, and fine specimens are frequently finding their way overseas to the homes of appreciative purchasers in America, Africa, Australasia, and other parts of the world. The Irish Wolfhound Club (whose Hon. Secretary is Mr J. F. Baily, of Whitechurch, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin), is slowly but steadily increasing its membership, and the breed is growing all the time in public favour. Withal, and despite the magnificent specimens of the breed that were being exhibited in the early part of the present century, and down to the War, the writer has no hesitation in saying that, even now, the Irish Wolfhound has not obtained a tithe of the public knowledge, recognition, and wide appreciation to which his altogether exceptional excellences, his unique merits, undoubtedly entitle him. There would seem to be something strange, if not unnatural in the fact that, even now, the general public knows a good deal more about such alien importations as the St Bernard, the Great Dane, and the Borzois—splendid and attractive varieties all—than it knows of the modern representatives of a breed whose fame was firmly established as far afield as the Mediterranean, as long ago as the period of the Roman occupation of England. The Irish Wolfhounds were war dogs then, not in the sense in which dogs were employed on the battlefields of France and Flanders in the recent European War, but as combatants, and as very redoubtable and greatly feared fighters, at that.

And it is safe to say that no finer specimens of the race have ever been seen, either in the days of the warring Irish Kings, or in the last of the Irish wolf-hunting periods, than in the Irish Wolfhound classes of some of the chief English dog shows held between the periods of the South African and the European Wars. The reign of King Edward VII. witnessed a very remarkable and welcome revival in the progress of this historic breed, and in the very beginning of that epoch the present writer succeeded in breeding and rearing Irish Wolfhounds which attained the great height of 35 inches at the shoulder, and weighed up to more than 150 lbs., whilst retaining in their own persons all the grace, very much of the agility, and, perhaps, more than all the dignity and picturesque beauty which are properly associated with the Deerhound.¹

Visitors to the Natural History Museum at South Kensington often admire there the beautiful remains of the great Irish Wolfhound, Champion O'Leary, without guessing that the progeny of that noble hound are available to-day in the kennels of at least half a dozen well-known breeders and exhibitors. From Tynagh, a daughter of the great O'Leary, mated with the redoubtable Champion Dermot Asthore, the writer obtained some of the finest and most beautiful specimens of the breed, including the famous Gareth, who, in the capable hands of Mr A. S. Hall, won his full championship in very early life, and whose portrait will be found in this volume. The following

¹ The reader may be referred in this connection to two books: *Finn, the Wolfhound*, and *Jan, Son of Finn*; and to Captain Graham's monograph on the Irish Wolfhound.

measurements of this typical Irish Wolfhound may be found of interest:—

Height at shoulder, $34\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

Length of head, $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

„ of neck, 17 inches.

„ from nose to tip of tail, $87\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Chest girth, 40 inches.

Neck girth, 20 inches.

Girth of skull above the eyes, $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Girth of muzzle below eyes, $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Standing erect on his hind feet, he comfortably rested his fore-feet on the top of a fence exactly 76 inches in height.

In the light of these figures, and having regard to the fact that the general public, even now, knows less of this noble breed than of many others, space must be found here for the following official description and standard of points, as laid down by the Irish Wolfhound Club:—

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND

General Appearance.—The Irish Wolfhound should not be quite so heavy or massive as the Great Dane, but more so than the Deerhound, which in general type he should otherwise resemble. Of great size and commanding appearance, very muscular, strongly, though gracefully built, movements easy and active, head and neck carried high, the tail carriage in an upward sweep with a slight curve towards the extremity. The minimum height and weight of dogs should be 31 inches, and

244 ON THE DIFFERENT VARIETIES

120 lbs.; of bitches, 28 inches, and 90 lbs. Anything below this should be debarred from competition. Great size, including height at shoulder and proportionate length of body, is the desideratum to be aimed at, and it is desired to firmly establish a race that shall average from 32 to 34 inches in dogs, showing the requisite power, activity, courage, and symmetry.

Head.—Long, the frontal bones of the forehead *very* slightly raised and *very* little indentation between the eyes. Skull not too broad. Muzzle, long and moderately pointed. Ears, small and greyhound-like in carriage.

Neck.—Rather long, very strong, and muscular, well arched, without dewlap or loose skin about the throat.

Chest.—Very deep. Breast wide.

Back.—Rather long than short. Loins arched.

Tail.—Long and slightly curved, of moderate thickness, and well covered with hair.

Belly.—Well drawn up.

Fore-Quarters.—Shoulders muscular, giving breadth of chest, set sloping. Elbows well under, neither turned inward nor outward.

Legs.—Fore-arm muscular, and the whole leg strong and quite straight.

Hind-Quarters.—Muscular thighs and second thighs, long and strong as in the greyhound, and hocks well let down and turning neither in nor out.

Feet.—Moderately large and round, neither turned inward nor outward. Toes well arched and closed. Nails very strong and curved.

Hair.—Rough and hard on body, legs and head;

especially wiry and long over eyes and under jaw.

Colour and Markings.—The recognised colours are gray, brindle, red, black, pure white, fawn, or any colour that appears in the Deerhound.

Faults.—Too light or heavy a head, too highly arched a frontal bone; large ears and hanging flat to the face; short neck; full dewlap; too narrow or too broad a chest; sunken or hollow or quite straight back; bent fore-legs; over-bent fetlocks; twisted feet; spreading toes; too curly a tail; weak hind-quarters, and a general want of muscle; too short in body.

Accepting this official standard as sound, there can be no question about it that the past twenty years have witnessed a very marked and notable development in Irish Wolfhounds. Just as the writer knows of no more handsome animal in the whole canine race, so he is unable to name any variety whose individual members are more distinguished by the nobility and natural sweetness of their characters and dispositions. No dog is more emphatically a gentleman than the Irish Wolfhound; no hound could possibly be a more delightful companion, and none adapt himself more gracefully and completely to the domestic life of a household.

It would certainly be difficult, probably impossible, to find in all the world a more satisfying example of the complete efficiency of consistently systematic good breeding than is presented by the *English Foxhound*. He is adequate. In his gun-barrel-straight fore-legs and splendidly strong feet, as in every clean-cut line of his most workman-like

body, the typical English Foxhound of to-day is a triumph of sound, wise breeding, and in all respects a most admirable dog.

The heavy-coated Otterhound is a delightful creature, and game to his last ounce. Great Danes and Borzois, foreign hounds now well established in the favour of the English-speaking peoples, have been greatly improved of late years. Harriers, Beagles, and Basset hounds, all have their enthusiastic admirers, and with regard to the Dachshund, it is interesting to note that he was being regularly exhibited in England some years before he appeared on the show bench in Germany, and that many authorities hold that the finest specimens of the breed to-day are to be found in Britain, rather than in the country primarily associated with it. The Whippet—in effect a miniature Greyhound—is in some districts the most popular and cherished of all dogs, and in others almost an unknown animal. In northern England, and in parts of Scotland, especially, perhaps, among miners, the Whippet is an even more important institution than the racehorse or the professional footballer. Bred for racing and rabbit-coursing, the Whippet is extraordinarily efficient at his work, and three-figure prices are frequently paid for good specimens.

Among the big dogs other than hounds the ‘saintly’ breed of St Bernard, and the water-loving Newfoundland, both enjoy a great and deserved popularity, based upon their fine records as life-savers no less than upon their noble appearance, and famous qualities of gentleness and *devotion*. They are very kindly and affectionate

A FAMOUS PEKINGESE SIRE



Reproduced from the 'Pekingese Magazine.']

The late Verity Buti-Boi, direct descendant of the dogs brought from the Palace of Pekin by the late Major Gwynne, during the Boxer Rising of 1900.



Reproduced from the 'Kennel Encyclopædia.']

The Rough Basset-hound Champion Tambour.

creatures, and, when properly and carefully reared, have great strength. The size and weight they attain—equal to those of big Irish Wolfhounds—make it very necessary that in puppyhood they should be protected from damp and given plenty of bone-making food, failing which, unsound legs and a rickety frame are likely to form their portion in after life; and a 34 inch St Bernard doomed to shamble through life with cow-hocks, splay feet, or bowed knees, presents a pitiable spectacle.

Aside from the justly beloved sporting types of Retrievers, rough and smooth and Labrador, and the dozen of different beautiful varieties of Spaniels and Setters, perhaps the most widely popular among the middle-sized dogs are the Bulldog—inimitable fireside companion, and incorrigibly lovable sentimentalist!—the Collie, the Old English Sheep-dog, and the Chow Chow, with his aristocratic mouth of the colour of a charcoal biscuit, and his dense coat of Titian red, which calls for a deal of thorough grooming if it and the skin below it are to be kept in good order. An older breed than either of them, though one not nearly so widely known, is that of the Old English Mastiff, than whom not even the Bulldog is more emphatically British. Like those of the Irish Wolfhound, the earliest forbears of the English Mastiff were fighting dogs who played a notable part in war, and, later, in the Roman amphitheatres. To-day, the fact that the successful rearing of *Mastiffs* demands abundance of space, exercise, and generous feeding may possibly militate against wide popularity for the breed. But the Mastiff

is a noble beast, possessed of many most admirable qualities, as a companion and a guard.

Coming to the smaller dogs, the almost super-canine-cleverness of the Poodle is proverbial; and to the variety of the Terrier classes there would seem to the novice to be no end. More than other breeds, perhaps, the different varieties of Terriers are affected by fluctuations of public taste and the arbitrary decrees of fashion, as is illustrated by the fact that one of the most popular varieties of the moment, the Sealyham Terrier, does not figure at all in the official Kennel Club classification of Sporting and Non-Sporting varieties, which is reproduced in an earlier chapter of this book.

Within its own confines, the popularity of the Bull Terrier—‘Affable and sentimental as the Bulldog, with a keener sense of humour’—remains tolerably unaffected by passing fashions, and, for many reasons, the hold of the Fox Terrier, smooth and wire-haired, upon the affections of the public is never likely to wane. The sportsmanship and intelligence of the *Bedlington* have won great favour for that breed among discerning dog-lovers; and of all Terriers, none, I think, can be more entirely lovable than the *Dandie Dinmont*, that great little gentleman, so well beloved of Scott and other famous men. The Scots Terriers are all justly popular, the *Aberdeen* and the *West Highland White* being almost as familiar in England to-day as the Fox Terrier. The qualities of gameness, activity, tireless enthusiasm, and high spirits which are characteristic of all the Terrier class—notably that redoubtable sportsman, the *Airedale*

—naturally endear them to the general public, and, particularly, to all lovers of an outdoor life. When a normal Terrier shows no ready inclination for an outdoor enterprise, however commonplace, one may take it there is something seriously wrong with his internal economy.

The smallest varieties of dogs are far from being the least intelligent or attractive. Generalisations are rarely very trustworthy, but upon the whole, and so far as his personal experience has shown him, the writer would be inclined to say that he has found the greatest nobility of character among the largest, and among a few middle-sized dogs, and the most acute intelligence among the little dogs, not among the almost freakishly small animals weighing three or four pounds—dogs too small to be bred from with safety—but among dogs weighing something under 20 lbs. But, though that has been the impression produced by the writer's own experience, he would not, for a moment, be understood to put it forward as an established principle or proven fact of dog-breeding.

At different periods pride of place in the matter of popularity has been claimed for Maltese, Skye, Yorkshire, Griffon, Blenheim, King Charles, Pugs, Italian Greyhounds, Pomeranians, and Miniature Black and Tans, Bulldogs, and Bull Terriers. *To-day the majority of authorities would probably give the palm to an imported dog: the Pekingese, whose accession to fame in Europe and America dates back no farther than the Boxer rebellion in China, when the 'Pekin Palace Dog' definitely ceased to be the monopoly of palaces (though*

adopted with enthusiasm by Queen Alexandra and other European Royalties), and entered upon his larger destiny as a favoured companion, at first largely of ladies, and then pretty equally of men, in lands remote from Cathay and in conditions quite other than those of the Celestial Court.

Having regard to the extreme popularity achieved by this breed, despite its comparatively recent introduction to the western world, it is, perhaps, desirable that the official description and Standard of points laid down by the Pekingese Club should be given here.

THE PEKINGESE

	<i>Description</i>	<i>Points</i>
<i>Head.</i>	Massive, broad skull, wide and flat between the ears (not dome-shaped), wide between the eyes	10
<i>Nose.</i>	Black, broad, very short and flat ..	5
<i>Eyes.</i>	Large, dark, prominent, round, lustrous	5
<i>Stop.</i>	Deep	5
<i>Ears.</i>	Heart-shaped, not set too high, leather never long enough to come below the muzzle, not carried erect, but rather drooping, long feather	5
<i>Muzzle.</i>	Very short and broad, not underhung nor pointed, wrinkled ..	5
<i>Mane.</i>	Profuse, extending beyond shoulder blades, forming ruff or frill round front of neck.	5

<i>Description</i>	<i>Points</i>
<i>Shape of Body.</i> —Heavy in front, broad chest, falling away lighter behind, lion-like, not too long in the body	10
<i>Coat and Feather and Condition.</i> —Long, with thick under-coat, straight and flat, not curly nor wavy, rather coarse, but soft. feather on thighs, legs, tail, and toes, long and profuse	10
<i>Colour.</i> —All colours are allowable: red, fawn, black, black-and-tan, sable, brindle, white and parti-coloured; black masks, and spectacles around eyes, with lines to ears are desirable	5
<i>Legs.</i> —Short fore-legs, heavy, bowed out at elbows, hind-legs lighter, but firm and well-shaped	5
<i>Feet.</i> —Flat, not round, should stand well up on toes, not on ankles	5
<i>Tail.</i> —Curled and carried well up on loins, long, profuse, straight feather	10
<i>Size.</i> —Being a Toy dog, the smaller the better, provided type and points are not sacrificed. Anything over 18 lbs. should disqualify. When divided by weight, classes should be over 10 lbs. and under 10 lbs.	5
<i>Action.</i> —Free, strong, and high, crossing feet or throwing them out in running should not take off marks. Weakness of joints should be penalised	10

Total points - 100

As has been the case with most of the largest and the smallest breeds of dogs, the breeders of Pekingese have shown tendencies in the direction of extremism. In this particular breed it has taken the form of something of a craze for 'noselessness,' and for producing very tiny dogs, down even to such weights as $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. (At anything like this sort of weight no bitch should be allowed to have puppies, since, even if she survives, the ordeal is not a fair one.) Thus, the Pekin Palace Dog Association gives 10 lbs. as the maximum weight for dogs, and lays it down that the size to be encouraged is anything between 5 lbs. and 10 lbs. Possibly a majority verdict might favour any size between 6 or 7 and 10 or 12 lbs., giving 9 lbs. and 8 lbs. as the best weights for dogs and bitches.

The casual observer is apt to pronounce the Pekingese a snob, and a pampered snob at that. This is due in part to the fact that, especially at first, these dogs were taken up with enthusiasm by ladies (among others) of an extravagant bent of mind, who were inclined to affect the use of silks and satins and chocolate creams for their favourites. (We really have grown more sensible of late years, and the cruelty of fanciful over-indulgence is rapidly becoming as unfashionable, as definitely bad form, as the Bill Sykes type of cruelty, a fact for which all real friends of dogs are devoutly grateful.) It is also due in part to the expression, deportment, air, carriage, and manner of the Pekingese, which in his race are more distinctively part and parcel of his breed and character than such qualities are in any other breed of dog.

The natural expression of the true Pekingese is (really, delightfully) arrogant, and his whole air and appearance do indubitably suggest a 'more than regal' disdain and contempt for everything mean, inferior, or poor in kind. But those who know him best will assure you that the Palace Dog of Pekin, however proud, is no snob, but a veritable little king of beasts, and in every sense the true 'Lion Dog of China.' At all events, if a snob, he is a very pleasant and attractive one, without a particle of the toady in his entire composition. But there is no mistaking the fact of his having been reared for many centuries exclusively in the atmosphere of courts and palaces, and to-day it is merely inconceivable to him that any one should not delight to entreat him handsomely. He will show a courtly appreciation of kindness and consideration, but it simply will never enter his head to expect—or to fear—any less favourable treatment from any one. Assuming all to be his willing admirers, his mien is somewhat swaggering, perhaps, and, in any case, delightfully fearless. If I found this not so, in any given specimen of the race, his pedigree would be distinctly suspect in my regard, unless I knew that he had been evilly treated.

His most ardent admirers will hardly deny that the Pekingese is self-willed. If we do not label him obstinate, we must pronounce him quite extraordinarily strong-minded; more so, perhaps, than any other kind of dog. But, far more often than not, his wilfulness is very much that of Prince Charming; if he opposes your will, it is rather

that he has not conceived the likelihood of any person desiring or presuming to thwart his royal inclination, than any petty or naughty wish to oppose, defy, or disobey. By the same token it falls to be said that the Pekingese possesses qualities that are not invariably to be associated with the products of courts and palaces. His intelligence is of a quite remarkably high order, and his ability to learn—where he thinks proper to make use of it—is as striking as that of any dog I have ever known, not even excepting the French Poodle.

Technically, the Pekingese is a Toy. (The nomenclature and classification are to my mind most unfortunate.) But I have found that, given any chance to develop and display such quality, he is a thorough-paced little sportsman, and that his natural fearlessness—a characteristic quite as clearly marked in the Pekingese as in the Bulldog, the Bull Terrier, or the Airedale: three of the most fearless of all British dogs—qualifies him to comport himself with real distinction in every kind of outdoor pleasure that is within his physical compass. Taking him ‘by and large,’ as seamen say, the great popularity of the Pekingese is perhaps as fully justified as that of any breed has been in the past; and the warmest thanks are due to those pioneers who first introduced this miniature lion of China to the dog-loving western world.

But the sober fact is that dogs, infinitely various, are almost all admirable, almost all delightful, *almost all possessed of this supreme virtue*, that the more one knows of them the better one loves them.

APPENDIX A

DOG SOCIETIES

THE purpose of this Appendix is to acquaint readers with authentic sources from which they may obtain information about any of the principal varieties of dogs.
The following is a list of the Clubs and Associations registered at the Kennel Club,

84 Piccadilly, London :—

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Aberdeen Kennel Association Incorporated	J. S. Benson	7 Belmont St., Aberdeen.
Abertridwr Dog Show		
Aber Valley and District Canine Society	Arthur Rollings	Panteg Hotel, Abertridwr.
Airedale and Bulldog Club	J. T. Davey	18 Balaam St., Plaistow, E.
Airedale Terrier Club	H. Croft	33 Wrose Rd., Bradford, Yorks.
Alton Canine Association	A. A. Hewitt	Stone House, Alton, Hants.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Alsation Wolf Dog Club	F. C. Wheatley	109 Gilmore Rd., Lewisham, S.E.
Altrincham Agricultural Society	H. Turner	1 Market St., Altrincham.
Association of Bloodhound Breeders	A. Croxton Smith	Burlington House, Wandle Road, Upper Tooting, S.W.
Atherton, Leigh, and Tyldesley Canine Association	J. Staveley	2 Sycamore Rd., Atherton.
Balham and District Canine Society	F. W. Leates	16 Gaskarth R., Balham, S.W.
Basset Hound Club	Mrs C. C. Ellis	White Lodge, Colchester.
Beagle Club	W. K. Crofton	Calmoor Croft, Totton, Hants.
Bedfordshire Canine Society		
Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Canine Association	Mrs J. A. Maynard	Chatsworth, Goring, Oxon.
Bilston and District Canine Society	W. Barnes	58 Dudley St., Bilston, Staff's.
Birdwell and District Canine Society	F. Herberts	Sheffield Road, Birdwell, Barnsley.
Birkenhead and District Canine Association	F. Rimmer	60 Linwood Road, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Birmingham and District Fox Terrier Club	E. O'Neill	98 Gillot Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Birmingham and District Toy Dog Society	Mrs E. M. Power	34 Vernon Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Birmingham Dog Show Society	H. Keeling	109 Colmore Row, Birmingham.
Birmingham Great Dane Club	H. F. Gibson	Falklands, Mary Street, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.
²⁵ ⁵⁷ Black and Tan Terrier Club	W. T. Tweed	366 Hackney Road, E.
Blackpool and District Canine Society	F. W. Shipton	62 Topping St., Blackpool.
Bloodhound Hunt Club	Mrs Oliphant	Fyfield Grange, Andover.
Border Kennel Association	G. Davidson	7 Tower Knowe, Hawick, N.B.
Border Terrier Club	T. Hamilton Adams	Beauchief, Darley Road, Eastbourne.
Borzois Club	Mrs A. A. Vlasto	Binfield Park, Bracknell.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Bournemouth and District Canine Association	A. E. Fuller	466 Holdenhurst Road, Bournemouth.
Bradford and County of Yorkshire Yorkshire Terrier Club	F. Fenwick	38 Holme Top Lane, Bradford, Yorks.
Bristol and West of England Airedale Terrier Club		
Bristol and West of England Bulldog Club	W. S. Weeks	49 Ashton Rd., Bedminster, Bristol.
British Bedlington Terrier Club	Mrs M. E. Mead	Merrywick, Hedon Hill.
British Bulldog Club	W. H. Taylor	Prospect House, Lostock, Bolton.
British Pekingese Club	Mrs N. Stuart Holiday	553 Stretford Road, Old Trafford, Lanes.
Bulldog Club, Incorporated	Mrs Hinds Howell	77 Alleyn Park, Dulwich, S.E.
Bull Terrier Club	T. Gannaway	Charlwood, 121 Haythorn St., Southfields, S.W.
Cairn Terrier Club	Major J. A. Ewing	West Nesbit, Anerum, N.B.
Canton and Ely Canine Society		

Name of Association.

Secretary.

Address.

Cardiff and District Bulldog Society	Gordon Williams	Quay Street, Cardiff.
Cardiff Canine Society	T. Phillips	3 Heath St., Riverside, Cardiff.
Cardiff and District Canine Society	H. J. Williams	21 Penylan Road, Cardiff.
Central Counties Japanese and Pekingese Club	Mrs Willan	Frizley Old Hall, Bradford.
Cheetham Hill Canine Society	T. P. Wood	Glen Elfin, Charlestown Rd., Blackleg, nr. Manchester.
Cheltenham and Gloucester Canine Society	W. C. Woof	5 Northwick Terrace, Suffolk Road, Cheltenham.
Chester-le-Street and District Canine Association	J. Nicholson	78 Front St., Chester-le-Street.
Chinese Chow Club	Miss N. Nerrett	44 South Molton Street, W.
Chorlton-cum-Hardy and District Canine Association	W. Schofield	31 Grange Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
Chow Chow Club (London and Provincial)	Mrs B. F. Moore	Balby Vicarage, Doncaster.
Clapham Junction Canine Society	H. Knapp	10 Broadway Avenue, St Margarets, Twickenham.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Cleveland Dog Club	J. W. Palmer	63 Warwick St., South Bank, Cleveland.
Clumber Spaniel Club	P. Lee	Wem, Salop.
Cocker Spaniel Club	H. S. Lloyd	Hertfordshire Kennels, Riuslip.
Collie Club	W. W. Stansfield	Laund House, Rawtenstall, Lancs.
Colne and District Canine Society	J. W. Bannister	92 Beaufort Street, Nelson, Lancs.
Coventry and District Canine Society	G. Young	67 Stanley Road, Earlsdon.
Coventry and Midland Counties Club	C. Hudson	109 Holyhead Rd., Coventry.
Crewe and District Canine Association	H. W. Smith	22 Barony, Nantwich.
Croydon and District Canine Association		
Cruft's International Dog Show Society	C. Cruft	12 Highbury Grove, N.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Cumberland Fox Terrier Club	H. Rennicks	Rendale Kennels, Chestnut Hill, Cockermouth.
Curly Poodle Club	Mrs Douglas Beith	Whippendell House, King's Langley, Herts.
Curly Retriever Club	A. R. Fish	Holme Mead, Hutton, near Preston.
Dachshund Club	Major P. C. G. Hayward	Longueville, Needham Market, Suffolk.
† Dalmatian Club	H. B. Hermann	Hampstead Norris, near Newbury, Berks.
Dandie Dinmont and Scottish Terrier Club (Ireland)		
Dandie Dinmont Terrier Club	Mrs T. N. Simpson Shaw	Days, Pilgrim's Hatch, Essex.
Deerhound Club	Mr and Mrs G. C. Audsley	Church Stile House, Cobham, Surrey.
Derby (Arboretum) Canine Society	F. Stapham	37 Harcourt Street, Derby.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Ealing and District Canine Society	Miss H. W. Rogers	Woodhayne, Thornbury Rd., Isleworth.
Earlstown and District Canine Society	A. Downham	10 Cross Lane, Earlstown, Lancs.
Earlsdon and District Canine Society	A. L. Trickett	27 Ellys Road, Coventry.
East Anglian Bulldog Club	Mrs Lines	11 Catton Grove Rd., Old Catton, Norwich.
East Anglian Toy Dog Society	Miss A. M. J. Kinder	Sunnyside, Reedham, Norfolk.
East Berks Canine Association	Dr J. C. Hathaway	Langholm, Windsor.
East of Scotland Kennel Association	W. S. Dempster	15 Grosvenor Place, Aberdeen.
Edinburgh Bulldog Club	J. W. H. Benyon	Jessfield House, Newhaven Rd. Leith.
English Setter Club	G. S. Lowe	Bobbing House, near Sitting- bourne.
English Shetland Sheep Dog Club	Miss Grey	Bowsey Hill, Henley-on- Thames.
Essex County Kennel Association		

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Exhibitors' Club	Capt. E. T. Cox	13 Spencer Rd., South Croydon.
Federation of the Allied Bulldog Clubs of Great Britain	A. Armstrong	27 Greenhill Street, Greenheys, Manchester.
Fleetwood and District Canine Society	D. S. Anderson	Park Cottage, Lamb's Lane, Dundee.
Forfarshire and District Bulldog Club	Neville Dawson	Netteswell Hall, Harlow.
Fox Terrier Club	Mrs Romilly	The Wharf, Taplow.
French Bulldog Association	Miss G. A. Desborough	501 Belfast Chambers, Regent Street, W.
French Bulldog Club of England		
Frisinghall and District Canine Association	Arnold Gillett	Ridgewood, Chorley, Lancs.
Fylde Fox Terrier Club	W. Hill	Milden Hall, Suffolk.
Gamekeepers' Association of the United Kingdom	Mrs Charlesworth	Haygrass, Taunton, Somerset.
Golden Retriever Club	Miss M. Rowena Tollemache	10 Lansdowne Place, Hove, Sussex.
Great Dane Club		

Name of Association.

Address.

Secretary.

Great Dane Club of Ireland
Griffon Bruxellois Club

The Limes, Chobham, Sussex.
311 Shoreham St., Sheffield.

T. Sharnbrook
Saunders
W. Warburton

Hallamshire and District Canine
Society

8 King's Terrace, Southsea.
St Andrews Lodge, Brunswick
Place, Southampton.
1 Commercial St., Harrogate.

R. G. Green
H. Edie

Harrogate Agricultural Society
(Canine Section)

28 South Parade, West Hartle-
pool.

D. McRorie

Hartlepoons and District Kennel
Association

48 Piccadilly St., Haslingden.

Major Gibbons

Haslingden and District Canine
Society

33 Havelock Road, Hastings.

A. F. Wood

Hastings, St Leonards, and East
Sussex Canine Society

19 Claygate Rd., West Ealing.
Viewfield, Inverness.

E. Hayter
Errington-Ross

Herts and Middlesex Canine Club
Highland Cairn Terrier Club

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Highland Canine Society	A. Mackenzie	12 Eastgate, Inverness.
Hindley and District Canine Society	E. Bishop	27 Blantyre Street, Hindley.
Huddersfield and District Kennel Association	C. Hartley	3 Granby St., Huddersfield.
Hull and District Canine Society	J. Chadwick	85 New Bridge Road, Hull.
Humberstone and District Canine Society	A. Dunn	24 Curzon St., Humberstone, Leicester.
International Gun Dog League	W. Baxendale	Field Office, Bream's Buildings, E.C.
Irish Collie Club	R. Barklie	Faunmore, Strandtown, Belfast.
Irish Fox Terrier Club	J. W. Heaslip	Finnoebeg, South Circular Rd., Kilmainham, Dublin.
Irish Kennel Club	J. Gibson	4 Commercial Building, Dame Street, Dublin.
Irish Red Setter Club	J. Gibson	Do. do.
Irish Retriever Society	J. Gibson	Do. do.
Irish Setter Association (England)	Mrs M. Ingle Bepler	630 High Rd., Tott'ham, N.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Irish Terrier Association	Miss Paull	88 Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.
Irish Terrier Club	W. Tottle	Imperial Chambers, Norfolk Row, Sheffield.
Irish Water Spaniel Club	Dr H. S. Tarrant	Charleston, Queenstown, Co. Cork.
Irish Wolfhound Club	J. F. Baily	Whitechurch, Rathfarnham, Co. Dublin.
Irish and Cadishead Canine Society	G. F. Clarke	18 Higher Road, Urmston, Manchester.
Isle of Arran Field Trial Society	G. G. Kerridge	16 St John's Wood Road, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Isle of Wight Canine Association	Mrs B. F. Scarlett	Penenden House, Boxley, near Maidstone.
Italian Greyhound Club	S. Smith	56 Redington Road, Heath Drive, N.W.
Japanese Chin Club		

Name of Association.

Secretary.

Address.

Junior Bulldog Club	B. G. Toms	40 Melbourne Grove, East Dulwich.
Kensington Canine Society	F. Wheatley	109 Gilmore Rd., Lewisham, S.E.
Kent County Canine Society	J. Cranston	39 Salisbury Road, Maidstone.
Labrador Retriever Club	Mrs Quinton Dick	12 Grosvenor Crescent, S.E.
Ladies' Kennel Association	Miss G. A.	501 Belfast Chambers, Regent Street, W.
(Incorporated)	Desborough	
Leeds and County Bulldog Club	A. Glover	Chandos Avenue, Round-Hay, Leeds.
Leeds and County Fox Terrier Club	E. Briggs	11 St James's Square, Leeds.
Leeds Canine Society	W. W. Cowley	24 Ecclesburn Street, East Park, Leeds.
Leicester and Leicestershire Bulldog Club	W. J. McKechnie	360 Humberstone Road, Leicester.
Leicester Canine Society		
Leigh and District Canine Society	J. H. Shaw	91 St George's Road, Bolton.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Leith Canine Association	J. W. H. Beynon	Jessfield House, Newhaven Road, Leith.
Leodensian Bulldog Club	E. F. Rhodes	Arthington Rd., Poole, near Leeds.
Lincoln and Lincolnshire Canine Society	W. Warrender	59 Cannock Road, Lincoln.
Liverpool and District Kennel Club	H. H. Moore	2 Arkles Lane, Anfield, Liverpool.
Llandudno and District Canine Society		
London Airedale and Fox Terrier Club	H. Knapp	10 Broadway Avenue, St Margarets, Twickenham.
London and Provincial Collie Club	F. W. Weston	Sandy, Beds.
London and Provincial Irish Terrier Club	H. Knapp	10 Broadway Avenue, St Margarets, Twickenham.
London and Provincial Pekingese Club	H. Knapp	Do. do.
London and Provincial Pug Club	Miss H. C. Couper	Ellesborough House, Butler's Cross, Bucks.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
London and South of England Great Dane Club	Mrs E. Kinsman Youlden	Solway House, New Barnet.
London Bulldog Society	H. Knapp	10 Broadway Avenue, St Margarets, Twickenham.
London Fox Terrier Club	G. L. Amlot	29 King Edward Road, South Hackney, N.E.
London Scottish Terrier Club	G. Harold Wood	The Mythe, Creffield Road, Ealing Common, W.
8 Loughborough and District Canine Society	F. S. Kent	Glen Rosa, Quorn, near Loughborough.
Luton District and South Beds Canine Association	J. Sawyer	67 Hightown Road, Luton.
Luton and District Terrier Club		
Maidstone Working Terrier Club	G. W. Maskell	266 Tonbridge Road, Maidstone, Kent.
Maltese Club	Miss E. E. Driscoll	26 Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Manchester and Counties Bulldog Club	F. Scholey	88 Bradford St., Manchester.
Manchester Dog Show Society	A. E. Taylor	Booth House, Fairfield, Manchester.
Manchester Fox Terrier Club	E. Grayson	8 Howard Avenue, Heaton Chapel, Manchester.
Mansfield Woodhouse Fox Terrier Club	H. Bradbury	Mansfield Rd., Farnsfield, Notts.
Merthyr and Dowlais Bulldog Society	H. Dunstan	11 Ilfor Street, Dowlais.
Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society	T. R. Boulton	48 Glencoe Avenue, Seven Kings
Midland Counties Airedale Terrier Club	A. H. Moore	31 Cheshire Road, Smethwick.
Midland and Western Pekingese Association	Mrs H. J. Weaver	Springfield House, Chalfont Vale, Glos.
Midland Counties Pomeranian Club	R. Mather	114 Boyer Street, Derby.
Midland Irish Terrier Club	Miss A. Bruce	Chevet Park, Wakefield.
Miniature Bulldog Club		

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Miniature Poodle Club	Miss Moorhouse	18 Harcourt Terrace, S.W.
Morley and District Canine Society	S. Speight	Kennels, Bruntcliffe, Leeds.
Munster Terrier Club	L. S. Nicholson	Bellevue, Montenette, Cork.
National Bedlington Terrier Club	J. Cook	39 Beaconsfield Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
National English Toy Spaniel Club		
National St Bernard Club	Holland Buckley	Clonmel, Burnham, Bucks.
National Terrier Club	A. Checkley	74 St Clements Rd., Nechells, Birmingham.
Nechells and District Canine Society	T. G. Boss	Viewfield, Gosforth, Newcastle- on-Tyne.
Newcastle and District Canine Society	H. Keeling	109 Colmore Row, Birming- ham.
Newfoundland Club	A. E. Jones	3 Market Street, Newport, Mon.
Newport and District Canine Society		
New Southgate and District Canine Society		

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Northampton and District Canine Society		
Northern and Midlands Spaniel Club		
Northern Collie Club		
Northern Counties Irish Terrier Association	T. P. Wood	Glen Elfin, Charlestown Rd., Blackleg, near Manchester.
Northern Counties Pekingese Club	W. Slater	Stratford House, East Boldon, near Durham.
Northern Counties Scottish Terrier Club	W. Brazendale G. T. Twigg	47 Newstead Terrace, Halifax Wynn, Cheshire.
Northern Dachshund Association	T. A. Lever	Greville Villa, Dickenson Rd, Rusholme, Manchester.
Northern Great Dane Club	W. H. Boyes	The Oaks, Radcliffe, Lancs.
Northern Old English Mastiff Club	C. Goodrick	Almsmead, Almsford Bank, Harrogate.
Northern Old English Sheepdog Club		
Northern Schipperke Club	E. H. Stent	Preston Street, Hulme, Manchester.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Northern Toy Spaniel Club		
North and South Shields District Canine Society	W. Cleveland	47 Oxford St., South Shields.
North London Bulldog Association	G. W. Holt	107 Hewitt Rd., Haringay, N.
North Nottingham Canine Society	J. T. Machin	49 Blackwell Rd., Huthwaite, Mansfield, Notts.
North of England Bulldog Club	J. H. Shaw	91 St George's Road, Bolton.
North of England Canine Association	W. Parker	10 Avenue Rd., near Bowling Park, Bradford.
North of England Dalmatian Club	J. C. Preston	Bay House, Ellet, Lancaster.
North of England Pomeranian Club	J. Tweedale	Valley House, Oversley Ford, Wilnslow, Cheshire.
North of England Spaniel Club	W. Gillender	Lyndhurst, Lesbury Road, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
North of England Toy Dog Club	H. Holdsworth	353a Great Horton Road, Bradford.
North of Ireland Toy Dog Society	Mrs W. C. Saunders	20 Kansas Avenue, Belfast.
North Staffordshire Great Dane Club	P. Riley	46 Union Street, Hanley.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Northumberland and Durham Toy Dog Club		
Northumberland Bulldog Club		
North-west Lancashire Kennel Association		
Nottingham Canine Society	F. W. Mason	110 Bedford Road, Bootle, Liverpool.
Northern Open Terrier Club	R. Greaves	3 King's Road, Monkseaton.
Northumberland and Durham Fox Terrier Club	W. K. Taunton	110 Bedford Hill, Balham, S.W.
Old English Mastiff Club	Mrs Fare Fosse	25 Charleville Road, West Kensington, W.
Old English Sheepdog Club		
Oxford Fox Terrier Club	A. W. Shenton	23 Park Place, Greenwich, S.E.
Peckham and District Canine Society	Mrs E. B. Elliott	Mount Eagle, Killiney, Co. Dublin
Pekingese Association of Ireland		
Pekingese Club	Capt. E. T. Cox	13 Spencer Road, So. Croydon.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Pekin Palace Dog Association	Miss L. C. Smythe	9 Lisgar Terrace, West Kensington.
Pembrokeshire Bulldog Club	W. Baxendale	Field Office, Bream's Buildings. E.C.
Pointer and Setter Society	Mrs Parker	The Priory, Frensham, Surrey.
Pomeranian Club	Miss L. K. Woods	Greenmount, Clonsilla, Co. Dublin.
Pomeranian (Spitz) Club	W. Harris	Ponty Dryn Farm, Pontrhy-
Pontypool and District Canine Society	L. W. Crouch	drem, near Newport (Mon.) The Orchard, Swanley Village, Kent.
Poodle Club	W. H. Siddle	1 Sowden Place, Idle Road, Bradford.
Provincial Bull Terrier Club	Miss C. Rosa Little	Barons Shaft, The Barons, East Twickenham.
Pug Dog Club		

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Pontefract and District Canine Association	Messrs Briggs and Wilkinson	Butts Kennels, Northgate,
Regent's Park and District Bulldog Club	J. Swain	Pontefract
Retriever Society	W. Baxendale	25 Hartland Rd., Chalk Farm Rd., N.W.
Ripley and District Canine Society	A. Webster	Field Office, Bream's Buildings, E.C.
St Anne's and Lytham Canine Society	S. Caterall	49 Heath Rd., Ripley, Derby.
St Bernard Club	H. B. Hewitt	14 Queen's Road, St Annes-on-Sea.
St Helens and District Kennel Club	Mrs Applebee	Furner's Green, Uckfield.
St Hubert Schipperke Club	A. Hawkesworth	97 Norroy Rd., Putney, S.W.
St Patrick's Canine Association	R. W. Keddell	Temple Chambers, 49 South Mall, Cork.
Samoyede Association	G. H. Killick	50 Tollington Rd., Holloway, N.
Schipperke Club		39 Portland Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Scottish Dandie Dinmont Terrier Society	W. A. Mitchell	21 Reform Street, Dundee.
Scottish Great Dane Club	F. E. Carlyle Park	4 Langford Place, St John's Wood, N.W.
Scottish National Toy Dog Club	D. Parker	13 Birchwood Place, Logie.
Scottish Shetland Sheepdog Club	W. E. Fairlie	Oldmead, Freshwater, I.O.W.
Scottish Terrier Club (England)	G. Davidson	Merlewood, Hawick, N.B.
Scottish Terrier Club (Scotland)	C. J. G. Hulkes	Hadlow Place, nr. Tonbridge, Kent.
Sealyham Terrier and Badger Digging Association	F. W. Lewis	Sealyham House, Haverford-west.
Sealyham Terrier Club	Lady Savery	Woodlands, Stoke Poges, Bucks.
Sealyham Terrier Society	Lady Alexander	Faygate Wood, Horsham, Sussex
Shetland Sheepdog Club	W. Foster	54 High Street, Edinburgh.
Skye and Clydesdale Terrier Club of England		
Skye Club of Scotland		

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
South Coast Kennel Society	W. Burt	1 and 2 Edward St., Brighton.
Southern Cairn Terrier Club	Mrs C. H. Dixon	Gunthorpe, Oakham.
Southern Collie Club		
Southern Counties Canine Association	F. Wheatley	109 Gilmore Rd., Lewisham, S.E.
Southern Dachshund Association	G. Ricks	2 Bedford Road, Twickenham.
Southern Kerry Blue Terrier Club	Miss J. Casey	19 Castle Street, Tralee.
Southern Old English Sheepdog Club	H. Knapp	10 Broadway Avenue, St Margarets, Twickenham.
South Lancashire Canine Association	C. H. Baylis	91 Keswick Rd., St Helens.
South of England Airedale Terrier Club		
South of England Pomeranian Club	H. R. B. Tweed	Laindon Frith, Billericay, Essex.
South of England Scottish Terrier Club	A. F. Godfrey	130 Ladywell Rd., S.E.
South of England Wire Fox Terrier Club	J. Packer Wagner	Lashbrook, Alexandra Grove, North Finchley, N.
Southport and District Canine Society	Capt. E. O. Wilson	16 Preston Rd., Southport.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
¹¹ ^{D.} ^{B.} Spaniel Club	J. S. Cowell	15 Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.
Sporting Spaniel Society	W. Baxendale	Field Office, Bream's Bldgs., E.C.
Sporting Terrier Association	H. P. Ward	4 Midgeley Place, Leeds.
Stafford and District Canine Society	W. H. Glazier	20 St Leonard's Ave., Stafford.
Stockport and District Canine Society	J. Dawson	186 Stockport Rd., Bredbury, Stockport.
¹² ^{S.} Stokesley Agricultural Society	F. Wardall	Stokesley, R.S.O., Yorks.
Stratford-on-Avon and District Canine Society	S. Bickford	21 Payton Street, Stratford-on- Avon.
Suffolk Kennel Association	S. B. Askew	26 Butter Market, Ipswich.
Surrey County Canine Association	Dr Blackler	Brackenfell, Redhill.
Sussex County Canine Association	S. Clarks	Inces, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath.
Swansea and District Canine Club	H. Thomas	Dynevor Place, Swansea.
¹⁴ Thames Side Kennel Association	E. Brooker	Flint House, Ashford.
Todmorden Canine Society	H. Wild	24 Scaitcliffe View, Todmorden

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Toy Dog Society	Capt. E. T. Cox	13 Spencer Rd., So. Croydon.
Toy Spaniel Club	H. Knapp	10 Broadway Avenue, St Margarets, Twickenham.
Toy Spaniel Club of Ireland	Mrs Naish Gray	Bearleugh House, Rosslare Strand, Co. Wexford.
Treorchy and District Canine Society	W. Thomas	59 Treharne Street, Pentre, Rhondda.
Ulster Irish Red Setter Club	S. G. Taylor	71a Donegall Street, Belfast.
Urmston, Flickston, and District Canine Society	J. Sewell Hardy	97 Jackson Street, Stretford.
Warrington and District Canine Society	J. Sanderson	34 Folly Lane, Warrington.
Watford and District Canine Club	C. Harmer	37 Judge Street, Watford.
Wavertree and District Canine Association	G. Hodgkinson	40 Highfield Rd., Stoneycroft, Liverpool.
Welsh Kennel Club		
Welsh Terrier Club	T. H. Harris	Senny Bridge, Brecon.

<i>Name of Association.</i>	<i>Secretary.</i>	<i>Address.</i>
Western Counties and South Wales Working Retriever Society	Lt.-Col. T. B. Phillips	Mainey Wood, Smarden, Kent.
West Highland White Terrier Club	D. McD. Skinner	14 George St., Oban, N.B.
West Highland White Terrier Club (England)	Mrs C. J. Pacey	Burbage Hall, Hinckley.
West Penrith and District Canine Society	S. O. Watkins	7 Morrab Place, Penzance.
Weymouth and County Canine Association	D. F. Colson	
Weymouth and Wessex Counties Canine Association	E. E. Wheeler	21 St Mary Street, Weymouth.
Wharfedale and Airedale Canine Association	J. Thornton	30 Buck Lane, Guiseley, near Leeds.
Whippet Club		
Wigan and District Sporting Terrier Society	E. Outram	Springfield Street, Wigan Lane, Wigan.
Wimbledon and District Canine Association		

Name of Association.

Secretary.

Address.

Winton, Worsley, and District Canine Society

Wire Fox Terrier Association

Wolverhampton and District Canine Society

Wombwell and District Canine Society

Worcester and District Canine Society

28
29

Wrexham and District Kennel Society

Yeovil and Western Counties Canine Society

York Canine Association

Yorkshire Bulldog Club

Yorkshire Terrier Club

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A. W. Fullwood Heighton House, Jeffcock Rd.,
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APPENDIX B

A GUIDE TO THE SELECTION OF PUPPIES

THE object of this Appendix is to give some assistance to inexperienced purchasers in the selection of puppies.

In Mr Theo. Marples's well-known work, *Show Dogs*, the following are suggested as being the most important points to be looked for in choosing puppies of the different varieties, at the age of from two to four months:—

BLOODHOUNDS.—Great length of head, narrowness of skull, great depth and squareness of foreface, big nostrils, long ears, set low, great bone, and short back.

OTTERHOUNDS.—The same as in Bloodhounds; and, in addition, a dense coat, rough and wiry, grizzle in colour, with thick skin; this combination offering the best resistance to water. (Bloodhound skin should be fine, soft, and very loose.)

FOXHOUNDS.—A long, level head, big nostrils, square muzzle, great bone, deep chest, short back.

HARRIERS.—The same as in Foxhounds.

BEAGLES.—A well-balanced head, showing stop, square muzzle, compact body, straight forelegs.

BASSETHOUNDS.—Very long head, narrow skull,

showing occipital bone well developed; deep, square fore-face, long, loose ears, set on low, great bone, long body, big quarters, deep chest.

DACHSHUNDS.—A long, level head, small eye, ears set rather low, long body, showing distinct arch in loin, deep chest, great bone, short legs.

GREYHOUNDS.—A long neck, well-placed shoulders, great bone, deep chest, well-sprung ribs, and big hindquarters.

DEERHOUNDS.—A long, level head, dark eye, long neck, well-placed shoulders, great bone, deep chest, well-sprung ribs, big hindquarters, short body.

IRISH WOLFHOUNDS.—A long, level head, great strength of muzzle, big nostrils, enormous bone, big body, deep chest, big hindquarters, moderately short body. (To this the present writer would add that, in the puppies of *all such hounds* as the Wolfhound, in which great size is desired, the question of big bone is of paramount importance. Consider carefully the straightness and strength of the fore-legs. The largest puppy of the litter, who is seen to be domineering over the others, is likely to prove the biggest dog when grown. Arrogance of demeanour in the puppy is a valuable quality. Length of head is most important.)

BORZOI.—A phenomenally long head, rather Roman in shape of muzzle; very well filled up under the eyes, small eyes, set in obliquely;

very narrow skull, with occipital bone well developed; powerful neck, very narrow shoulders, long, straight fore-legs, very deep chest, loin arched, graceful outline.

WHIPPETS.—The points to look for are almost identical with those of the Greyhound, of which it is a miniature, except that less bone is required, and probably a little more arch of loin, both of which variations are calculated to give the Whippet a little more speed, if less staying power, speed only being the great desideratum in the Whippet.

POINTERS.—Great length of head, square muzzle, decided stop, rather narrow skull, short, round body, short straight tail, deep chest, great bone, straight fore-legs, and short, strong feet.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—Great length of head and squareness of muzzle, rather narrow skull, showing an occipital development, short body, short, straight tail, deep chest, straight fore-legs.

IRISH SETTERS.—Almost identical with those of the English Setter, with colour added, which should, of course, be a deep red.

GORDON SETTERS.—Almost identical with those of the English Setter, except colour, which should, of course, be black-and-tan, the tan requiring to be of a rich mahogany.

FLAT-COATED RETRIEVERS.—A long, level head, free from lippiness, dark eye, nicely balanced skull, small ears set close to sides of head, short back, short, straight tail, deep chest,

well-sprung ribs, straight fore-legs, well-boned, and a flat, close, dense coat.

CURLY-COATED RETRIEVERS.—Identical with those of the flat-coated variety, except the coat, which should be short and crisp at the age given. This description of coat is most likely to develop into the small, tight curls so desirable.

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS.—Identical with those of the flat-coated Retriever, except that the coat is required even more dense, and is shorter, and the dog is somewhat shorter, in both head and legs.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.—A long head, dark eye, long ears, short back, short, whip tail, good size and bone, straight fore-legs, and a dark, close coat.

CLUMBER SPANIELS.—A short, massive head, square muzzle, well-defined stop, massive body, low-set and of moderate length, enormous bone, and light, pale orange or lemon markings, flat, dense coat, and down-carried tail.

SUSSEX SPANIELS.—A short, massive head, square muzzle, well-defined stop, lengthy body, on short, straight fore-legs, great bone, flat coat of a deep golden colour, down-carried tail.

FIELD SPANIELS.—A long head, narrow skull, distinct stop, square muzzle, long body, flat back, short legs, the fore-legs being straight and showing great bone, with a flat coat and down-carried tail.

ENGLISH SPRINGERS.—A long head, lean skull, distinct stop, square muzzle, short, well-balanced body, straight fore-legs, longer in

proportion than the Field Spaniel, flat coat, down-carried tail.

COCKER SPANIELS.—A nicely-balanced head, distinct stop, square muzzle, dark eye, short, compact body, well balanced in proportion to length of leg, down-carried tail and flat coat.

FOX-TERRIERS.—A long, lean head, square muzzle, level mouth, small dark eye, narrow skull, small, neat, V-shaped drop ears, short back, deep chest, narrow shoulders, good bone, and straight fore-legs, and short, cat-like feet. The coat in the Smooths should be dense, and in the Wire-hairs a little more profuse, and harder to the touch.

IRISH TERRIERS.—A long, level head, strong muzzle, comparatively narrow skull, dark eye, small, neat V-shaped drop ears, a short back, deep chest, narrow shoulders, and straight fore-legs, showing good bone, with strong, well-knit feet. The coat should not be long, but hard to the touch.

SCOTTISH TERRIERS.—A long, level head, strong jaw, small dark eye, small erect ears, carried close together, short, round body, short sickle tail, great bone, straight fore-legs, and a dense, hard coat.

WELSH TERRIERS.—Almost identical with those of Wire-haired Fox-Terriers, with the variation of colour. (To which the present writer would add that the colour should be black-and-tan, or black grizzle and tan, free from black pencilling on toes.

DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS.—A moderately short head, strong muzzle, large, dark eye, rather strong, well-bevelled skull, close-set, drop ears, strong neck, rather long body, distinct arch of loin, great bone, and short legs.

SKYE TERRIERS.—A long head, strong muzzle, dark eye, long body, well-sprung ribs, deep chest, short, heavy-boned legs, and a profuse coat of good texture. In the Prick-eared variety the ears should be bolt upright, and in the Drop-eared variety the ears should fall forward in the manner of other drop-eared terriers.

CLYDESDALE TERRIERS.—Almost identical with those of Skye Terriers.

WEST HIGHLAND WHITE TERRIERS.—Practically the same as in Scottish Terriers, except in point of colour.

AIREDALE TERRIERS.—A long, level head, strong muzzle, small, dark eye, narrow skull, neat, small, V-shaped drop ears, a long neck, narrow shoulders, short body, deep chest, straight fore-legs, and hard, dense coat.

BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.—A long, snaky head, narrow skull, small, dark eye, drop ears, lying close to the sides of the head, short body, short, sickle tail, straight fore-legs, and dense, lint coat.

BULLDOGS.—A massive head, with long, sweeping under-jaw, well turned up, not necessarily short nose, but it must be *retroussé*—laid well back, massive, broad fore-face, big skull, little ears, short back and tail, short legs, with enormous bone.

BULLDOGS—MINIATURE.—Identical with those of the larger variety, except that the smaller the puppy the better, if good in points.

FRENCH BULLDOGS.—Squareness and shortness of fore-face, massiveness of skull, large eye, deep stop, small, neat ears, shortness of body, good spring of ribs, and straight legs, showing great bone.

MASTIFFS.—Great size, massive, short head, deep, square muzzle, big, well-chiselled skull, short, deep, round body, straight fore-legs, and enormous bone.

GREAT DANES.—Great size, a long, telescopic head, almost free from stop, deep, square muzzle, small, deep-set eye, narrow skull, small ears, short body, deep chest, well-sprung ribs, straight fore-legs, great bone.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—Great size, if typical, moderately long head, muzzle free from lippiness, but not snipy, dark eye, not much stop, medium ears, set close to sides of head, big, short body, set on rather short legs, showing enormous bone, coat dense, almost like fur. In the White-and-Blacks the colour should be equally distributed.

ST. BERNARDS.—Great size and massiveness all through; head medium in length, with very deep, square muzzle, decided stop, massive skull, but the substance well distributed, not broad, like a mastiff. The puppy should show signs of growing tall, and have enormous bone, short, deep body. A rich orange is the favourite colour, with white collar, blaze, and

dark shadings. The Roughs show more coat as puppies than the Smooths.

ROUGH-COATED COLLIES.—Great length of head, which should be level and wedge-shaped, but should not run into coarseness or width at the base of skull, which should be narrow. Ears small, body short and round, tail short, fore-legs straight. The biggest puppies are likely to be the best, if they are not coarse, but possess the desired points. The foregoing applies to both Roughs and Smooths, the latter requiring to be very smooth in coat, short but dense; the more coat the Roughs have the better.

SHETLAND COLLIES.—Identical with those of the Scotch Collie, except, of course, on a less scale. (The true specimens of this breed are miniature replicas of the Scotch Collie, weighing up to seven or eight pounds for bitches and about ten pounds for dogs, full-grown.)

OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOGS.—Great size, big, massive head and heavy muzzle, short, round body, deep chest, and great bone, with as much coat as possible.

BEARDED COLLIES.—Much the same as for the Old English Sheepdog.

DALMATIANS.—Size and symmetry, smallness, soundness, and distinctness of spot, free from patches, head long and Pointer-like, tail short and carried straight as possible, although all puppies curl their tails when young, which often afterwards become straight. Dalmatian puppies are born pure white, the spots developing as they get older.

POODLES.—Whether in Large or Toy are: Great length of head, dark eyes, narrow skull, short back, well-sprung ribs, clean neck and shoulders, straight fore-legs.

BULL TERRIERS.—Whether Large, Medium, or Toy, are: Great length of head, straight fore-face, that is, free from stop, small, closely-set, dark eyes, clean lips, well-balanced, but not thick head, short back and tail, straight fore-legs, big ribs, level mouth, small ears.

WHITE ENGLISH TERRIERS.—Much the same as those given for Bull Terriers, except that a leaner head is required, and a little stronger muzzle in proportion.

BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIERS.—Either Large or Miniature, are: Great length of head, which should be flat and free from stop, eyes small and dark, skull lean, lengthy neck, short back, and short, whip-tail, clean shoulders and straight fore-legs, medium as to bone. The colour and markings are, of course, important, and should be taken into account, those laid down in the standard being the guide. (These are a jet black and rich mahogany tan, distributed over the body as follows:—On the head the muzzle is tan to the nose, which, with the nasal bone, is jet black; there is also a bright spot on each cheek, and above each eye, the under-jaw and throat are tanned, and the hair inside the ear is of the same colour; the fore-legs tanned up to the knees, with black lines—pencillings—up each toe, and a black mark—thumb-mark—above the

foot; inside the hind-legs tanned, but divided with black at the hock-joint, under the tail also tanned; so is the vent, but only sufficiently to be easily covered by the tail; also slightly tanned on each side of chest. Tan outside of hind-legs—commonly called breeching—is a serious defect. In all cases the black should not run into the tan, or vice versa, but the division between the two colours should be well-defined.)

ENGLISH TOY SPANIELS.—The chief points to look for in the selection of all English Toy Spaniel puppies at from two to four months old are the same, except, of course, colour, to which some weight should be given, according to the standards laid down. The points are: Diminutiveness compatible with soundness and robustness, extreme shortness of face, large eyes, lofty skull, short body, nicely proportioned all round, low set and rather long ears.

JAPANESE SPANIELS.—Almost identical with those given for the English Toy Spaniels, except that the ears should be shorter and set higher on the head, the fore-face broader, and the eyes set wider apart, more in the direction of the side of the head. The colour is not very material, but is better well distributed. Profuse coat and feathering and tail, showing an inclination to curl well over the back.

PEKINGESE. — Diminutiveness compatible with soundness and robustness; shortness and

width of fore-face, large eyes, deep stop, well-wrinkled forehead, moderately short and compact body, shortness of leg and great bone, with an abundant and dense fur-like coat, tail well feathered, and showing an inclination to curl well over the body. (To which the present writer would add that soundness and massiveness of bone are important; as are also extreme shortness of nose, and width and flatness of top of skull. Ears should be set rather low; top of nose should be in direct line with eyes; feet flat and long; tail showing inclination to fall over one side of loin, which latter should show some sign of arch.)

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—Diminutiveness, shortness of back, lightness of bone, and giving indications of a long, straight class of coat, and dark tan on head and legs.

MALTESE.—Diminutiveness, slightness, and apparent fragility, with a distinct arch of loin.

POMERANIANS.—Diminutiveness, short backs, light bone, small ears, and full, dense coat.

CHOW CHOWS.—Short faces, short backs, dense coats, great bone, short feet, and well-twisted tails.

PUGS.—Short, square faces, great wrinkle, short backs, great bone.

SCHIPPERKES.—A foxy head, small ears, short back, dense coat, light bone.

GRIFFONS BRUXELLOIS.—Extreme shortness of face, short, compact body, crisp coat, good, sound, red colour, and diminutiveness.

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